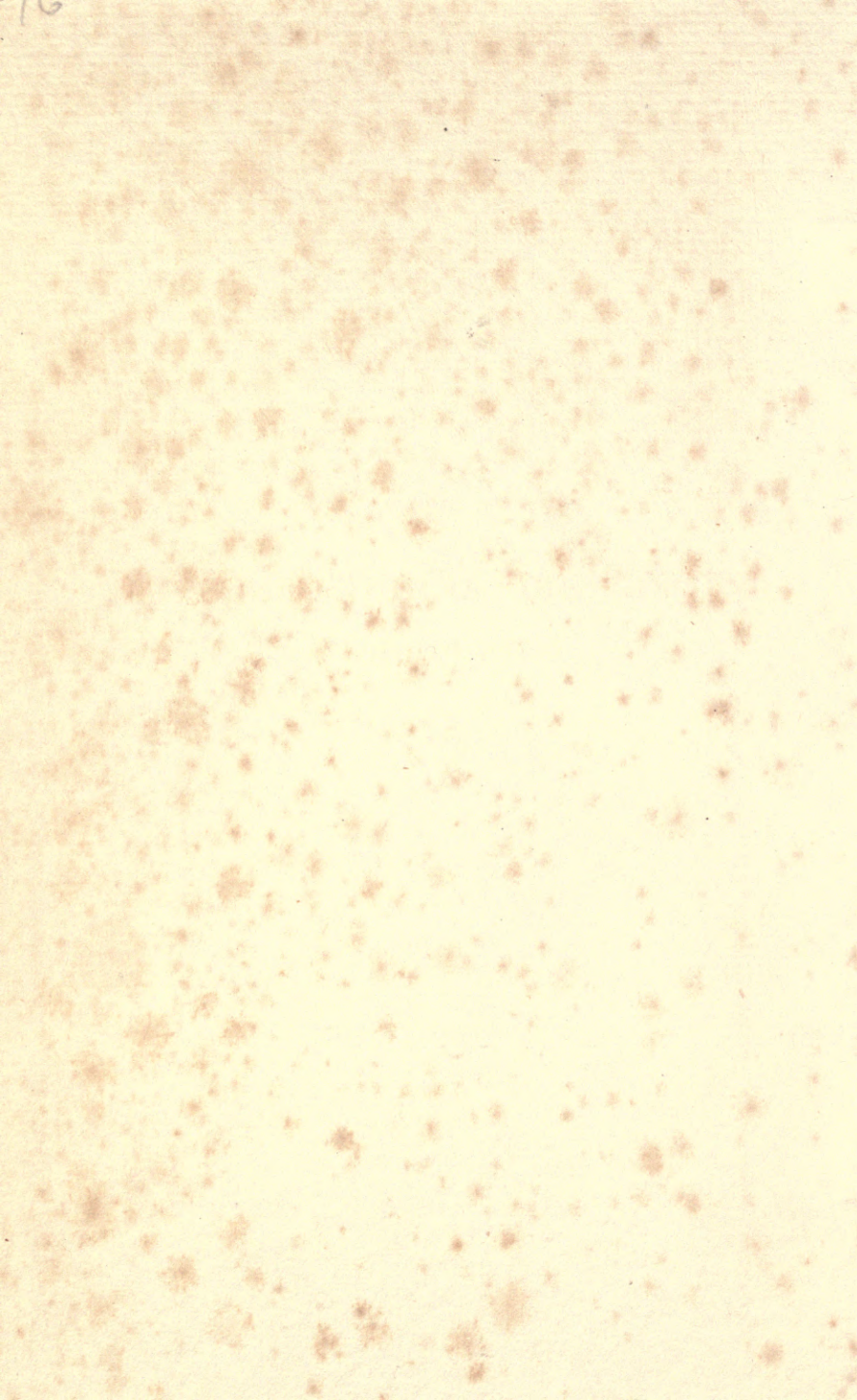


Gerard Eyre

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YORKSHIRE REMINISCENCES

(WITH OTHERS)

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BY THE

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PREFACE

BEFORE issuing this volume I could wish to have re-written several, if not all, of the sections. This, however, would have taken a considerable time, and at my period of life one may not venture to presume upon the future. I can only feel deeply thankful for the measure of health and strength I have enjoyed which has enabled me, however imperfectly, to carry out an idea which I had long entertained.

If some pages of these *Reminiscences* appear to deal with trivialities, we must remember that life is of necessity largely made up of inconsiderable matters. Moreover, the volume is not intended for serious reading. If it proves a means for beguiling a few winter evenings or summer holiday hours, it will have accomplished its object.

I should have included in these pages other reminiscences connected with my father when he was Rector of Nunburnholme; but these have already appeared in the Memoir of him entitled *Francis Orpen Morris*, which I wrote not long after his death in 1893.

The arrangement of the sections of this volume is unmethodical, except that Chapters I—XII are, roughly speaking, in chronological order.

I must make my grateful acknowledgements to Lady Sykes of Sledmere for giving information concerning the

activities of her late lamented husband, Sir Mark Sykes, in connexion with the East Riding Waggoners' Reserve ; and to Mr. H. Thelwell of the same place for supplying me with a complete list of the churches built or restored by the late Sir Tatton Sykes.

I am also under obligation to the Editor of the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* for enabling me through the columns of that publication to refresh my memory on certain Cricketing Notes which appeared in them many years ago, as well as to make use of a few paragraphs which were new to me.

M. C. F. MORRIS.

NEWBIGGIN, BEVERLEY,
October, 1922.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

My memory carries me back to the early Victorian days; to the days of turnpikes, flails, lucifer matches, and ramrods, and people of my time of life have probably seen greater changes in this and other countries than have ever before been known. We are living in another world from that of my boyhood. The previous generation witnessed a revolution by the Reform Act of 1832, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the introduction of railways; but much more has happened since then to revolutionize the country through the spread of education, the development of electricity, wireless telegraphy, and the invention of motor-cars, even down to the fateful year 1914; while the social and economic upheavals that have resulted from the World War have tended greatly to intensify the change.

It has been the fashion of the younger generation to vilify the Victorian era, and to regard it as a period of intolerable slowness, stiffness, and dullness. There may be elements of truth in that opinion; but at all events, we older stagers are able to retort that our juniors have not had personal experience of the earlier days of Queen Victoria, of glorious memory; they can only go by what they hear and read, which is often one-sided testimony. Those who have lived through two generations are at least in a better position to judge between the two than those who have lived through only one. I am no blind 'laudator temporis acti'; I can see the defects and the advantages of the past as well as of the present generation. There are pros and cons in everything. Whether our country on the whole has progressed, and is a better place

to live in than it was in the days of my boyhood depends upon what we mean by progress. That it is better in many respects is obvious enough; but the present outlook is not altogether reassuring. It is a delusion with many to suppose that as time goes on the country is continually progressing or growing better. Unfortunately, it is the same with countries as with individuals in this, that it does not necessarily follow that because a man grows older he must be growing better. Common experience and past history show us plainly the fallacy of these suppositions.

There are those who make use of the word 'Progressive' as a party designation. It is, no doubt, a captivating term; and it is also a delusive one. But I have no desire here to discuss the merits or otherwise of party badges and shibboleths.

Though not born there, my earliest recollections are connected with Nafferton, a large village near Driffield in the East Riding, of which parish my father was Vicar for about seven years. The name is a curious one, and may possibly be derived from the numerous springs which gush out of the chalk in several places in and near the village, and especially at one end of the large pond in the middle of it, which adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the place, and it was a delight to me, as a small boy, to watch the water, as clear as crystal, bubbling up out of the ground. The village in those days was, and still is, a bright and cheerful one, and my recollections of it are of the happiest kind, although it had at one time its stocks near the foot of the steps from the Town Street to the church-yard gate, and its black-hole a short way beyond—a terror to the unruly. The old church steps are now gone, and an easier road made for the aged and infirm—a gain as far as convenience goes, but a loss in appearance. The stocks too have been done away with, and I think had fallen into disuse, if not decay, before I can remember.

We were a large family, eight in all, and my mother's time was very fully occupied; for, besides her family and

household occupations, she had many duties to perform devolving upon the wife of a parish priest ; but we had a most excellent nurse, and to her charge I was very largely entrusted. She was a middle-aged woman, and had a delightfully soft and mellifluous voice, which for me, even at that early age, had a great attraction. She was a thorough Yorkshirewoman, as her speech betokened, being a native of Habton in the Vale of Pickering, where our dialect is spoken with great purity. She did not speak the language with any degree of broadness, but her vowel-sounds and cadences had the true ring, and sounded like music in my ears. As she walked through the streets and lanes about the village, she often had a word with a passer-by in their vernacular, so that from my earliest years I was accustomed to the tones and expressions of our Doric ; and I am convinced that at the age of seven or eight it would have come as naturally to me to speak it as ordinary English. This affection for the traditional speech, no doubt from old associations, has clung to me all through my life. I shall have occasion to revert to it at a later page.

Servants like our old nurse, Isabella Walkington, are not to be met with in these days. She was as one of the family, and absolutely trustworthy. She was a bit superstitious, and I believe always carried about her person certain small pieces of bone or other articles which were supposed to act as prophylactics against ailments of various kinds. Had I then been competent to do so I have no doubt one could have extracted from her many curious old 'saws' and bits of folk-lore, which would have been interesting.

Perambulators at that time of day were quite unknown to me : young children had to walk, or be carried by nursemaids. This was good for the development of the limbs, and early accustomed them to man's natural exercise. The only advantage of perambulators is that they save those in charge of children a considerable amount of

labour. Soon after their introduction *Punch* drew attention to their unpopularity with pedestrians in London, and especially with those of the 'masher' tribe; this, I remember, formed the subject of one of Leech's inimitable sketches, entitled 'Grand charge of the perambulators and defeat of the swells', where one or two of those gentry are depicted with expressions of disgust and contempt on their countenances on having to make way for these new-fangled monstrosities; and even to this day they are a great nuisance as in their daily perambulations they encumber the footways of every town in the kingdom.

My early training in walking was to me of the greatest value, and has stood me in good stead all my life through; for not only was I made accustomed to it when in charge of my old nurse, but also later, when accompanying my father in his many walks about his parish, and on entomological excursions beyond it. His powers as a pedestrian were certainly remarkable. Lithe in build, or 'lingy', as we term it in Yorkshire, he seemed made for quick walking, and nothing ever tired him; moreover, these powers were kept up till far advanced in life. I have known him walk fourteen miles before breakfast, and when he reached home he said he was neither hungry, thirsty, nor tired. It may be imagined, therefore, what I, as a small boy of eight years or so, had to endure. He was quite merciless, for he never slackened his pace, unless it were for a few minutes at your entreaty. But these walks with my father were a good training for me in more ways than one; for he was a great observer of Nature, and especially of bird life; so that I learnt thus early not only that the feet were made for walking, but also the eyes for seeing.

It is remarkable how this early training of the eye can be developed, and become like a second nature. Even to this day a bird or a butterfly cannot come across my field of vision without my noticing it. Children miss

a great deal if they are not taught to be observant of Nature; and educationalists now realize this.

One of my greatest delights was accompanying my father on fishing expeditions, a sport of which he was specially fond, and in which, it may be added, he excelled. Within easy reach of Nafferton are two noted trout streams; one about three miles distant near Driffild, the fishing rights of which are vested in a club of limited membership: the other is known as the Lowthorpe stream, lying two miles away in the opposite direction. The fishing there was in private hands, and belonged to Mr. St. Quintin, as it now does to his son. Than this latter there are few, if any, better trout streams in England.

Fishing was not nearly so much sought after in the early fifties as it is now, and my father was fortunate enough to have permission given him to fish in the Lowthorpe stream whenever he liked. But though, as I said, he was so devoted to the gentle art, he was far too busy a man to be able to avail himself very often of this privilege, especially in his later years at Nafferton; but whenever these occasions for a day off did present themselves they were always times of intense enjoyment.

Being deft with his fingers my father made his own flies, and occasionally a fishing rod, and when he went to Lowthorpe to fish he generally did so by train. The line from Hull to Scarborough had only been made a short time when he went to Nafferton; we had a station there, and there was one also at Lowthorpe. Contrary to usual practice, he always fixed up his rod with line and flies all ready for a cast in the stream before he left home. Thus equipped, we walked down to our station, a few minutes distant, and took our tickets for our two miles journey.

It will be wondered how we managed to stow away the rod; we certainly could not take it in the carriage with us, nor could it be got into the van, and so my father always made friends with the engine driver, who for a small consideration took it on his engine, with special instructions

to be very careful with it. We thought nothing of that kind of thing in those delightfully easy-going days. Now we are under greater restrictions in everything, which is one of the many marked contrasts between this and the early Victorian days.

The trout stream at Lowthorpe is close to the station, and so we were soon at work, and the results were nearly always highly satisfactory.

I still possess my father's old fly book, and it lies before me as I write; I doubt if there is another like it in existence. It is larger than an ordinary fly book, with a cover of a kind of brilliant green parchment. It is tied round two or three times with a string, and the end secured with a loop and button. On the top of the cover are the words written 'Festina lente', underneath which is the owner's name and address in full. Immediately below this is a representation of a trout rising to a fly. Then follow seven lines quoted from some author which, owing to the writing having got nearly rubbed out by wear and tear, I am unable to identify, only the first word or two of each line being at all legible. At the foot of the cover stand the words 'I, and Time', and a word or two underneath which are quite undecipherable. At the back of the cover are the following words of advice for anglers, as far as I can read them: 'Keep "yer stints" in yard lengths; you want one, two, or three, Let those . . . be double knotted. Single knot them together for the loops. If fish rise never go to a "better" place. Keep to the pools if they rise short. Go in a fishing cap. *Always* take some strong twine with you and a knife, for fear of accidents.'

On the fly-leaves of this book are recorded the results of the fishing days. It seems that the earliest days were in the year 1848. This was before my recollection. In that year my father fished in the Foston stream about three miles below Lowthorpe. He had some remarkably good sport there, his two best days being July 20, 29 brace, put in $1\frac{1}{2}$ brace; and September 9, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ brace, put in 5 brace;

the rest weighed 22 lb. In the year 1855 there was only one recorded visit to Lowthorpe, on August 20. On this occasion I was with my father, and while he was having his luncheon I got hold of his rod, and was fortunate enough to secure a brace of fine trout, the largest weighing just one pound. This was a proud moment for me, for these were the first trout I had ever caught.

Throughout the leaves of the fishing book we find the details of appropriate flies for each month from March to October.¹

Occasionally, though rarely, my father would have a friend to accompany him on his fishing days. Once, I remember, he had a friend from London with him at Lowthorpe. It was a bitterly cold day, and a small boy from the village who happened to be looking on complained that he was 'starved'; whereupon the Londoner produced his sandwiches and offered the boy one, which he declined; and so I had to act as interpreter, and explain that the lad

¹ It may be of interest to some if I give here a few of the flies which were used in those days for the Lowthorpe stream. Under April, for instance, we have the following:

Partridge Hackle—Hook, no. 4; Hackle, partridge neck; Body, orange silk.

Red-legged woodcock—Hook, no. 4; Wing, woodcock wing; Legs, ginger hackle; Body, orange silk; Hackle, woodcock wing.

Iron Dun—Hook, no. 2; Hackle, starling; Body, yellow silk.

Whirling Dun—Hook, no. 4; Wing, mallard breast; Body, rabbit fur; Legs, red hackle; Hackle, mallard breast, or grey partridge.

Blue Dun—Hook, no. 2-3; Wing, tom-tit's tail; Legs, light blue hackle; Body, water-rat's fur (blue); Hackle, blue tom-tit.

Golden Dun Midge—Hook, no. 1; Wing, starling wing (light); Legs, dun hackle; Body, olive floss silk, ribbed with gold twist; Hackle, starling wing.

Gravel Bed—Hook, no. 1; Wing, underside of woodcock wing; Legs, black hackle; Body, lead-coloured silk; Hackle, woodcock.

Granon—Hook, no. 1; Wing, partridge wing; Legs, ginger hackle; Body, hare's face, tail green; Hackle, partridge.

Sparrow Wing—Hook, no. 1; Wing, cock sparrow; Legs, red or black hackle; Body, water-rat and yellow worsted or dark fur of hare's ear; Hackle, sparrow.

Other flies mentioned for this month are *Oak Fly*, *Woodcock Wing*, *Large Dun*, *Starling Wing*, *Yellow Dun*, *Hare's Ear*.

was not hungry, but cold. In our dialect 'starved' means cold. If the lad had wished to say he was hungry, his expression would have been 'Ah's hungered'.

If the time of the trains did not suit for the return journey we walked home, and generally with a pretty heavy basket of lovely trout; but even with this handicap my father's pace was not appreciably diminished, and I had to keep up with him, though sometimes, as we say in Yorkshire, 'at a fadge'.

In those days people did not, as I said, value fishing as they do now, and private owners of trout streams did not, except, perhaps, very rarely, make merchandise of them. They either fished the streams themselves, or gave their friends the privilege to do so. There were, of course, numerous angling clubs all over the country, as there are now. And the same rule applied to shooting to a great extent. Certainly the squirearchy did not have battues, and sell their game in the way they do now; but we have become more mercantile in everything.

Other excursions in company with my father from those early days which have left an indelible impression on my memory are those in connexion with entomology, a pursuit in which he took an absorbing interest. This study he kept up till quite late in life. When we walked any distance in summer he carried a walking stick, but always one with a knob at the end instead of the ordinary handle. This served a double purpose, for he had a hollow place let into the top of the stick into which a round butterfly net could be fixed, the frame of which was made so that it could be folded and put into the pocket; and often to economize time when visiting his parishioners in some distant part of the parish, he would take his apparatus with him, if it was a likely day for 'sport', and when he got beyond the confines of the village he would whip out his net so as to have all in readiness, in case he saw some specimen that he wanted for his collection.

This collection, by the way, was a remarkably good one,

and every specimen beautifully set. In the case of some of the *Tineae* it would seem almost an impossibility to put a pin through their bodies without damaging the insect, so small and delicate were they. For these, special pins of great fineness were manufactured by a well-known Birmingham firm. Times and oft when I was a boy have I watched my father intently while he was manipulating these tiny creatures, which he did with wonderful delicacy and dexterity, so that when they were finally fixed in the drawers they appeared so straight and perfect as though some mechanical instrument had been used for the purpose, though he had only his eye to guide him. How he found time to do all this with a multiplicity of other works going on at the same time is a mystery which I have never been able to solve.

Many years later, after his death, I was reluctantly compelled to dispose of his collections ; for had they been kept much longer, they would literally have gone to pieces. They were sold in London. Fortunately, the most valuable specimens were in a good state of preservation. At one time he had a whole row, about a dozen, I should say, of the great copper butterfly (*Lycaena dispar*), which, since the drainage of the Fens, has become extinct. Several of these my father one by one gave away, till ultimately there were only six left. One of these, a rare variety, sold to my surprise for over £14, which seemed a good deal for so small and fragile a thing, though probably it was worth double the sum. But, I suppose, as time goes on they will become, like 'Strad' fiddles, more and more valuable.

There must have been a great number of interesting characters at Nafferton in the days of my early boyhood ; but I was then too young to appreciate them. I do, however, remember hearing of a man called Carrington, whose wife had for some reason disappeared, and could not be found ; and so he employed the village crier to go through the streets and make the following proclamation : ' This is ti gi'e nooatice 'at Thomas Carrington has lost

his wife, an' he 's varry dowly bedoot her.' Whether she turned up again or not I never heard.

The conditions of life with the working-classes then were, of course, very different from what they are in these days. Many years ago there was an old couple living in Nafferton whom I remember when I was a boy ; and some time back I was wishful to learn from them a few details as to the way of living in their earlier days. Accordingly, I got a friend who knew them well to interview them, and ascertain some particulars of their early reminiscences of country life. My friend took down what they said verbatim, as far as possible, and I here reproduce their observations, which were made in a disconnected way by Reuben and Sarah Stabler alternately, and quite naturally in their own vernacular :

R. Ah hardlins know hoo ti reckon it up.

S. Ah know we'd a deal o' hardships. We used ti itt broon bread an' treeacle, an' it was 4*d.* a pund, an' commonest seeap, 6*d.* We didn't baake seea off'ns then, yance a month or seea. Salt was five shillin' a steean ; common tea, 1*s.* 2*d.* a quarter of a pund.

R. Ah nivver went ti skeeal ; nivver had a daay's skeealin' i mi leyfe. Ah was a weaver fo'st i mill [i. e. a carpet factory at Wansford]. Six o'clock we had to be there ; 1*s.* 6*d.* a week. [This, no doubt, when a boy.]

S. He was a varry lahtle un when Wansford factory was bo'nt doon, an' he gat oot o' bed ti leeak oot o' windher—you may be seear he was a lahtle un, or he'd a'e been oot on t' rooad.

We went doon ti see train ; an' there was sikan a lot on us ; an' when it comed we all lifted up wer airms an' screeam'd. Why ! t' world 's to'nd upsahd doon sen then. There isn't a theeak'd hoos left i Nafferton ; an' there was a lot when we com tiv it. You may depend on 't there was different deed then fra what there is noo. There was a deal o' men then 'at had a shilling or sixpence a day ti live on. Ah was off'ns bet wi't. Sarvants used ti live on broon

bread an' a bit o' bacon ; an' yit you could gan ti 'Ull an' git beef-steaks for 6*d.* a pund.

R. There was a deal o' years when ah was wi Mr. Thompson [R. was Mr. T.'s wagoner] when ah was sa mich uppo'd'rooads when ah'd nae mair 'an fowerteen shillin' a week. Ah sudn't a'e left mill when ah did wi' G. ; bud his weyfe was sikan a creeatur—awlus kickin' up sum bobbery.

S. When ah came ti Kilham ah nobbut had £10 a year.

R. They off'ns wanted ma ti be a soldier. Ah was drawn for militia, an' if you were drawn an' they didn't want ti gan, they had ti subscrab an' hire a man. They say there's nowt healthier 'an to'ning up yeth. Tom M—— he used ti lig i Mr. Dickson tithe [barn], an' ivvry penny he could git he used ti drink it.,

S. Mah muther kept ma whahl ah was fowerteen or fifteen. Ah was meeast o' sixteen when ah fo'st went ti placin', bud ah used ti gan about lukin [weeding] an' howing. Women used ti deea that then. Ah used ti git up at fahve o'clock, an' at fower, an' at one o'clock ti wesh. Men used ti git ther breeacus at six, an' then we had ti hev what was left. We weren't pampered up then as they are noo ; an' they're a deal wo's [worse] for it. Ah used ti hev ti gan an' ho'd blood bowl when they killed a beeas' (ah was livin' wi a butcher at Lowthrup). Ah 'ed fower pund a year, an' ah used ti a'e ti gether efftther a ley [scythe] i'd' harvest, an' ah used ti a'e ti to'n oot an' fill fan for a feyin' [winnowing] machine.

Dinner tahm was twelve, an' we had mebbe a tatie pie an' bacon, pot-on an' pie day ; there was nivver nowt else i farm hooses. When we were married we cam tiv a hoos a-back o' Chotch. Ah had all fat ti render ; an' it's a job you're forced ti attend to.

R. Noo, ah'll tell ya, there was sikan a crew as neeabody was with. He wanted ma ti be wagoner altigither ; bud ah said, ' Why, they are sikan a crew is them bucks at mill, ah didn't want ti be wiv 'em ; an' another thing, beeans [bones] wasn't set reet for that job.'

Ah started ti mow when ah was aboot seventeen, an' ah nivver missed a year whahl ah was seventy-six. Three neets a week afoor railway started ah was oot, an' nivver went ti bed a bit.

S. Ah've sike hot han's—you've seen butther we recans [streaks] in it. That 's all hot han's 'at diz that—folks 'at hasn't good butther han's.

R. When Tilda was wi ya there at Cottage butther was that soft sha couldn't mak it up, an' sha had ti put it i basins, an' it was sell'd at 3*d.* a pund; an' sha said devil had gotten inti d' ke'n [churn] an' he wadn't cum oot; an' ah says, whya noo, ah'll fetch him oot; an' ah measured spring i d' yard, an' ah measured ke'n, an' ah fund it wad gan in; seea ah teeak it ower neet, an' ah ram'd it inti d' spring—butther iv it—an' it was there i d' mornin'; then d' butther was hard, an' it sell'd for 9*d.* a pund mair.

S. When ah was i placin' they'd scarcelins alloo ya a day ti gan an' see yer parents. 'Savin's good arning' (earning) [i. e. It is better for a mother to stay at home and take care of her house and children than to go out to work]. There was yance oor Mary Anne was left at heeam, an' ah was oot i d' field, an' ah left yan o' my print frocks, an' she wad be clivver an' wesh it; an' it was that big sha couldn't mannish it; bud sha wadn't be bet wi't; seea, what did sha deea, bud sha set on an' ripped waist fra ske't; seea ah had ti sit up all neet ommeast ti set it on ageean.

R. Ah knaw yance ah browt a quartern o' rye frev 'Ull for makkin' bread; an' sum on 'em teeak it an' shut [shot] it amang floor [flour]. Noo he [the master] did give 'em it: it wasn't off'ns 'at he did start, bud when he did, mah wo'd, they had ti squither.

T' lahtle fields were yance 'common reets', an' they enclosed 'em, an' then left (?) 'em ti them as had a gate, an' they've been sell'd ower an' ower ageean.

Pawnbrokers com roond, an' they'll bring sheets an' things 'at's been put i pawn, an' they'll git a real good

sheet—there 's nowt bud it 's mucky—for a shillin'. Clara gat three blanket sheets for eighteen pence. 'It all maks and mads away.' Him (Mr. W.) an' his father were i t' gun trade when Rooshun Wahr was on; an' they cleard thoosands; he'd nowt ti deea bud sit at table an' slipe money on tiv his knee.

S. It maks neea matther what soort o' fashions they bring in, they'll aim at 'em.

I have given this disjointed dialogue *in extenso*, as it was taken down from the lips of the speakers, because it throws an illuminating sidelight, as far as it goes, upon the country life of the people about the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. I can remember Reuben Stabler when I was a boy, as he appeared in what he called his 'raddidoo' hat—the term which was used in the East Riding for the ordinary wideawake hat commonly worn by the farm lads. The origin of this curious word I have never been able to discover.

As a specimen of our vernacular the dialogue presents many points of interest, to only one of which I shall here refer, and that is the use of the definite article, which, generally speaking, is represented by *t'* in the dialect. It will be observed, however, that in this dialogue the article is frequently omitted altogether. And it is a curious fact that, although throughout nearly the whole of East Yorkshire the definite article is always sounded, in Holderness it is, or was, never heard from the natives of some standing. Sometimes the *t'* would be softened to *d'*, but seldom in Holderness, except on the borders of it. Now, Nafferton is not far from the limits of Holderness, and in this conversation we find the definite article sometimes used, but more frequently omitted, and the *t'* frequently becomes *d'*; and when it is so used it seems to form part of the previous, rather than the following, word. So that it comes to this, that in the heart of Holderness they would say, 'He went inti wood'; on the borderland, 'He went inti wood,' or 'inti'd wood'; but elsewhere in the Riding

almost invariably, 'He went inti t' wood.' In Holderness formerly the definite article was commonly omitted by quite well educated people.

Sarah's mention of the train refers to the time when a railway train was first seen at Nafferton. The fact of the women throwing up their arms and screaming shows the kind of effect it had upon the country folk. This would be about 1844. The effect upon animals was even more remarkable. There was held annually at Market Weighton one of the largest sheep fairs in this part of the country, and on one of these occasions I have been told that when the whistling and noise of the engines were heard for the first time, the sheep were so frightened that the shepherds lost all control of them, and as they rushed about in all directions, the flocks, which consisted of many thousands, got so hopelessly mixed up that no fair could be held on that day.

CHAPTER II

RAILWAYS

RAILWAYS were in their infancy when I was a small boy. An amazing development has taken place since then. The discomforts of travelling were very great in those early days as compared with the present luxurious manner of locomotion. I will attempt to describe a few of them. To begin with, the platforms at the country stations were so low that any one who was at all infirm had the greatest difficulty in getting in or out of a train ; and I have frequently seen chairs or steps brought out by the station-master for some elderly person to descend from the carriage to terra firma ; and occasionally one saw burly porters carry old ladies bodily to a place of security like a piece of luggage, sometimes accompanied by a scream or two. But such scenes, though amusing to witness, we took quite calmly, as part of the recognized mode of procedure in such cases.

The carriages themselves were such that people in these days would hesitate to travel in them, at least in all those below the firsts, which were pretty much the same as now save for the lighting, heating, and height. The second classes were closed up to the top, but there were no cushions whatever either on the seats or backs. The thirds were not much inferior to the seconds, only that the divisions of the compartments did not extend much higher than the shoulders of the passengers when seated ; so that you could see the heads of the travellers through the entire length of the carriage. Then there were carriages which were more like cattle trucks than anything else. These had no tops, and no divisions, but only a few seats or benches to sit upon. These we used to call 'fourths',

though I do not think they were so designated by the companies. They were only endurable in summer weather. If it rained, you got drenched, unless you had a mackintosh ; if it blew, as it invariably did, owing to the pace of the train, your hat had to be securely fastened, else you would probably lose it. I have a distinct recollection of travelling occasionally in these enormities, but only for short distances.

It was slightly different on the main lines, of which I had some experience, for I went to school at Bradfield, near Reading, when I was just turned nine, and so had journeys to and fro of about 250 miles. We had some cold winters then ; and the journey home from Reading to York and beyond, with the thermometer below freezing-point, and sitting in carriages for long hours without cushions or a particle of heat save that of our own bodies, and with not over-warm clothing, was something which a boy of this generation would probably shrink from, but in those days it was taken as a matter of course, and we were none the worse for it.

When we got to King's Cross station the custom was to put the luggage of those who were going long distances, for instance, to York or Edinburgh, on the tops of the carriages. When all was in its place it was covered with tarpaulins and securely tied down. When we reached York they slid it all on to the platform by an inclined plane. All this was a convenience, and an economy of van space ; and it would, I imagine, have continued to a much later date but for the fact that in course of time the carriages were made higher than they were originally, so that there was then not sufficient space between the tops of the carriages and the tunnels to admit of this arrangement. Of course the idea of getting refreshments on board a train was an unheard-of thing. The chief place for refreshments between London and York was Peterborough ; but the time allowed for this was very brief, so that the passengers had to make the most of it, which they did by rushing out of the train helter-skelter, and literally be-

sieging the buffets, and imploring the damsels behind them for this, that, and the other, and bolting the viands as quickly as they could, often scalding their tongues with hot soup or tea, which was frequently spilt over ladies' dresses ; losing, or not getting their change, and suffering other discomforts and indignities which can be better imagined than described.

The lighting of the carriages was of the most meagre character, one dingy colza oil lamp fixed between two compartments was all the illumination we got : it was next to impossible to read under such conditions.

Then, as now, the great book of railway reference was *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, first published in 1839, under the title of *Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables*. Although published at sixpence, a copy of the first edition is now quite a valuable possession. There was, however, an earlier publication of the kind, even than Bradshaw ; this was called *Fowler's Railway Travellers' Guide*, published in Leeds in 1838. This publication I have had an opportunity of examining, and in the light of modern railway developments it is full of interest. Then, as a rule, only one third-class train was run each way in the day, and that generally early in the morning. The third-class carriages were frequently attached to goods trains, and the tedium of journeys under such conditions was very great ; so that those who could afford it were practically compelled to travel first or second class. Various 'Instructions' are given in this *Guide* to travellers, one of which runs thus : 'Third Class Train ; Passengers should fasten their hats by a ribbon to prevent them being blown off.' Again we read : 'To prevent accidents, passengers are warned to keep their seats when the trains are starting, going, or stopping, and invariably to get in and out of the left side of the carriages lest they should be knocked down by a passing train.' The admission of dogs into the carriages has been disallowed from the earliest days. Passengers were requested to attend to their own luggage, and to see

that the porters and guards 'do place it in and upon the carriages'.

The primitive method of railway signalling by means of flags by day and lanterns or lamps by night is well within my recollection.

For a considerable period the engine drivers had no protection whatever for their persons from wind and weather. The first shield they had was a plain frame with two circular windows, which by degrees developed into the present comparatively luxurious arrangement. For many years nothing but coke was used on the engines, so that we never suffered from smoke in the way we do now. The terms 'driver', 'guard', 'booking office', and 'coach' are, of course, survivals from the old coaching days.

The landed gentry, generally speaking, had the greatest antipathy to railways, and would not have them near their property if they could help it. Many refused altogether at first to travel by rail, but by degrees some made a sort of compromise, and had their own private carriages placed on carriage trucks, and sat in them, at the end of the train, as though they were going out for a drive. I have seen pictures of ladies and gentlemen thus seated in their own carriages on trucks and attached to the end of the train. Such a spectacle in these days would cause no little amusement. I once knew a nervous clergyman of the old school who never dared to travel by train for fear of accidents, even though the railway ran within a few hundred yards of his house. He was a great curiosity.

I can remember the excitement caused by the Great Exhibition of 1851. That was the first one of the kind. Thousands from Yorkshire went to see it who had never before in their lives been to London, and many of them not far from their homes. The competition between the railway companies in running cheap trips to see the Great Exhibition was so keen that at one time one could travel from York to London and back for five shillings, and crowds of people availed themselves of this opportunity of visiting the metropolis.

Although the glory and power of George Hudson, the 'Railway King', had departed during my boyhood, his name was still a household word. His career was a most remarkable one, and his influence in the hey-day of his power was enormous. He began life as a draper in his native city of York, and being successful in his business, and popular, he was elected Lord Mayor of York in 1837, and twice afterwards. One of his wife's relatives having left him a large fortune, said to have been about £20,000, he invested it in North Midland Railway shares, of which company he was shortly afterwards appointed a director. George Stephenson the great engineer was consulted, and the two together formulated the extension of the line to Newcastle, and other railway routes. In 1844 he had over a thousand miles of railway under his control. By this time the railway mania was at its height, and the 'Railway King' was courted by the highest in the land, while some of the wealthiest people, for reasons best known to themselves, presented him with a large sum of money. In 1845 he was returned as Conservative M.P. for Sunderland. This event was regarded as of such great public interest that the news was conveyed to London by a special train, which was said to have travelled part of the way at the rate of seventy miles an hour, though this was probably an exaggeration.

Hudson's fall was even more rapid than his rise. The disclosure of the Eastern Railway frauds brought him to ruin. He was naturally roundly abused by the thousands who suffered with him, though there were many who asserted that he was more sinned against than sinning. He spent the chief part of his later years in Paris. Some of his friends granted him a small annuity not long before his death, which took place in London in 1871.

When Hudson was on the top of the wave of his prosperity he could practically do what he liked in the matter of railways. For instance, it was said, and I believe with perfect truth, that he had the branch line from York to

Market Weighton made simply to suit his own convenience, to enable him to get more easily to his beautiful estate at Londesborough, which he had recently purchased from the Duke of Devonshire. When the blow fell the property had, of course, to be sold ; and so it passed to the Denisons, of whom the present owner, the Earl of Londesborough, is the representative. Hudson's private station may still be seen close to the railway at the end of the avenue.

All manner of amusing stories of the ' Railway King ' were current at the time. He was, as I observed, a man of no education, but a typical Yorkshireman, and never attempted to speak but in his broad Yorkshire dialect.

One of the stories told of him in the early days of his career was that when they were discussing the lines of country on the map through which the projected railways were to pass, Hudson called out in broad native accents, ' Mak all t' railways cum ti York ' ; which thing they did ; and to this day York reaps the benefit of his intervention, for it is now one of the greatest railway centres in the country, which has been the means of increasing its population and prosperity enormously. He was thoroughly loyal to the old city, loved it dearly, and was a liberal contributor to its charities whilst he was in affluent circumstances. The city owes him a debt of gratitude for all he did for it.

Another incident I remember was one told me which illustrates his rough-and-ready manners. At the close of a public meeting in London at which Prince Albert was present, the Prince asked Mr. Hudson what he thought of Ericsson's schemes for propelling railway trains by means of compressed air, and the reply was characteristic and instantaneous : ' All humbug, your Royal Highness, all humbug ' ; and such it seemed to have been, for when Ericsson brought forward his plan the British engineers would not take it up, and after vain efforts to get it introduced he left this country for the United States, where for a time he received some encouragement ; but eventually he came to grief, and his scheme with him.

After Hudson's power began to wane his thoughts turned wistfully to his earlier and prosperous days as a tradesman in York. He was once heard to say, 'When ah was in business ah to'nned over £30,000 a year, an' nivver was sa 'appy in all my life.'

Mrs. Hudson was a very ambitious woman, without much education. Her extravagance was very great indeed, and no doubt contributed to her husband's downfall.

She had a daughter whom she hoped would be able, when she grew up, to associate with the aristocracy. Accordingly, she sent the girl to an excellent school in the suburbs of London, which was under distinguished patronage; and thereby hangs a tale of undoubted authenticity which is not without its amusing side.

When Hudson was in his quasi-regal power the highest in the land did homage to him, and sought his advice. Among others, the Duke of Wellington one day came to him in a somewhat distressed state of mind. He had a sister who had invested a large sum of money in one of the new railway ventures, the shares of which had depreciated to an alarming extent, so that there was danger of her losing every sixpence of her investment. Accordingly, the Duke called upon Mr. Hudson in London, told him of his sister's misfortune, and inquired if he could help her out of her difficulty in any way. Hudson quickly took in the situation, told the Duke he would think it over, and requested him to call again after a certain interval, which he named. In the meantime Hudson began to buy some of the shares in this rotten concern, and then after a short interval a few more, and so on. The public got wind that Hudson was buying these shares, and they soon began to rise, till they reached quite a high figure. On the appointed day the Duke called again to see Hudson and asked what was to be done; whereupon he was advised that his sister should sell the whole of her shares, which she promptly did. By this means the lady cleared herself of all loss. The Duke called again and thanked Hudson profusely for what he

had done for his sister, and inquired if there was anything that he could do for him in return. 'Naw, thank you,' was the blunt reply, and the two took leave of one another. But just as the Duke was going out of the door, Hudson stopped him, and said that he thought there was just one thing that his Grace might do for him; and he then explained that he had a daughter at a school close to London, and that the girl was not happy there, because her school-fellows gave her the cold shoulder in consequence of her plebeian descent, and he asked if the Duke would be so kind as to call and see his daughter, to which he readily assented. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, the Duke was seen riding through the Park, carrying a beautiful bouquet, on the way to the school. He arrived at the house, and inquired if Miss Hudson was there; 'Yes,' was the reply. The Duke asked to see the head mistress. She soon appeared, and he repeated his errand. The lady, of course, wanted to know what name she was to say. 'Tell her that the Duke of Wellington wishes to see her.' Presently the girl came into the room, no doubt feeling in rather a flutter. However, the Duke quickly put her at her ease, telling her he knew her father very well, spoke a few kind words to her, presented her with the bouquet, and soon afterwards took his departure. The result was, of course, electrical: and ever afterwards her school-fellows treated her as one of the select, seeing she was looked upon as a friend of the great Duke.

Apropos of the title of 'King' as applied to Hudson, it was by no means uncommon at that time for the principal man in a village to be called 'the King', and his power was not imaginary. A friend of mine once told me that his father remembered a meeting between three such 'Kings', namely, Gawan Peirson, King of Goathland; Thomas Toddles, King of Staithes; and George Hudson, the Railway King, when the three 'monarchs' saluted one another in solemn form. That, of course, was in Hudson's hey-day.

CHAPTER III

NAFFERTON

VERY shortly before my father was instituted to the vicarage of Nafferton, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, the second son of William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, was appointed Archdeacon of the East Riding. He was at that time Rector of Burton Agnes, almost the next parish to Nafferton; and being near neighbours, and both of them Oxford men, he and my father saw a good deal of one another. The Archdeacon was a man of profound learning, had taken a double first class, and, along with John Henry Newman and Hurrell Froude, was a fellow and tutor of Oriel College. My father valued Wilberforce's friendship greatly, and had occasion frequently to seek his advice, not only on parochial but also on private affairs. This had an important bearing on my brothers' and my own future careers. The choice of a school for us was one of the subjects on which the Archdeacon was consulted. Most schools were rough places at that time, and the moral and religious influences in many cases far from what they should have been. Happily for us, the force of the Oxford Movement was then being felt through the length and breadth of the land, and Archdeacon Wilberforce, through his close association with Keble, Newman, Hurrell Froude, and other leaders of the Movement, was deeply imbued with its principles, and consequently became a living instrument for carrying out those principles to the utmost of his power. He found ample scope for his energies in the East Riding. The Church here was at a low ebb. Absenteeism, neglect of duty, and scandalous conduct were sadly too common among the clergy. The Archdeacon was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet; he immediately

made a searching inquiry as to the state of all the parishes under his jurisdiction. For this purpose he issued a series of questions to the Rural Deans, who visited each parish, and made their returns to the Archdeacon.

When I was appointed to the office of Rural Dean of Weighton some years ago, the representatives of my predecessor handed me a book containing all the details of Archdeacon Wilberforce's inquiry, as far as it pertained to the Deanery of Harthill, which at that time (1843) contained the following parishes :

Wilberfoss, Sutton-on-Derwent, Goodmanham, Londesborough, Nunburnholme, Harswell, Everingham, Seaton Ross, Holme on Spalding Moor, Aughton, Ellerton, Cottingham, Bubwith, and Wressell.

It will give some idea of the state of our churches, and of the religious life of the people in this part of the country at that date, if I enumerate the various points of inquiry, together with the replies. These were classified under several heads, namely :

Benefice. 1. Residence of incumbent. 2. Licensed curate, ? name. 3. Where resident ? 4. State of glebe house, offices, &c. 5. State of glebe lands, fences, &c.

Church Yard. 6. How kept ? Are horses or cattle excluded ? 7. Fences, gates, paths.

Exterior of Church. 8. State of nave, chancel, and tower. 9. State of roof, spouting, and drains. 10. Is the earth without not higher than the level of the interior ?

Interior of Church. 11. State of floor, &c. 12. State of windows, casements, doors, &c. 13. State of pews or seats, and cleanliness of church. 14. Monuments and inscriptions of benefactors preserved. 15. Stone font and cover. 16. Is the font fitted with a plug and drain, so that it can be used according to the canon, and is it so used ? 17. Communion table, vessels, and table linen. 18. Is the Communion or second service said every Sunday morning at the Lord's Table, and the space around it set apart from all other purposes except the use of the minister

when celebrating divine service? 19. Pulpit, reading desk, books. 20. Have the people proper hassocks for kneeling? 21. Are there two proper surplices? 22. Tables of degrees, and commandments. 23. Is there a vestry? 24. Is the church used as a school house, or for other purposes, without leave of the ordinary? 25. Bell-frames, ropes, and bells in good repair. Are the bells ever rung without good cause? 26. Registers duly kept, and returns sent to York.

Services of the Church. 27. What services on Sunday and other holy days? 28. How often is the Lord's Supper administered, and number of communicants? 29. Are baptisms performed, as the rubric directs, after the second lesson? 30. How often are children catechized during the afternoon service as directed by the rubric?

Schools, &c. 31. Any national church day school, or at the least a Sunday school, and how supported? 32. Report the state of school and its efficiency. 33. Parochial lending or other library. 34. Bounty lands or other charitable bequests to the church or parish. 35. Attention of churchwardens to their various duties. 36. Behaviour of parish clerk and sexton, and salary how paid? 37. Have any changes been made in the fabric during the past year, by making or altering seats, windows, &c., without leave of the ordinary?

These questions must have given the clergy and the churchwardens a good deal to think about; and the results present a true picture, as far as they go, of the state of things ecclesiastical in the East Riding generally at that time.

In this rural deanery of fifteen incumbents, six only were living in the glebe house, and one in another parish. Three of the parsonage houses were old thatched cottages occupied by a labourer, a widow, and one who farmed the glebe. In several cases horses and sheep were turned into the churchyards. Several of the fabrics were in a deplorable condition; this was especially the case at Ellerton, sometimes called Ellerton Priory.

The church here occupies the site of what must have been a most beautiful building. Ellerton was founded as a Gilbertine priory, apparently for canons only, before 1212. There can be few, if any, of our old monastic foundations which have a sadder tale to tell than this. Allen states in his *History of Yorkshire* (1831) that it was then 'in the most disgraceful state of neglect, and must ere long fall to the ground if it is not speedily repaired. . . . The interior is in a worse state of repair than the exterior. The roof is supported by several poles placed in different parts of the building, and the whole is stalled in the vilest manner.' This erewhile lovely fabric, on which so much art and time and devotion had been expended, was swept away in 1847, to be replaced by the present church, which, except for one or two fragments which escaped the vandalism of the period, is entirely without interest.

Of the old church the Rural Dean thus makes answer to the Archdeacon's inquiries in 1843. 'Exterior of church, all very bad and much dilapidated. Floor bad. Window casements, doors bad. Windows much defaced by plaster. Open seats and a few pews, very old and bad. An ancient and large pew, said to have been occupied formerly by the squire. Font has no plug. Baptisms and christenings generally at communion table. Communion table small and poor. No cover for table. Bible old and dilapidated. No hassocks. No vestry. Parish meetings sometimes held in church. Two bells, one cracked. Some brasses have been removed. A fine old font on pedestals, but mutilated and defaced by brickwork and colouring. The church is the ruin of what has doubtless been a very fine fabric. It has suffered grievously by time and neglect. . . . There are some scanty remains of a handsome old screen.' It was said that a great amount of the rich old stained glass had been abstracted by some person in the neighbourhood. What became of it there is no record. How the squire of this place, who, one would suppose, must have been possessed of some sense of decency, even though devoid of

any good taste, could have sat complacently Sunday after Sunday in his big pew surrounded by all this abomination of desolation, desecration, irreverence, and ruin, passes one's understanding.

Many of the old fonts of our parish churches were then gone, and it was no uncommon thing to find them in some neighbouring farmyard, and used as cattle-drinking troughs. Fonts appear to have been specially liable to sacriligious treatment. Happily, considerable numbers of them have been reclaimed, and restored to their original sacred use. The old font at Bubwith was reported to have been sold by auction !

The sanctuary of many of the churches was treated with gross disrespect. The Communion tables were frequently of the meanest description, sometimes a chest serving the purpose. Various articles found a place within the altar rails, such, for instance, as benches, boxes, books, and musical instruments. Baptisms were mostly private. Marriages were sometimes registered at the Communion table. Hassocks were generally conspicuous by their absence. The Holy Communion was celebrated on an average from four to five times a year ; the highest number, twelve times, was at Aughton and Nunburnholme. At Cottingwith there was only one celebration in the year, namely, on Good Friday.

At Bielby, in the ecclesiastical parish of Hayton, there is a small and interesting church which in recent years has received careful attention at the hands of the Vicar and parishioners ; but in former days the internal arrangements were peculiar. The sanctuary was very small, and in the middle of it stood a chest which served as an altar. All round the north, east, and south walls seats were placed, on which the children sat. On the west side the altar rails, in the shape of a segment of a circle, extended to about two-thirds of the length, the remaining third forming the eastern end of the reading desk and pulpit. The Rural Dean, at a later period, reported that the font was ' a very

insufficient affair', and that the old chest altar appeared to have been liable to such abuses as the cutting of initials upon it.

One of the first things the Archdeacon had to do on his entering upon his duties was the painful one of taking steps to get several of the clergy suspended for intemperate habits. Pluralism was common, and many of the churches were served by curates, who performed their duties in a very slovenly fashion. Many instances of this might be given.

I was too young when we left Nafferton to remember very much of Archdeacon Wilberforce from personal observation; but I have a distinct recollection of going to Burton Agnes Rectory on one occasion with my father to call on him, and seeing him in his library surrounded by his folios of divinity. He was fond of riding, and in his earlier days at Burton Agnes used frequently to ride over to Nafferton.

The Archdeacon was twice married, and had two sons, William and Edward, by his first wife. They were both educated at Eton; and during their holidays they used to come and see us at Nafferton. The younger of the two was the cleverer; he was up to all sorts of pranks, and was fond of telling us of the frequent birchings inflicted by Dr. Hawtrey, the head master, on the boys, and made great fun of them. Edward Wilberforce had considerable literary power, and in later years wrote several volumes, among which were *Brazil seen through a Naval Glass*, *Social Life in Munich*, and a *Biography of Franz Schubert*. One of his earliest effusions was a *jeu d'esprit* in verse on the subject of the Eton floggings, dating from the year 1852. The title of this amusing production is thus given: 'Doctor Swish-tail: A Tale adapted from Virgil, by Trismegistus Rustifustius'. The opening lines will give the reader an idea of its style:

Birch, and the boys I sing, who late did come
To Eton College from their much loved home;

Who for their tickets mighty sums did pay,
And spent much more in eating on the way :
When there, disgusted by the strict commands
Of Swishtail great, and his obedient bands,
They fled away, and swifter than the wind
Left Eton's dome and birches far behind.
Muse, tell the causes ! What offended god,
Or master wielding the much dreaded rod,
Drove them away, and sent them forth to roam,
Far from the College and their native home.

There can be few copies of this *jeu d'esprit* in existence, but one happens to be in my possession. The career of Edward Wilberforce was a somewhat varied one. A short period of his life was spent in the Mercantile Navy ; but he gave up the nautical life, and read for the Bar, and ultimately became a Master of the Supreme Court.

His brother, William, took Holy Orders, and after holding several benefices in Yorkshire, the last being the vicarage of Brodsworth, near Doncaster, he retired. He ended his days at Fulford, near York. He was a most estimable man, but of a shy and retiring disposition. I saw a good deal of him at one time. He was the only man I ever knew who confessed that he enjoyed the east winds in the East Riding in the month of March. For some time he acted as private chaplain to his uncle Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

Like many another Yorkshire village, Nafferton retained the ancient names of its streets. It had its Coppergate, Nethergate, Priestgate, and Westgate, though the last-named was in later years called West-end. It is greatly to be regretted when old local names, whether of streets, buildings, fields, and natural objects of various kinds, are allowed to fall out of use ; for an immense deal of local history and many interesting facts can frequently be learnt from them.

From very early in his career my father acted as a magistrate. In former days clerical magistrates were much more numerous than they are now. One reason for this

was that the choice was then more limited owing to the land ownership qualification. All that has now been done away with, which perhaps, on the whole, is a good thing ; though in many cases a parson made a good Justice of the Peace. Certainly the later practice of appointing magistrates for party political reasons is to be deprecated.

In every big village there are sure to be some shady characters, and Nafferton was no exception to this rule. On one occasion a farmer in the place awoke to the fact that his poultry were disappearing somewhat rapidly. No doubt he had his suspicions, and so he applied to the Vicar for redress. The Vicar at once put the matter into the hands of the village constable, a man who was well fitted for his office, being about six feet high, and powerfully built. 'Ah'll leak eftther 'em,' was his remark on receiving the information of the supposed theft. Accordingly, the following night he concealed himself in an old 'theek'd shade',¹ which commanded a good view of the hen-roost. He had not to wait very long before two men drew up, one of whom carried a bag, or 'poke', as we call it in our dialect, and they proceeded to the hen-roost and commenced their operations. One went inside while the other remained at the door with his poke. Somehow, after a short time, the bagman got knowledge of the constable's presence, and ran away as hard as he could, leaving his poke behind him. Not being aware of what had happened, the other man remained where he was, and called out to his supposed accomplice : 'Ah'll 'ev another white un,' to which the constable made reply, 'thoo can 'ev a black un'. The game was then up. The constable quickly collared the culprit, and locked him up ; after which he was brought to justice and received his due punishment.

The township of Wansford, about two miles from Nafferton, formerly was part of the parish, but is now made into a separate benefice, with a very beautiful church, built by the late Sir Tatton Sykes. Many a time

¹ Thatched shed.

as a boy I accompanied my father when he visited his parishioners there, some of whom I can well remember. Since those days there was living there one of whom I heard some amusing stories told, for he was something of a character. A friend of mine was passing by his house, and found T—— leaning over his gate. After exchanging the usual salutations, the following brief conversation took place: Says T——, who looked a bit depressed, 'Ah's dowly; lowse oot an' stop an hoor wi ma.' 'No, thank you,' replied the other, 'my wife is alone at home, and I must get back.' 'Get away yam wi tha,' said T——, 'Ah was leyke that yance. Ah did luv mah weyfe dearly. Ah luved 'er that mich ah could a'e itten (eaten) 'er; an' ah wished a thoosand tahms eftther 'at ah 'ed itten 'er. Ah thowt sha was faunsomest lahtle kitten 'at ivver was; an' thoo knaws what lahtle kittens cums teea if they live lang eneeaf!'

This poor man must have been sorely tried with his partner for life; for on another occasion the Vicar met T——, and on inquiring how he was, he replied: 'Ah's badly.' 'What is the matter?' said the Vicar. 'Whya,' replied T——, 'wife's been calling ma all frev a pig tiv a dog.' The Vicar expressed his regret to hear this, and reminded T—— of the wise man who said that 'A good woman is from the Lord', to which T—— promptly added, 'You needn't ax ma wheer yon o' mahn com fra.'

As every one knows, a Yorkshireman is generally equal to making a good bargain, and when he happens to be beaten in such dealings, especially in the case of horse-flesh, the pill is a bitter one to swallow.

It was the same friend to whom I have just referred who told me of a man called Walker, who rode into his yard one day with his nose sadly scarred and skinned. On his asking him what was the matter, Walker replied, 'Ah was fond eneeaf last Settherda ti swap George Hotch'n gallowa. Ah knew it was a bit of a wrang un, but ah was rahdin' on ti Weel yah mornin', an' ah thowt it 'ad sattled

doon middlin'; an' thinks ah ti mysen, Ah'll leet ma peype; seea ah strake a match; an' when ah let o' mysen ah'd nowther a leet nor a gallowa.' On this occasion the pony had, as we say, 'teemed' him into the hedge. It was this same man who was present at some horse sale when a friend came up who had been bidding for a horse. 'Hez 'ta bowt that?' said Walker, pointing to a horse which his friend had just purchased; 'Aye,' was the reply; to which confession he received the following rather neatly put warning: 'Then afoor thoo leeaves yam ageean git a bit o' fresh can'l i' thi lantthron.'

As I observed, the Church in the East Riding was at a low ebb in the late forties, and the parish of Nafferton was no exception in that respect. Education, too, was of the poorest kind. There was then no day school in the place; Dissent was strong, and the Sunday schools were for the most part under the instruction of ignorant teachers. An instance of this was told me of a teacher in the Primitive Methodist School there of the name of Barker. He was asked by a lad one day in school in what book a certain text of Scripture was to be found. Barker did not know: but not liking to confess his ignorance, he turned to the lad and said, 'Thoo'll fin' it sumwheers i' Paslums.' The poor lad must have turned over a good many pages before he hit upon the text, if he ever did.

Among my earliest recollections connected with Nafferton is the publication of my father's *History of British Birds*, a work which has since those days had a very large circulation. Originally it came out in monthly parts, the first appearing on June 1, 1850, through the publishing firm of Messrs. Groombridge & Son, London. There were four coloured plates in each part with corresponding letterpress, and I can well remember the interest with which we examined each part as it first appeared in its green cover. It was a great undertaking, and took over seven years to complete. The cost of producing a work of that kind was very great even in those days; but that

part of the undertaking was provided for by the printer and engraver, Mr. Benjamin Fawcett of Driffield, a man of surprising skill, energy, and enterprise. This work naturally took up a considerable amount of my father's time, and it was only by economizing every minute of the day that he was able to perform the task allotted to him without encroaching upon the duties of his calling, which he certainly never neglected in any way.

His business transactions with Mr. Fawcett were, of course, very numerous. The distance from Nafferton to Driffield was only a couple of miles; and how well do I remember accompanying my father on many of these occasions, tearing over the ground at racing speed until we reached East Lodge, overlooking the railway, where Fawcett's printing establishment was! While the two were transacting their business I was seated in a corner of the room gazing at the pictures on the walls. One of them always had a great fascination for me. This was an old coloured print depicting the murder of Captain James Cook, the navigator and explorer, by some of the natives of the Sandwich Islands on the morning of the 14th February, 1779. There was the brave Yorkshireman in the surf overpowered by the naked savages with their spears.

It must have been this picture which has led me all through my life to look upon James Cook as one of our greatest heroes, one of whom not only every Yorkshireman but every Briton may well be proud.

It is something great indeed to say of a man that he was the means of giving us our Australian colonies, and who sacrificed his life for his country. Had he been living in our own day he would have been placed on a higher pedestal than he has been, and would have been regarded as one of our greatest men. A very fine statue of him by John Tweed, the sculptor, has been set up at Whitby in recent years on the cliff overhanging the sea—a suitable site for such a memorial. Whitby may well have wished to honour his name. Although born at Marton in Cleve-

land, Cook was very early in life apprenticed to a master mariner in Whitby ; and, as was then the custom, when his ship was laid up for the winter—a custom which continued till quite recent years—he lodged in his master's house. It was in Grape Lane, and is now part of the Cottage Hospital. The housekeeper was a good old soul, called Mary Prowde ; and seeing that Cook was diligent, and inclined to study, she provided him with candle and table, while the other lads were playing and wasting their time.

In after years, when Cook was distinguished, and came to Whitby as a captain in the Royal Navy, she was told that she must mind her manners, and address him as ' Captain ' with due respect. But when she saw him she forgot all, and, welcoming him with outstretched arms, the good old Yorkshirewoman cried in the language of her heart, ' Aw, honey James ! Hoo glad ah is ti see tha ! ' *The Life and Voyages of Captain James Cook* should be in every schoolboy's library.

The name of Benjamin Fawcett, the printer and engraver who produced nearly all my father's works on Natural History, has been familiar to me from my very earliest days ; he was, moreover, a man of such remarkable gifts and enterprise that I feel some further mention of him will be not out of place here, especially as he was a man of very retiring habits, and of whom but little had been heard by the public during his lifetime.

A very appreciative notice of Mr. Fawcett appeared in *The Bookseller* shortly after his death early in 1893, and I will here repeat what was then said of him.¹

¹ ' Mr. Fawcett, whose death occurred on the 12th of January [1893], was born at Bridlington in December 1808. He served an apprenticeship in Bridlington to printing, bookbinding, &c., and in 1830 commenced business in Driffield as bookseller, stationer, printer, and bookbinder. Here he brought out many novelties in children's illustrated books, school-books, &c., and a new class of copy-books, with pictorial covers, at unprecedented low prices ; the designs and illustrations in connexion therewith were drawn and engraved by himself.

' In 1850 he gave up the retail business and removed to " East

Although Benjamin Fawcett's talents were so remarkable, and his energies and enterprise so exceptional, he

Lodge", where he subsequently confined himself to book production. There he perfected a new process—invented by himself—for fine printing in colours, which became the well-known speciality of the establishment. The larger works, with coloured illustrations projected, printed, or published by Mr. Fawcett, include Morris's *British Birds*, six volumes. The whole of the illustrations of this, and many subsequent books—taken from life or nature—were drawn and engraved by Mr. Fawcett with his own hand. Other works were Morris's *Nests and Eggs of British Birds*, three volumes; *Butterflies*, one volume; and *Moths*, four volumes; Bree's *Birds of Europe*, five volumes; Couch's *British Fishes*, four volumes. The latter work was highly esteemed by the late Frank Buckland, who had a series of plates from the book framed and hung in his Fishery Museum at South Kensington.

'Amongst other works published by Mr. Fawcett were: Maund's *Botanic Garden*, six volumes; Lowe's *British and Exotic Ferns*, eight volumes; *Native Ferns*, two volumes; and *Beautiful Leaved Plants*, one volume. The latter work was selected by the executive—from the books illustrative of high-class printing and bookbinding at the Paris Exhibition—for presentation to the Empress Eugenie. Hibberd's *Beautiful Leaved Plants*, one volume; Wooster's *Alpine Plants*, one volume; *County Seats of Great Britain*, edited by the Rev. F. O. Morris, six volumes. The latter work contains 240 coloured plates, and upwards of 2,400 engraved blocks were used in producing the illustrations. For this work alone Mr. Fawcett received £30,000. Houghton's *Freshwater Fishes*, one volume, and Ross's *Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain*, one volume. Mr. Fawcett also executed the coloured plates for *The Floral World*, *The Intellectual Observer*, and *The Student*, published by Groombridge and Sons, and the plates for Beaumont's *Colour in Woven Design*, published by Geo. Bell & Son—a marvel in colour-printing. He executed a large number of coloured illustrations on subjects of natural history for a well-known Paris publisher, and for which the latter received a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition. Mr. Fawcett was the recipient of letters of commendation from the Queen, Prince Albert, and many literary celebrities. He was awarded a medal by the Commissioners of the Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1881. He also took the medal for excellence in colour-printing, &c., at the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition in 1866, and at the North-East Coast Exhibition at Tynemouth in 1882.

'Deceased was, throughout his long and busy life, a man of a very retiring disposition. He was extremely courteous and unassuming. Whilst his fame as an engraver and colour-printer was cosmopolitan, he was personally but little known, even in the quiet inland town of East Yorkshire, where, for about three-quarters of a century, he had carried on his work, and when he issued a library of most beautiful books.'—(From *The Bookseller*, March 7, 1893.)

died a comparatively poor man. This is somewhat surprising when we consider what a very extensive sale many of the works which he produced had. It is not always realized what a costly business it was to produce many of such works as those which Fawcett took in hand. To mention one only, *The County Seats*, which, as mentioned in *The Bookseller* just quoted, cost fully £30,000 to bring out. The probability is that those who supplied the brain-power got the smallest share of the profits. In connexion with this work I may mention a little incident which rather surprised me at the time. There called upon me many years ago a traveller for one of the publishing firms. He showed me some specimens of books which were then shortly to be issued. They did not appeal to me. However, we got into conversation, and he told me that he had travelled for my father's *County Seats* in the six northern counties. I asked him if he would mind telling me how many subscribers he got, and he told me they amounted to 3,000, the subscription price being, if I remember rightly, nine guineas. The total number of subscribers throughout the country was about 10,000, and no doubt some copies in addition were sold in the ordinary way of business, for the work came out originally in parts. So that the sales for this work of six volumes must have realized at least £100,000, of which large sum the publishers must have got the lion's share. Each subscriber entered his name in a book for the purpose. Among others who subscribed was our late King when he was Prince of Wales, and when the traveller called at Marlborough House he noticed when the subscription book was returned to him that the Prince had not signed his name. He was told that he never did that in such cases; but the man was persistent, for he had an object in view, and the book was returned to the Prince with the request if as a special favour he would be pleased to sign his name, which he at once did. A happy thought had struck the traveller, which was that when all the names were completed he would have the signatures

lithographed, made into a handsome volume, and sold ; which he did, and the profits amounted to several hundred pounds. Among the subscribers were not only several Royalties, and a large number of the nobility and aristocracy, but also a number of foreign ambassadors, among whose signatures were some in Chinese, Japanese, Persian, and other Eastern characters. This collection of lithographed signatures forms quite an interesting book, as an addendum to the work itself. If I remember rightly, it was published at one guinea.

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL DAYS

TOWARDS the close of my father's time at Nafferton I was sent to school at St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, where my two brothers were then being educated. It was a delightful place, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Berkshire, about eight miles from Reading and four from Pangbourne on the Thames. The five or six years I spent at Bradfield were among the happiest of my life.

Although the school was only founded in 1850 it has had a remarkable history. Its founder was the Rev. Thomas Stevens, rector of the parish, warden of the college, and squire combined.

Stevens was a man quite out of the ordinary line, and it will be fitting here to say something about him. He was admitted as a commoner at Oriel College early in 1827. The College at that time, and for years afterwards, ranked high in the University under the influence of its Provost, Edward Hawkins, and its tutors.

Thomas Mozley, one of the Fellows of Oriel, in his *Reminiscences* gives a true and graphic account of Stevens, and I cannot do better than quote his words, since the two were co-temporaries. He says :

'To be the founder of a public school designed to emulate, and in some important respects to surpass, those which are the glories of England, was about the very last thing that could have been imagined of "Tom Stevens". Nobody so easy, nobody so pleasant to get on with, nobody so full and overflowing with practical matters. But classics and literature did not seem his line. He was a true child of Nature and of her kindest mould. There was a homely wit and rural dignity about him that always

recalled green fields, water rights, timber falling, and harvest time. Such a character was a pleasant contrast to those who had their fortunes still to make, or had had large fortunes provided for them. The heir of two or three thousand acres is but a small man compared with the heir of half a county, or, better still, half a suburb. There was something free, ready, and wholesome in Stevens's talk that usually seemed solid ground to rest upon.

'He had a troop of friends about him, always at home there. Like most genial men, he had special command over nature as well as the human kind; although I think it was not he but his friend John Marriott who could call a cuckoo, and make it perch a few yards from him. Thomas Stevens kept a tame snake in his room which he could whistle out of its hole in the floor for a saucer of milk at breakfast time. He rented an apartment in the town where he used to employ himself, properly armed and attired, for hours in stuffing birds. Going out one morning with his gun to Bagley Wood, he brought home fifty different species and varieties. But there were arriving also in various stages of preservation, birds from Norway and other countries. The museum he established at Bradfield contained two hundred and fifty specimens, all of his own stuffing. Every now and then Stevens had to go home and sacrifice a term in looking after his father's property, for his father was squire as well as rector, and in years. When he returned to college it was to talk of saw-mills, crops, wages, and poor rates. . . . Whatever he did grew in his hands. Perhaps the spirit of Oriel, and the contagion of Newman, told in that. He put his hand to his village church, and it became a small cathedral. The little organ grew into a big one. Two or three village lads grew into a choir. They must have some education, and so there came a good school; two indeed, one better than the other. The little school grew into a college, with magnificent buildings in Stevens's own land, a few hundred yards from his front windows.

'Who could have expected such a development from the bird-stuffer and the land bailiff? Yet it can be easily traced backwards, especially if we take into account the elements of a noble ambition supplied by a residence in those days in the circle of Newman's friends in Oriel College. The generous flame caught a rich material, and it burnt well.

'That there was a vast and lamentable intermixture of error in all this outcome, is no more than must be admitted of all movements whatever. There was much exaggeration ; there was excessive self-confidence, there was often the disregard of sound advice and the dictates of common sense ; there was the reading of Providence by the light of one's own inclination, and there was even a neglect of the homely maxim, " Be just before you are generous ! " '

Such in some sort was the man who ruled the destinies of St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, when I was admitted as a small boy within its walls. As Thomas Mozley truly says, it is amazing how Stevens, being the man he was, could ever have accomplished what he did. It only shows what an extraordinarily subtle and powerful influence was that of Newman, whose pupil Stevens was at Oriel, which gave his rustic mind the ecclesiastical turn it did ; and what is almost as remarkable is the influence that Stevens exercised upon his Bradfield boys. We were hardly ever brought into direct contact with him ; he was in no way connected with the teaching of the school ; but he was there, and took a vital interest in the school and in everything that made for its welfare. He loved his boys, and they knew it, and they loved him. Although he was Founder, and Warden of the college, we never called him anything but the Rector. We who were in the choir, as I happily was nearly the whole of the time I was at the school, saw more of the Rector than the other boys, inasmuch as we met twice every day in the vestry before Matins and Evensong, although I never remember him speaking to any of us there. He scarcely ever missed a service, and he nearly always took some part in it. He had a pleasant voice in reading or intoning. I can hear his voice now, and also his invariably creaky boots whenever he went up to the fald-stool to read the Litany. We had two full choral services every day. Boys at the present day would probably find this somewhat irksome. But all through my time at Bradfield I never heard a single complaint on that head

from any one of my school-fellows. We had a very good choir and organist, and this helped us to enjoy the service and to relieve us of any feeling of weariness. One member of our choir was Edward Tapsfield, a master in the school, who had a magnificent bass voice, and he afterwards became a Minor Canon at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A duet for alto and bass from the beautiful anthem, 'In Thee, O Lord' (Weldon), in which I had to take part with Tapsfield from time to time, is firmly fixed in my memory, along with many others. Our musical repertory was a well-chosen one, and was drawn largely from composers of the old English school, such as Tallis, Byrde, Gibbons, Purcell, and Blow, while more modern men such as S. S. Wesley, Ouseley, Elvey, and Goss were also included. It is a remarkable fact that our church music at Bradfield was of such a high type as it was, especially at that early period of the great Church revival. In this matter we were far in advance of our time. The leading English musicians are at this moment doing their utmost to revive the very same old English music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which we had in my boyhood in daily use at Bradfield.

Our parish clerk, Thomas Barnby, was something of a character. He was a Yorkshireman, and came to Bradfield from Archdeacon Wilberforce's parish of Burton Agnes, where I believe he had acted in the same capacity; and at Bradfield he was also the national schoolmaster. He was noted, as was his brother Joseph, afterwards Sir Joseph Barnby, the composer, for his deep bass voice; this organ, however, he seldom had the chance of exercising in Bradfield Church; but every now and again when the 'Amens' were said instead of sung, Barnby made the most of them. We got used to these sudden outbursts; but strangers were startled by their volume and depth. I shall never forget Joseph Barnby visiting us on one occasion, at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, in later years. In the course of a concert in which he was singing a part he took

a low B-flat, which, of course, any ordinary bass singer would have taken an octave higher. I never heard that note sung before or since. It simply electrified the audience. His voice was Russian in its depth and roundness. Ultimately, all the 'Amens' in Bradfield Church were sung, and the story went that Thomas Barnby resigned in consequence! But this, *cum grano salis*.

We had a special pointing of the Psalter, drawn up, as expressed on the title-page, by 'The Rector, Curate and Organist of St. Andrew's Church, Bradfield'. It was not a good piece of work; but we got used to it. It used to be said that somehow or other the Rector managed to get 'caterpillars innumerable' into one syllable! He read fairly quickly, but not unduly so.

The assistant curate at Bradfield all through my time was the Rev. John Marriott, the brother of Charles Marriott, the Fellow and Tutor of Oriel, with Wilberforce and Froude, and brother-in-law of the Rector. After his breakdown in health Charles Marriott came to live with his brother at Bradfield, and we boys used often to meet him being wheeled about in his bath-chair. It was sad to see a man of such great intellectual power reduced to such a state of helplessness. Along with his great learning he was endowed with a copious fund of quiet humour.

It is recorded of him that on one occasion when he was dining in Oriel one of his brother Fellows behaved in an outrageous manner at dinner, and as he came out of chapel next morning he said to Marriott by way of an apology, 'My friend, I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night,' to which Marriott quietly replied, 'My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual.'

One day at Bradfield he met the head master's two little girls in scarlet cloaks, and both just of the same height, when Charles Marriott observed, 'Here come two little Judges of Assize!'

Although, as I said, the Rector had nothing to do with the boys in the school, we often used to meet him on his

way to the college from the rectory, when he came up to his office, or 'den' as he called it, to transact the business of the college, as well as on other occasions, when he always had a few pleasant words for us. His very appearance impressed us, and, I may add, attracted us. His general 'get up' and manner were so original that I cannot refrain from giving a few extracts from the recorded impression of him made upon one of his head masters, Dr. Gray, at their first meeting. He says, 'Imagine a short burly figure, clothes anyhow, thick-soled boots, a mere patch of shirt showing, with a wisp of white tie with dangling ends, and on the top of this there was set a colossal head, a massive formidable forehead, eyes penetrating, and at times almost fierce, with a peculiar way of watering when roused; but it was the beard that was the feature of the man: patriarchal, sweeping, flowing, something you could not get away from, which seemed to move and sway with every emotion. A man of most masterful power was my feeling when he began to speak his words of dignified welcome.

'What struck me about his first greeting, and has clung to my memory ever since, is that he at once talked to me as if he had known me for years, and saw at a glance what form of words suited my character and circumstances. It was not, of course, what he said, but how he said it, that caught my imagination, and made me feel that I had to deal with an original and inspiring character. Thomas Stevens fascinated me, as he fascinated others, at first sight. When I met him at the family board the fascination deepened. He had, by the way, a curious custom of saying grace in an abrupt jerky way as he was coming in at the dining-room door.

'The simplicity, almost amounting to dinginess, which I had noticed in the hall, pervaded the dining-room. He had not, I think he said, had it painted since his father's death. . . . The rectory table was as frugal as its setting; indeed, it was one of the characteristics of the Founder that he hardly knew what he ate, and certainly cared not

when and where he ate it. He was an inveterate smoker, and possessed stacks of pipes ; of these, and of a complete assortment of curled and twisted walking-sticks, plucked from hedgerows and woodlands, he had an unexampled collection.' This well describes the Rector even as I remember him more than twenty years earlier.

The Founder had an odd way of appointing his head masters. On this occasion, for instance, when the applicant was on the point of leaving, he had no idea whether he had been accepted or not ; and so he had to ask Mr. Stevens if he intended to offer him the post. ' Of course, my dear '—he had a habit of calling every one ' my dear '—I thought you had guessed long ago that you were the man for me.'

On a previous occasion when the head mastership was vacant, a number of applications were sent in with testimonials. The first of these applications that the Rector looked at was from a man called Stephen Poyntz Denning. When he read the name he said, ' This is an omen : Stevens appoints Denning.' So, appointed he was, and not another application was opened. Happily, this appointment proved to be a good one. The omen was right for once.

The Founder's rule might be described as patriarchal. We were more like a large family than a school. Although it could not be said of him that he was rich in silver and gold, he was at least patriarchal in this, that he had a numerous progeny—thirteen in all—and very much cattle ; in fact, he was devoted to agriculture, and tried all sorts of experiments, which were said to be for the most part failures ; but he was always optimistic. He was one of the first in the country to purchase a steam plough ; and he made use of the portable engine to saw beams and other timber for building the College Hall in 1856. This happened when I was at Bradfield, and it was my delight to go to the saw-mill close to the Rectory and watch the work going on. The engine fire was fed by spare blocks of oak that were sawn off. I do not remember ever seeing coal

used. He used to use oxen on his farm as well as horses for draught purposes.

The country round Bradfield in my school days was full of fine timber, principally oak and elm. It was this timber that was used for building the College Hall, and the effect was very striking. The Bradfield dining-hall is the most picturesque thing of the kind I have ever seen ; its massive timbered roof gives it a substantial and mediaeval look.

The head master during the whole of my time was the Rev. Robert E. Sanderson, a man six feet in height, and strikingly good-looking. His influence was of the best, and we had a profound respect for him. His rule was strict, but not severe. He was effective and inspiring in preparing us for Confirmation, and it was my good fortune, not only to be prepared by him, but to be confirmed by Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, whose manner and addresses were unforgettable. Occasionally the Bishop would hold an Ordination in Bradfield Church, though that was before my time. But I remember Dean Purey-Cust of York telling me that he was ordained Deacon in Bradfield Church by Bishop Wilberforce. Mr. Sanderson left Bradfield in 1860 for the head mastership of Lancing College. Before coming to Bradfield he had been Curate at St. Mary's, Oxford, when Charles Page Eden, Newman's successor, was Vicar.

Among the assistant masters we had a Yorkshireman in the person of the Rev. George Bentley Morley, who I fancied looked on us Yorkshire boys with a specially kindly eye. He was a Cambridge man, a Fellow of his College, and a very good classical scholar. He had been at Shrewsbury School under the famous Dr. Kennedy.

An amusing incident is recorded of G. B. Morley. One morning he came into the school to give his boys back their week's Latin verses corrected. At the bottom of one of the boys' exercise he had written : ' I require twenty-four verses ; you have only done twenty-two.' The unlucky boy counted them over again carefully, and

assured the master there were twenty-four. Presently, after a little word-play with his pupil, Mr. Morley produced his pent-up joke to the amusement of all present, especially of the head master, 'You have only done twenty-two verses; the last two I did at Shrewsbury ten years ago. When you copied them from the *Sabrinae Corolla* you forgot to look at the "G. B. M." at the bottom.' Morley was fond of games, as well as of jokes, especially puns. If the boys did not immediately laugh at his jokes he would repeat them deliberately, and with the preface, 'I said.' His hearers mischievously waited for this repetition, and then exploded, which always highly delighted him.

The school games in vogue in my time consisted mainly of cricket, football, hockey, fives, and (for the masters) croquet in addition. This latter game was introduced at Bradfield some years before I saw it at any other place. This would be about 1855. I have an idea that it was imported from Ireland.

The laws and rules of hygiene were not insisted upon in my school days in the way they are now; yet in spite of this the health of the boys was remarkably good. I never remember anything more serious than an occasional mild outbreak of measles or mumps; and on one occasion there were a few cases of scarlet fever; but no serious results followed from any of these. Such a thing as taking a boy's temperature was, to the best of my recollection, an unheard-of thing. We were certainly not coddled and fussed about in the way they now appear to be at school.

Our living was plain enough, and at one time almost ascetic. We never had meat more than once a day, except in the case of a few delicate boys, for whom it was specially ordered by the doctor. We rose early, and had an hour's school before breakfast from seven to eight, Church at nine, school again from ten to noon, and dinner at one. We had two half-holidays in the week, and a whole holiday every Saint's Day. These latter, especially in the summer months, were times of great delight, for it was the usual custom

for a master or two to take a number of the boys for a picnic to Pangbourne, which was then quite a small village on the Thames, and scarcely known, except to a few anglers ; now it is almost like a small suburb of London. The old road from Bradfield to Pangbourne was a singularly picturesque one, and the place itself one of the prettiest in the Thames Valley.

The new road from the college to Theale and Pangbourne was made during my time at Bradfield, and, I believe, wholly at the instigation of the Rector. It was an immense improvement. The old road to Theale used to pass under a part of Mr. Benyon's house at Englefield.

Although, as I said, Bradfield was one of the first educational results of the Tractarian Movement, we had no ritualism in the Church Services, as the word is now understood, and practically none of the early tractarians were ritualists.

The outbreak of the Crimean War happened soon after my admission to St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, and the incidents of that mismanaged campaign, especially the sufferings our poor fellows in the trenches had to endure during the first severe winter months of it, made a deep impression upon our boyish imaginations. If the engines of destruction in warfare are manifold more terrible now than they were in the early fifties, there is at least this compensation, that the sick and wounded receive infinitely better treatment than ever they did in those far-off days. The name of Florence Nightingale was, of course, familiar to us all as boys, and we regarded her with feelings almost of adoration.

The battles of Balaclava and Inkerman were on everybody's lips at that time. When the Hall was being built I remember that two very fine horses of the contractor were called ' Blackbird ' and ' Tinker ', the Anglicized form of the words, these being easier for rustic lips to pronounce.

All through the Crimean War my uncle, Henry Gage Morris, was in command of H.M.S. *Hydra* on the Cape

Station, and at the outbreak of the war the larger ships were sent with all speed to the Baltic or Mediterranean to join the fleets in those seas, and my uncle was left in command at the Cape, with very arduous duties in consequence. He was, however, able to return to England just in time to take part in the great Naval Review at Spithead after the declaration of peace, when Queen Victoria reviewed the Fleet, the *Hydra* being told off on that occasion to keep the waterway clear in advance of the Royal Yacht. I remember having a strong wish to go down to Portsmouth to join my uncle's ship at the Review, but this could not be brought about ; had my wish been realized, I should have been in the seventh heaven !

The nautical instinct was always strong in me, my grandfather having been on active service in the Navy through a considerable part of Nelson's time ; this and the fact of his brother Amherst Morris having also been in the same service, and having taken a conspicuous part in the famous engagement between H.M.S. *Nymphe* and the *Cleopâtre*, the crack frigate of the French Republican Navy, he being Captain Pellew's first lieutenant in the *Nymphe* and the first officer to board the French ship, added fuel to the natural love of the sea that seemed to be in my very blood. Moreover, two of my greatest chums at school were Thomas Suckling and Charles Talbot, both of whom entered the Navy, the former being a direct descendant of Nelson's uncle, and the latter a son of Admiral Charles Talbot, under whom my uncle had served.

It was decided, therefore, before I left Bradfield that I should go into the Royal Navy. But in order to do this, it was a necessary preliminary in those days, and for years afterwards, that one should receive a nomination ; and this could only be given by an Admiral or Post-Captain on commissioning a ship. Such nomination could, no doubt, have been obtained if my father had chosen to set about it in earnest, but his time was always very fully occupied ; he was, moreover, averse to asking favours ; consequently,

the months slipped by with nothing having been done, until at length I had passed the age limit. All this was a bitter disappointment to me. At that time there was a feeling of romance about the Navy which captivated one, and the old traditions of Nelson's days still ran strong. Steam, as a propelling power, was then in its infancy, and a considerable part of the Navy still consisted of sailing ships, and many of them were more beautiful to look upon than can be described ; they were more like living creatures than inanimate things. In those days we had sailors, that is, men who could handle sails, and who knew all the ropes of the ship. Now everything is done by machinery and electricity ; our seamen have to be scientific, but they are not sailors.

Many of the old Winchester school ' notions ', as they were called, were in use at Bradfield in my time. These were merely a kind of school slang, a good deal of which, it was said, had been handed down from pre-Reformation days. Thus, for instance, the sick room was called ' continent-room ' ; the morning bells, first and second ' peal ' ; our small cupboard for keeping books, &c., in, a ' toys ' ; the school lists of names, ' long rolls ' ; and our bedrooms were never anything but ' chambers '. The institution of ' Prefects ' also followed the Winchester rule to a great extent. The reason for the introduction of these ' notions ' was probably due to the fact that the Founder's father was an old Wykehamist, the Founder himself having been educated privately. Mr. A. F. Leach, himself an old Wykehamist, drew attention to these old customs, as editor of the *History of Bradfield College*, published in 1900. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that he did not do justice to the memory of the Founder in that volume ; but exposed him to ridicule because of his weaknesses and failures. Moreover, Mr. Leach was guilty of inaccuracies. For instance, he speaks of the Manor House as having been in the Stevens's family for generations, whereas it was purchased by Mr. Stevens only a few years before the

founding of the College from his friend, Mr. Moor, whose son, the late Rev. J. Frewen Moor, informed me that the house in his father's time was called 'Bradfield Place', and that it was not known as the Manor House. Leach's educational ideas, too, were so utterly opposed to those of the Founder of Bradfield as to unfit him for editing the history of the School, though it is readily conceded that he was thoroughly well versed generally in the history of our great public schools, and has written much, bearing on that subject, which is of great value. It seems to me, therefore, and, I believe, to many others also, that a history of Bradfield College which will do adequate justice to the Founder's great work and memory has yet to be written. A strong dramatic element manifested itself in the school from very early days. The beginning of it may, perhaps, be traced to a certain Mr. Russell, who on one or two occasions came from London and read portions of Shakespeare's plays to the boys. This developed later to the acting of the scene between Hubert and Arthur from *King John*, of which performance I have a distinct recollection. On the same occasion *Box and Cox* was performed as an after-piece. This led subsequently to the custom of acting one of Shakespeare's plays each year on St. Andrew's Day. Among the plays so acted were *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Twelfth Night*. One of my school friends, E. D. Heathcote, was a tower of strength on these occasions. He afterwards went to Oriel College, which during my time at Oxford was the chief centre of dramatic talent in the University. Several of the Oriel men at that time (about 1866) joined, or perhaps instituted, a newly formed dramatic society called 'The Shooting Stars', whose course followed somewhat closely that of the heavenly bodies from which they derived their name. Their performances were brilliant, for there was no small talent in this coterie of undergraduates; but their career was only a short one. The society fell into

evil ways, and then disappeared from the academic horizon more quickly than it arose. As some one wrote :

Every Mummer is a Star,
That there 's no disputing ;
So we who blaze and disappear,
Obviously are shooting.

But the latent talent at Bradfield had by no means spent its force when I left the school after the summer of 1858. The revival subsequently of representations of the plays of the old Greek tragedians, on a scale never before attempted in this country, brought the name of Bradfield College before the British public in a way that it had not hitherto been. It was in October 1881 that Dr. Gray, who had been appointed head master early in the previous year, laid his plans for the first of a long series of these Greek plays. The enterprise showed what manner of man he was ; and this was not only a means for bringing the school into greater prominence, but also did much for the classical culture of its *alumni*.

It was not, however, until some years later that Dr. Gray, at infinite pains, converted an old disused chalk-pit close to the College into a Greek theatre, the orchestra of which was accurately planned on the model of that at Epidaurus in Greece. The site is an ideal one, being embowered among overhanging trees and shrubs, which gives it a most picturesque appearance, though in my day it was quite an ordinary chalk-pit where we sometimes used to play or hunt butterflies.

The first play produced in this open-air and charmingly situated theatre was the *Antigone* of Sophocles ; this took place in June 1890. All the performers were either masters or boys of the College. The success of this play was complete ; and in the following year the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus was played on a more ambitious scale than on the previous occasion.

After an interval of three years the *Alcestis* of Euripides

was performed ; this was followed again after like intervals by the *Antigone* and *Agamemnon*, and so on similarly, if I remember rightly, in regular succession until June 1914—only a few weeks before the War broke out. Of course, all through the War the theatre was closed for these performances. It was my good fortune to be present when this last representation of the *Alcestis* was given, as well as on some of the previous ones.

In the present year (1922), after a lapse of eight years, the Greek plays were once more revived with a performance of the *Antigone*, and with great success and the highest credit to all concerned.

It was a great disappointment to me when I was removed from my old school, to which I was greatly attached. The reason for this change was that there was no special preparation for the Navy at Bradfield in those days, and my father thought that I should have special coaching for the examination from some one who had had experience in the Navy. This was quite a mistake, and it would have been far better for me had I remained where I was ; moreover, the examination presented no difficulty.

At this time my father was Rector of Nunburnholme in the East Riding, and within easy reach of us was the old endowed grammar school of Pocklington, the head master of which was the Rev. F. J. Gruggen, who in his early life had been a midshipman in the Navy. He did not remain long in the service, for he displayed such aptitude for mathematics that he left the Navy and went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself, coming out sixth wrangler in an exceptionally brilliant year, and soon afterwards was elected Fellow of his college. He did not hold his fellowship long, for on the death of Dr. Shield, the Master of Pocklington School, he was appointed his successor.

The School was then at a very low ebb, and it was said that at one time under Dr. Shield's régime the numbers were reduced to one boy. Gruggen was an excellent man

of business, and by careful management and administration of the school property, which was considerable, he greatly improved its finances, as well as the school buildings. He was himself quite a good practical architect, and in later years planned houses for himself, and largely used in their structure and adornment materials of all sorts and kinds which he had purchased in the neighbourhood at sales, which he greatly enjoyed attending. He was also given to farming on a small scale.

The school increased in numbers under him, though it cannot be said that he was a good master. He would frequently come into the school shortly before the hour for closing, and rush through the work at racing speed, sometimes keeping us in beyond the appointed hour in order to make up for his absence.

It was a wonder that we learnt as much as we did; but this was achieved not so much by any direct teaching from him, as by creating a spirit of emulation amongst us to excel in our school examinations. Our reasoning faculties were stimulated by going through the problems and theorems of Euclid, from which exercise we reaped great benefit, and by constant practice we learnt whole books in a wonderfully short space of time. When up in class for Euclid, Gruggen would draw the figures of the propositions on a slate, and call on some boy to go through the reasoning process of each.

We had some remarkable subjects of examination at the end of each half-year; among these—'horresco referens'—were the thirty-nine Articles of Religion in English and Latin! and some of us got to know them so well by heart that we could repeat the whole in both languages almost without making a mistake, though we did not bless the framers of these said Articles.

In spite of the shortcomings of the head master, many of the boys distinguished themselves at the University. Of those who were at the school with me one came out as third wrangler, another eleventh, another eighteenth, and

so on ; while another who could scarcely translate a line of Virgil when he came to the school gained a first class in the Classical, as well as in the Moral Science Tripos, and a second class in Theology at Cambridge.

The second master was the Rev. E. B. Slater, who had also been a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and a first class man in Classics. The chief part of the work of the school devolved upon him, and a very painstaking teacher he was, though at times he gave way to violent fits of temper, which displayed themselves in a way which caused great amusement. I remember that on one of these occasions he took up his hat and said that he should leave the school, which he vehemently denounced, and he did so there and then ; but he did not get much farther than the door when he suddenly returned, with the result of more steam being let off. These outbursts were of short duration, and their effect vanished like a snowflake on a river. He had a fund of dry humour which took some time in developing. We could always see it coming beforehand. It seemed, as it were, to originate at his boots, and gradually to rise up till it overflowed. We all had an affection for him, and respected him in spite of his little weaknesses of temperament.

The best piece of mental training I got from Gruggen was a real fondness for Euclid. This, as I just observed, helped and strengthened one's reasoning faculties greatly. There are many, I believe, to whom Euclid's propositions are a difficulty ; but, at all events, they should assist in giving balance to the mind, and should be a check to drawing hasty conclusions.

Not long ago, when travelling by train, I happened to notice among the passengers a schoolgirl poring over a proposition of Euclid, and I thought what an excellent thing it was in such a case ; for the female mind is ever prone to jump to a conclusion rather than to reason it out. Their rapid process frequently lands them safely, but frequently it does not ; and so a study of Euclid's methods should act as a corrective.

I dare say a good many young people ask the same question as a pupil of Euclid's is said to have asked him two thousand years ago in his lecture-room at Alexandria : 'What is the use of learning all this stuff ?'

I was reading in a recent number of one of our magazines an interesting article on Euclid,¹ from which I cannot forbear quoting a short passage. The writer says : 'And what a far-reaching influence his book has had, an influence far greater upon human life and thought than any mechanical invention ! It has served as a training for logic for many generations, has helped on intellectual development which has found its expression in numberless fields of human activity, it has taught men to know what was a proof, and what was not ; it has led them on step by step as by scientific law to right conclusions through a maze of tortuous difficulties, and with such sureness that mathematical certainty has become a proverb ; it has never asserted without proof, nor had to retract what it has proved. The work done at Alexandria 2,000 years ago is as perfect in its kind, as beautifully set out, as unerring in its appeal to the intellect as if it had been done yesterday in the newest university. And such an influence has produced an atmosphere which has been beneficial to the progress of civilization, and helped to elevate the minds and thoughts of men who may never have read Euclid at all.'

As far as any special preparation for the Navy was concerned, Gruggen taught me next to nothing, and I might just as well, or better, have remained at Bradfield. I learnt a little about the use of globes, and possibly something of navigation. Occasionally he would illustrate some point from his nautical experience, as, for instance, how to ascertain the pace at which a ship was going, by heaving the lead and counting the knots on it as the line passed through the hand in a given space of time. He might have taught one how to make many a knot such as

¹ C. H. P. Mayo in the *Nineteenth Century and After* of May 1922.

a 'bowline on a bight', or a 'sheepshanks', but not so much as how to tie a common reef-knot did I learn from him.

He did not often speak of his life at sea, but I remember he told us of two frigates he was in, namely, H.M.S. *Thalia* and *Isis*, and that one or both of them were so infested with rats, cockroaches, and other vermin, that even the ship's biscuits were rendered uninviting by these creatures. But sailors in those days were thick-skinned, and knew not what nerves meant, and so they regarded vermin as part of the ship's company!

Gruggen had a keen sense of humour, and was the life and soul of a dinner party or any other gathering; he was an admirable raconteur, and a wonderfully good mimic. He must have been a very acceptable member of the St. John's College Combination Room, and have enlivened his brother dons with many a yarn. No one could possibly resist his flow of amusing stories.

Of a certain clergyman of his acquaintance he had many amusing things to say. The said Vicar was himself a remarkable character, and his education had not been of a high order.

I remember Gruggen relating with great effect an episode connected with this man whom we will call Mr. A. It was one Saturday when Mr. Gruggen met this brother cleric, who, with a sigh, volunteered the information that he had let himself in for six full services on the morrow. 'That,' said Gruggen, 'seems a strong number. How do you propose getting through them all?' 'Well,' said A., in a free-and-easy sort of way, 'I thought you would take one'; to which suggestion, Gruggen being very good-natured, a ready assent was given; and the place was fixed upon. 'But,' added Gruggen, 'that still leaves five. How are you going to manage five full services?' 'Oh! there is Mrs. B. She will take C.,' mentioning a remote hamlet by name. 'She will just give them a short service and sermon, and that will do very well for them.' By

dint of rapid motion over the country, it was reported that the four remaining services were somehow accomplished. But before the two parted, Mr. A. warned his friend on no account to think of going to take the duty arranged for if it rained, saying that he himself never went on a wet Sunday, and that in that event the people would not expect him. As it happened, the Sunday was a wet one.

Of course, Mr. Gruggen drove over to the place. When he arrived there was not a soul about ; but after a little time the old clerk, who lived close by, seeing what had happened, came up and said, ' We never looked for you, Sir ' : to which Mr. Gruggen replied that he had come to take the duty, and take it he should. ' Whya then ! ' said the clerk, who was a typical Yorkshireman, ' Ah can put t' bell in, an' mebbe two or three on 'em 'll draw up.' Accordingly the bell was ' put in ', and such was the astonishment of the parishioners on hearing the bell rung on a wet Sunday that there was quite a good congregation.

Those men who were admitted to Holy Orders who had not taken a university degree, or been at any theological college, were called ' Literates ' ; it would seem, however, that many of these might more fittingly have been dubbed ' Illiterates '. It may well be, however, that many a Literate may make a better parish priest than others who can write a degree after their names. Still, it is unquestionably an advantage to a man in almost any calling in life to have received a university education, and it is regrettable that so few candidates for Holy Orders are now drawn from our universities as compared with former days.

But whatever training the younger generation of clergy may have had, it is surprising to find what a large number of them cannot even read well. It would seem that the bishops in their ordination examinations do not attach sufficient importance to this very necessary part of clerical training. It is grievous to hear, as one not seldom does, the beautiful and stately English of the Bible murdered in church by some novice who has never been taught to read and to use his voice properly.

When first I went up to New College, Oxford, in the early sixties, it was a treat to hear the Scholars who came up from Winchester School read the lessons in Chapel. With scarcely an exception they read admirably. The reason of this was that Dr. Moberly, then head master of Winchester, laid great stress on the subject of reading. One special point in their reading was that one could always hear the small words, such as articles and conjunctions, which are mostly lost in slipshod reading. Occasionally this point was a trifle overdone, but generally the results were good.

I was taking duty at a church in Wales some years ago where the schoolmaster read the lessons. He did not read badly, but he took one by surprise by every now and again laying marked emphasis on words which did not in the least require it. For some time I could not understand on what principle he made these sudden outbursts; but at length I discovered that he used this extra amount of breath on every word in italics. The effect was peculiar. Why the Vicar did not put him right I never understood.

I had not been long at Pocklington School before my age limit for entrance into the Royal Navy expired, and my prospects were entirely changed, and my great ambition frustrated.

It was decided that I should go to Oxford, and my name was in the first instance entered at University College. I remained for some time at Pocklington School, and had, as it were, to make a new start.

CHAPTER V

OXFORD

My father could not well have afforded to send me to Oxford unless I had gained a Scholarship of some kind. About the time when in the ordinary course of things I should be matriculating at Oxford there happened to be a vacancy for a Choral Scholar at New College. I had always had a strong taste for music, and singing was a delight to me. My musical training at Bradfield fostered this natural taste considerably, and was a great help to me.

These Choral Scholarships at New College were at that time the cause of much contention among the Fellows and Tutors. The College was then emerging, mainly under the influence of one of the Tutors, from a long period of easy-going ways. The men had been almost wholly drawn from Winchester School, and it was comparatively rarely that any New College man distinguished himself in the University examinations. But in the course of a few years this state of things was completely changed, and ultimately New College became a strong rival to Balliol, which for distinction in the class lists was the leading college in the University.

It was thought that the musical element among the undergraduates did not conduce to work and success in the schools, and there was a good deal to be said for that contention.

The Choral Scholarships were above the average in value, being worth £100 a year for five years. Consequently the competition for them was strong. It was a fortunate moment for me when in the October Term of 1863 I was elected to one of these Scholarships; and especially so since this was the last election that was ever made.

At that time New College was one of the smallest in the University, the undergraduate members numbering a little over thirty. Like so many of the Oxford colleges, it was a place of great charm, and was more like a club than a college, for we had our own Junior Common Room where we had our meals generally, except dinner, which, of course, was always in Hall; and after dinner those who wished could retire to Common Room for wine and dessert. A fair number of men were generally present, and on Sundays we always had a full room. On the whole, I should say, that the institution of the Common Room worked economically, for it was under good management, and every year we elected from among the undergraduates a Steward of the Room, who acted as President. Needless to say, he was always one of the most popular men in the College. In Common Room after dinner we sat round the fire in the shape of a horseshoe, the two ends being connected by a mahogany inclined plane along which the decanters were passed; this was a convenient arrangement which obviated the necessity of any one rising from his seat to pass the wine. The wine was of good quality, especially the port, which, by a rule of the room, had always to be kept a certain number of years before being used, and the supply never allowed to fall below a certain number of pipes. The same firm for a long series of years had filled our cellars, namely, Messrs. Carbonell of London.

The noble foundation of William of Wykeham at Oxford, dating from the latter part of the fourteenth century, had undergone great changes when first I went to Oxford, though many of the old traditions still survived. Originally founded for a Warden, seventy Fellows and Scholars, ten Chaplains, three Clerks, and sixteen Choristers, there were at the time of my matriculation, besides the Warden, about forty Fellows, six Chaplains, twenty-one Scholars, six Choral Scholars, and sixteen Choristers. The Chapel services were very well carried out from a musical point of view, our organist being Dr. George B. Arnold, afterwards

organist of Winchester Cathedral, and a favourite pupil of one of our greatest modern musicians, Samuel Sebastian Wesley. Our great rival in Church music at this time was Magdalen College, where the services were extremely good, Dr. Stainer being the organist, who afterwards went to St. Paul's; but I doubt if the music at Magdalen ever rose to the pitch of excellence that it did under Dr. Varley Roberts, the late organist there. He was a veritable giant among choir-masters. He was, moreover, a typical Yorkshireman, and a delightfully amusing and original personality. He was most loyal to his native county. On one occasion he met Mr. Gladstone, who gave it as his opinion that the Welsh voices were superior to the Yorkshire ones. Varley Roberts scouted the idea, and stoutly maintained that in his opinion there was no comparison between the two. And he was right. I have had a good experience both of Yorkshire and Welsh voices. I have lived for ten years in Wales, have been present at innumerable services, both English and Welsh, in Welsh churches, have heard the musical competitions at their Eisteddfodau, have heard the Yorkshire choruses at the Leeds Festival, and been present at many varied musical gatherings, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the Yorkshire voices are superior to the Welsh. The latter are very nimble with their voices, and can sing delightfully; but I have noticed always just a tendency to stridency in the quality of the tone, especially in their higher notes. There is a roundness, and fullness, and ring in the Yorkshire voices, like the hum of a good bell, which can scarcely be surpassed.

In my first year at New College the number of undergraduates was so small that all the men had rooms in college; in fact, I believe that there were one or two sets of rooms unoccupied. There was no such institution as married tutors; all then lived in college.

The Wykehamists were strong in cricket, and it was said that one year the New College eleven had beaten the

Varsity ; but we were unrepresented on the River. This defect was rectified soon after I went up. Walter Short, an old Varsity oar, was at this time one of our tutors, and he with one or two others organized a meeting for the purpose of starting a College Boat Club. One or two out-college Wykehamists, among whom I remember were Jacobson of Christ Church and Awdry of Balliol, both Varsity oarsmen, attended the meeting to advise us, and to stimulate our endeavours. The meeting was a great success, and the club was quickly organized. From the first I joined it, and went down to the River daily for practice. We had some enthusiasts among us besides Walter Short ; among whom were Frederick Morshead, W. A. Fearon, who 'coxed' our boat, and afterwards was one of the college tutors, and later head master of Winchester School, Michael S. Forster, Arthur Kemble, Robert C. Moberly, Arthur O. Prickard, and others.

When the college races came on in the Summer Term we had, of course, to take our place at the bottom of the River. During the two years I rowed we made, if I remember rightly, one or two bumps each year. These were the first steps towards our College ultimately gaining the headship of the River—a position which it held for several years, and still holds. The Warden all through my time at Oxford, and for many years afterwards, was the Rev. J. E. Sewell, an excellent type of a true English gentleman. His dapper figure and well-groomed appearance made him quite one of the most picturesque 'Heads' in the University. He ruled the College discreetly, was an excellent man of business, wrote a beautiful hand, and never missed an attendance at Chapel if he could help it. He was a Warden of whom we might well be proud. In later years he received the byname of 'The Shirt', from the fact of his displaying rather more shirt-front linen than was customary ; but whatever his attire may have been, he was always, as I knew him, the pink of neatness. He held the wardenship for over forty years, and died a nonogenarian in 1903,

beloved by all who knew him, and was buried in the College cloisters, and the Rev. W. A. Spooner, one of the college tutors, reigned in his stead.

Being a Choral Scholar, one naturally got to know a good many musical people in Oxford, and among the first who invited me to his house was Professor W. F. Donkin, who lived at the end of Broad Street where the Indian Institute now stands. The Donkins were a very musical family. The professor had two sons, one of whom played the violin and the other the violoncello, and we had some delightful trios. I was always called upon to sing, and Professor Donkin accompanied me : of the many accompanists that I have had I think he was the best. The art of accompanying is a special gift. Not unfrequently the best musicians make the worst accompanists. To make a good accompanist there must be self-suppression, and sympathy with the singer : one of the most irritating things is when the accompanist anticipates the singer—a common fault, especially with good pianists.

Donkin was a man not only of great charm but also of extraordinary mental gifts. His bodily frame was weak and attenuated, and at the time I knew him his health was very much impaired. One seldom saw him out of doors ; he was like a hot-house plant. Whenever one happened to meet him in the street he was always in a bath-chair, and if the weather was the least chilly he was protected from it by closed windows. He had taken a double first class in 1836, and was appointed Professor of Astronomy in 1842.

He was a man little known to the world outside, but one ever to be remembered by those who knew him. I regarded it as a great privilege to be brought into contact with such a remarkable personality. It was said of him by a correspondent in a letter to *The Times* shortly after his death that 'for more than twenty-five years his health was failing, and if one listened to him and watched him one could not help thinking of a chained eagle shaking his powerful wings in his small and mouldering cage, and striving for release.

His was a mind of piercing strength, a soul of rare beauty, a heart of deep gentleness. With all his kindness and heartiness for those who came near him, how little he seemed to care for things below ! He cared for knowledge, not for the sake of display, but for the satisfaction of possessing it. As a mathematician few, I believe, ranked higher than he ; and where at Oxford, or anywhere else, could one find another man so familiar with all the oldest and all the newest problems of philosophy, so really fond of his classics, so perfectly at home in modern literature, so full of admiration for the great works of art, so devoted to Beethoven and Schumann ? He played Bach's fugues at Oxford in days when no one else played, his audience consisting of wondering Heads of Houses !' I have made this allusion to Professor Donkin because he always appeared to me one of the most interesting and remarkable men I have ever met. He was succeeded in the Professorship of Astronomy by the Rev. C. Pritchard, a man whose bodily presence, being bulky, was in strong contrast to that of his predecessor. He was always known in Oxford as 'the heavenly body' !

The Donkins were a Yorkshire family and we had known them long before I went to Oxford. The Professor was born at Bishop Burton near Beverley, but the family soon afterwards removed to Westow near Malton. His father had been a land agent for some of our Yorkshire estates.

The year before I came up to Oxford, New College had distinguished itself by gaining a first in 'Greats' and six firsts in Moderations. This may be said to have been a turning-point in the history of the College. From that time onwards its course was a highly successful one. It rapidly increased in numbers and repute until it became one of the leading colleges of the University. We also gained during my undergraduate career several University prizes. Among these were the Latin Verse twice, English Essay, Latin Essay twice, English Verse (Newdigate) three times, Stanhope (Historical), Gaisford (Greek).

Among my co-temporaries were John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury; Edgar Jacob, Bishop of Newcastle, and afterwards of St. Albans; William A. Spooner, of whom mention has been made; and William J. Courthope who became Professor of Poetry. Though Wordsworth was two years my senior I knew him well. Even in those early days he was always buried in books, and often very abstruse ones. He became a great scholar, especially of Latin. I never saw him again after leaving Oxford until about a year before his death, when I happened to be staying with a friend in Salisbury. Wordsworth hearing of it invited me to luncheon, and I spent a pleasant afternoon with him. He was the same as he ever was, and gave me a cordial greeting. He first showed me his family of young children, of whom he was proud. He took me round his picture gallery; and also showed me some of his books: he took down one written in Norwegian, and asked me if I could read it, which I was able to do fairly well; it was a book of reference. He was then much interested in the Swedish Church. At the time of the movement which was set on foot years ago with regard to the recognition by the Church of Rome of our Anglican Orders, Wordsworth, by the common consent of the Bishops, was deputed to Latinize the letter to the Pope which they had drawn up. After reading the letter Leo XIII was reported to have expressed the wish that his Cardinals could have written such good Latin.

In talking to Bishop Wordsworth one sometimes felt a little embarrassed, because he always seemed to imagine that you knew quite as much as he did. He was walking in his garden one day and came across a boy weeding. He asked him some question, probably the name of something, and the boy gave him the Latin name. 'That's right,' said the Bishop, evidently pleased, 'keep up your Latin, my boy, keep up your Latin.'

Besides Professor Donkin, I came in contact with one or two other of the mathematical seniors. Among these

were Henry J. S. Smith, and Bartholomew Price ('Bat', as he was familiarly called), both of whom were professors in the University, and whose lectures I occasionally attended. The former was a remarkable man both in appearance and attainments. He had a big head and a profusion of sandy hair which almost covered his face somewhat after the manner of a mop. He was a man you could not help noticing in a crowd. He was supposed to be a Liberal in politics, but his liberalism was of a very mild order. He was far too clear-headed and conscientious ever to be the blind follower of a party. He was invited to contest the University in the Liberal interest. But his opinions on the great questions which stirred the party at the time were so hedged round by qualifications and exceptions, and of such a lukewarm character, that Professor Freeman said of him that instead of coming forward to contest Oxford, he ought to be member for Laodicea in the Parliament of Asia Minor.

'Bat' Price had also a marked personality, gaunt, and with plain features, which bear a striking resemblance, whether intentional or not I cannot say, to the queen in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*, in the same way as the man in white paper who was one of Alice's travelling companions in the railway carriage is an unmistakable likeness of Disraeli. And speaking of Lewis Carroll reminds me that his famous book *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* made its appearance when I was at Oxford, when I purchased a copy of it for seven and sixpence, and presented it to one of my sisters; if it is still in existence it would now be worth more pounds than I gave shillings for it originally. There is more than a sentimental reason for the value of a first edition of a book like that, since the illustrations are much finer and sharper before the plates become worn, as they must be more or less in later editions. But the craze for acquiring first editions of books not illustrated, such as those of some of our great poets and novelists, appears to me to be meaningless.

Frequent visits to Oxford in recent years have given me an opportunity of contrasting in some measure the University as it is to-day with what it was in the sixties. The changes in what presents itself to the eye in the way of buildings and improvements have been very great. College extensions such as those at New College, Magdalen, Brasenose, and Oriel; the laying out of the Parks; the founding of Keble College, the building of the new Examination Schools, the additions to the Museum, the Indian Institute, the transformation of Magdalen Hall into Hertford College, the establishment of colleges for women; these with others too numerous to mention have considerably altered the appearance of the place; and the size of the city as a residential centre has grown enormously.

The system of married Fellows, which New College was the first to adopt, has greatly changed the society of the University. Ladies were comparatively seldom seen in the streets in my undergraduate days, and their admission as members of the University during the last few years has made their presence prominent everywhere, and their academical dress well becomes them. The present fashion of the men wearing no head-gear is both senseless and unbecoming. A man without a hat or cap out of doors looks only half dressed. The custom of wearing a black coat and tall hat on Sundays was practically universal during the sixties.

The Union was in existence long before my time, but it was very much smaller than it is now. Very few New College men belonged to it, for which the institution of our Junior Common Room was mainly accountable. We were rather a self-contained College, which was perhaps due to the fact that the men were mainly from one school.

Our principal recreations were boating, cricket, and walking. Football was very little played. Golf was unheard of, and lawn tennis had not been introduced. Fives and racquets were played, but not to any great extent.

We had an archery club at New College to which I

belonged for two or three years, and much enjoyed the exercise. They had a similar club also at St. John's with whom we had a contest every year, six a side, meeting alternately in each other's gardens and, as a matter of course, a luncheon was part of the proceedings. It is remarkable how archery, one of the oldest sports in the country, has fallen into disfavour in these latter years. Let us hope that its day will return, as it deserves to do.

During my last year or so at Oxford I went pretty regularly to the Gymnasium, which was then run by Archibald Maclaren who had devised a carefully thought out system of exercises, which was afterwards adopted by the military authorities. 'Mac's', as we called it, was a great resource, especially on a wet afternoon. Rowing is a splendid exercise for the limbs; but I reaped more benefit from Maclaren's than from any other exercise. We were all measured round the chest, arms, &c., on our entering the gymnasium, and again when we left for good. In my case the development was considerable, especially round the chest, where the increase amounted to two or three inches, and this additional breathing space I have retained all through my life. The value of gymnastic exercises, when under proper supervision, can hardly be over-estimated.

Maclaren also had a school out at Summertown on the north of Oxford. To this school delicate and weak-chested boys were sent, and were put under a very careful course of training and exercise. It was astonishing what beneficial effects resulted from this treatment. Sometimes boys who appeared almost hopelessly consumptive became eventually quite healthy and strong men. One or two of the instructors at Maclaren's were said to have been living advertisements of this kind of treatment. My lungs, I believe, have always been pretty good; but I am certain that my course at Maclaren's improved my wind, which even now at my advanced age seems exceptionally good. Times and oft when I have been walking up-hill with people

much younger than myself I have been requested to slacken my pace, and this sometimes when I had not perceived that there was any hill at all. And so, my advice to all young people is by all means to go through a course of carefully prepared gymnastic exercises if they wish to preserve their bodily activities to their later years.

The expenditure of money among undergraduates at Oxford in the sixties was much greater than it appears to be now. Men spent more upon eating and drinking; wine parties were more frequent, though this was not the case at New College where our Junior Common Room obviated any necessity for them. We could invite out-college friends to dinner in Hall, and go to Common Room afterwards for a glass of wine or two and dessert, where all was conducted in a seemly way; and if by chance any one made use of unbecoming language he was promptly fined by the steward of the room. After Common Room we retired to our rooms with our guests. In this way one could keep in touch with some of one's old school-fellows.

On one occasion one of my examiners in the Schools was Dean Liddell, of lexicon fame, and one of the finest looking men I ever saw, quite Olympian in face and figure. The other half of the Greek lexicon, Scott, was Master of Balliol all through my time at Oxford. No one ever knew which part of the lexicon was attributable to Liddell, and which to Scott, nor how their labours were divided. For some years Liddell was Head Master of Westminster School. A prize epigram was in those days competed for in the school, the prize being the Maundy Thursday money. On one occasion a boy sent in the following well-worn lines as his composition for the prize :

Two men wrote a lexicon, Liddell and Scott ;
One half was clever, and one half was not.
Give me the answer, boys, quick to this riddle,
Which was by Scott, and which was by Liddell.

The boy was highly praised by Liddell, and received the four silver coins as his reward.

Among the undergraduates in my day at New College was one Walter Hatch; though his bodily presence was insignificant he was a man in many ways remarkable. Though short in stature he had a massive head on his shoulders, and that head was full of brains: he was a man of great ideas. His strong point was philosophy; and in this he so far excelled that it gained for him a first class in 'Greats'. One of our tutors was Arthur Faber, a noted logic coach, and Hatch used to attend his lectures. Sometimes Hatch would ventilate in the lecture-room his philosophical profundities, in which he delighted. He was holding forth in this way on one occasion to the wonderment of all who heard him, and when he had finished Faber turned to him and said: 'Hatch! the scintillations of your intellect are like the coruscations of the summer lightning—lambent, but innocuous!' Poor Hatch! His career was somewhat tragic. After being elected to a fellowship at New College he conceived some big scheme for founding a school in the north of England, which was intended to be a sort of Eton of the North; but the ways of the world thwarted his plans and they had to be abandoned. He was a great Christian as well as a philosopher; and in Oxford at that time such men were few and far between. He devoted his intellect and his energies to the great cause of Christian education. He ultimately became Rector of Birchanger in Essex, one of our college livings; but he only held it a short time, his health being undermined by his work, and worry. On one Sunday in Advent he had preached to his people a striking sermon, with earnest pleadings, on the passage from Isaiah 'Come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord'; after which the congregation joined with him in singing his favourite hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and the people were dismissed with the Benediction; and with those words of blessing his pastoral ministrations ended. The Master had come and called for him. He returned to the Rectory hard by, and a few minutes after reaching it his happy and gentle spirit

had returned to God who gave it. He was a man greatly beloved by all who knew him.

It is sad to reflect how many opportunities one has missed during one's University career of seeing, hearing, or knowing distinguished people. During my early days at New College I missed one such opportunity which I have regretted ever since. The occasion was a meeting of the Oxford Diocesan Society in the Sheldonian Theatre at which the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) presided and where Disraeli made his famous 'Angel' speech. In the course of that speech he said, 'What is the question now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this. Is man an ape or an angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels.' I might easily have heard that speech, but I probably went down to the boats instead. Many good things used to be told of Dizzy; one of the best, though it may have been often told, will bear repetition.

In his earlier days he was given to flattery, and was said himself to be open to it. When he attended the Congress at Berlin in 1878 he was received at the British Embassy with due honour. Our Ambassador there at that time was Lord Odo Russell, a man of suave manner, and a born diplomatist. During the evening one of his private secretaries came to him saying they were in a great mess because Disraeli had determined to open the Congress in a speech in French. It was notorious that although he knew and understood French perfectly well his pronunciation of it was atrocious. It was felt therefore that if he attempted to speak in French the British representatives would become the laughing-stock of the Congress. It needed all Lord Odo's skill to get them out of the difficulty; but he said he would see what he could do; in fact he rather enjoyed dealing with delicate situations. He went to Disraeli's bedroom (who by the way was, I believe, at the time Lord Beaconsfield) and told him that a dreadful rumour had reached them. 'Indeed! Pray what is it?' said the great man. 'We have

heard that you intend to open the proceedings tomorrow in French.' 'Well, Lord Odo, what of that?' 'Why, of course we all know that there is no one more competent to do this than yourself. But then, after all, to make a French speech is a commonplace accomplishment. There will be at least half a dozen men at the Congress who could do it almost, if not quite, as well as yourself. But, on the other hand, who but you can make an English speech? All these Plenipotentiaries have come from the various Courts of Europe expecting a great intellectual treat in hearing English spoken by its greatest living master. The question for you is—Will you disappoint them? Dizzy put his glass to his eye, fixed his gaze on Lord Odo, and said, 'There is much force in what you say; I will consider the point.' The result was that the next day he opened the proceedings in English. It has been questioned whether he saw through this bit of flattery or not. My belief is that he did.

During part of the time when I was at Oxford my father was writing his book on British Moths, and occasionally in order to get some difficulty cleared up he would write and ask me to have an interview with Westwood, who was then Professor of Zoology in the University, and was always to be found buried in the Hope Collections in the Museum. He was a most good-natured old gentleman, and was ever ready to give advice and help in his own line of study. He had sprung from a humble origin, and used to drop his *h*'s pretty freely; but he had an amazing memory for all the insects under his keeping at the Museum. When he was appointed to the professorship he was given the cold shoulder by the dons because of his social status and Quaker birth, until Richard Michell put matters straight by reminding the dons that Professor Westwood was not sectarian but *insectarian*.

By virtue of his office Westwood became a Fellow of Magdalen College. It so happened that a friend of mine, William Moore, an old Wykehamist and an excellent Latin scholar, was elected to a Fellowship at Magdalen and so

used frequently to meet Westwood in Common Room. One evening after dinner some good-humoured banter had been exchanged between them when Westwood exclaimed, 'Moore, you are an *urtica irritans*.' This double-barrelled false quantity naturally caused a shiver to pass over the company.

With reference to his frequent lapses in the matter of the letter *h*, it was said that Westwood once asked H. L. Mansel who St. Bee was. Mansel, well knowing our friend's habit, replied that he was a near kinsman of St. Ives.

In the forepart of my time at Oxford I well remember old 'Tommy' Short, the senior Fellow of Trinity. He was quite a link with the past, having taken his degree in 1812; so that he must have been born about 1790, or soon afterwards. He was a well-known character, and popular withal. He had a ready wit, and a copious supply of humour. Like many of the dons in the olden days he enjoyed a glass of good port. He was once dining at a house noted for its hospitality. He became rather sleepy, and the decanters passed him unobserved. His host called his attention to the wine, reminding him that it was 'Comet' Port, that is, the vintage of 1811; 'Oh! is it?' said Short, 'then *comitatis causa* I will take a glass.' Though I have never had the pleasure of tasting Comet port, I have that of Comet claret. I think, however, it is doubtful if even Comet port could have been superior to that of 1834.

'Tommy' Short was once examining a man in the Schools, and among his questions he asked him what mention is made of marriage in the Articles, to which the examinee promptly replied that it is 'a fond thing vainly invented, without any warrant either in antiquity or Scripture'.

CHAPTER VI

TUTORSHIPS

It would be about a year before I took my degree, that one afternoon I was with two friends in our Common Room, when a Balliol man entered the room and inquired if either of the two, who were also friends of his, would care to take a tutorship to some boys in Scotland during their holidays. They could not see their way to it ; and so they turned to me and asked if I would care to accept the offer, which, after a little inquiry and consideration, I did. The boys in question were three in number, and sons of Lady Blanche Balfour. Accordingly, my name was mentioned to her, and shortly afterwards she wrote to me to inquire if I could come and see her in London. A meeting was arranged, and I went up to interview her one very cold day in December. Lady Blanche, who was a sister of the late Lord Salisbury, was then living in Eaton Terrace. This first meeting is firmly fixed in my memory. She received me in the kindest way, and explained what she wished me to do. I could at once perceive that she was a woman of no ordinary kind. She was by no means strong, and it must have been an effort for her to see any visitor. Her husband, Mr. James Maitland Balfour of Whittingehame in East Lothian, had died some ten years before, after a long illness, and Lady Blanche had undermined her constitution by her constant and devoted care of her husband, doing everything for him herself during his illness, which was due to an affection of the lungs. Twice he was ordered to Madeira in the hope of its effecting a cure, but from the second visit he never returned. She was thus left a widow with a family of five sons and three daughters at a time of life when they most needed a father's

influence and guidance. But she faced the situation with heroic courage.

Some time after her return home from Madeira there was a serious outbreak of diphtheria at Whittingehame, and all her family were stricken with the disease, some of them very seriously. Her anxiety for them and her devoted attention to them all naturally affected her own health; but happily, owing largely to her careful nursing, they all pulled through.

What struck me so much at my first interview with Lady Blanche was the freshness and stimulating character of her conversation. You could not help being impressed by what she said, and the high view she took of everything, and especially of her children's education.

Her three sons that I was to have charge of were Francis, Gerald, and Eustace, then of the respective ages of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve. The chief part of the holidays was spent in Scotland, and the last week or ten days in London. I joined the family shortly before Christmas, 1866, that winter being a very severe one.

The month or so that I spent at Whittingehame I have always looked back upon with feelings of the greatest pleasure and interest. Although I was acting in the capacity of tutor, yet my sojourn under Lady Blanche's roof was in reality a kind of education for myself, for I was then brought into close contact with the most interesting and remarkable family I have ever seen, and one that it was a real privilege to know.

Although a total stranger, I was treated by every member of the family as one of themselves, and from the first day after my arrival I felt thoroughly at home with them.

My three charges were delightful companions, and it was evident that two of them at least were boys of no ordinary ability. I seemed naturally most drawn to Frank, the eldest, for his tastes were at that time in many ways at one with my own. He was devotedly fond of

all that pertained to Natural History, and for years after I left we corresponded frequently.

Lady Blanche on several occasions had conversations with me about her sons. She had a horror of their getting into idle or extravagant ways, not that they had the slightest tendency, so far as I could discover, towards anything of the kind, but it was important that they should be industrious, for, as she expressed it, 'they would have to make their own way in the world.' She was a great educationalist, and took the deepest interest in everything her children did. No one who had been an hour in her company could ever forget her. There was a freshness, vigour, and clearness in her way of dealing with any subject that was very striking.

Moreover, she was a woman of deep religious convictions. Whenever her health permitted of it she had Bible readings with her family. In these I had the happiness of joining. I was but young at that time; but it was delightful to hear her expound passages of Scripture. She was always so lucid and original. If a difficulty occurred she never shirked it, but always gave some explanation of what the possible meaning of the passage might be. She had an aversion to any sacred subject becoming tedious; and so she always made these Bible readings as interesting as possible. One wishes that some of them could have been taken down in shorthand. She also, I believe, read many books of a secular kind with her children, though of these I had no experience. She possessed a keen sense of humour, and so could easily amuse and be amused.

Her children were absolutely devoted to her, and her influence over them was supreme. Above all things she instilled into them the virtue of truthfulness. At the time of their Confirmation she gave to each of her children a ring with the word 'Truth' as the motto upon the seal; and inside, some text of Scripture containing the word engraved upon it. Although Lady Blanche's influence

over her children was so great, it was never made irksome to them ; but they were left very largely to carry out for themselves their own natural tastes and pursuits. With regard to this I remember that almost on the first day of my arrival she asked me a question which, as she said, she and her family had been wishing to put to me, which was if Mr. Morris the writer on birds, &c., was my father ; and when I replied that he was, she felt pleased, because she thought I might be helpful to her son Frank, who had a strong leaning towards such studies, though I suspect even at that early age he knew quite as much about birds as I did.

It was amazing how much Lady Blanche got through, and how thoughtful she was for others, especially those in distress. Her Christianity often took a very practical form. A case which well illustrates this and shows her sympathetic nature in a very beautiful light is told by Dr. Robertson, the Minister of Whittingehame, in a reminiscence he wrote of her some years ago. I cannot do better than quote his words : ' Once in Edinburgh, in hastening along the street to catch an afternoon train for home, she saw a child weeping bitterly. She stopped, questioned it, and was told it was starving, that at home they were all starving, and the mother dying. She let the train go, went with the child to see if the story was true, found it entirely so, and that the mother, who was a widow, was weighed upon in dying with the thought of what would become of her children. Before she left, Lady Blanche undertook to care for them, and this she did till they were started in life.'

Lady Blanche's eldest son was Arthur James Balfour, whose brilliant career culminated in his becoming Prime Minister. He came down to Whittingehame while I was there just before Christmas, and left shortly afterwards. I did not therefore see much of him, but I have a distinct recollection of him from those early days. I always felt he would do great things, if his health allowed of it ; for in early life he appeared somewhat delicate.

The winter of 1866-7 being, as I said, a very severe one, we had an abundance of skating and curling which latter I had never seen played before. The Scottish people about Whittingehame took great delight in it, and under the stimulus of a little whisky, at intervals, their excitement over the game rose to a high pitch.

The Balfour family generally were decidedly musical, and frequently in the evenings we sang glees and part-songs, in which all joined, even Frank, who was the only one of the party whose ear for music was defective, of which he was fully conscious; but he enjoyed taking his part as best he could; he sang with subdued voice, and so we were always merciful to him.

Among other diversions a sort of magazine was started to which we each contributed an article. Some of these were very good, though I cannot remember the details. It would be interesting now to see a copy of this literary production. I think only one number of it appeared.

Towards the end of the holidays Lady Blanche and her family returned to London. The journey was a long one, and the end of it was marked by a curious little episode.

We reached London late in the evening rather tired and hungry, and drove straight to the house in Eaton Terrace, feeling thankful that we should now soon be housed, warmed, and fed. The bell was rung, but there was no response; this was repeated several times, but with the same result. We could see no light in the house, nor could we hear the slightest sound. An old housekeeper, a certain Mrs. Brown, had been left in charge of the house, and had been duly informed beforehand of our coming. It was now getting late, and a small crowd had collected on the pavement at the unwonted sight. We consulted together and decided that the only thing to be done was to force open the door. I found a policeman fortunately near at hand, and in a short space of time he brought the necessary implements for forcing an entrance; the work was quickly done and we invaded the house. What had

become of Mrs. Brown? Ultimately the old lady was discovered at the top of the house in her bedroom whither she had retired to rest. She had somehow mistaken the day of our coming, and was, I believe, expecting us on the following day. By this time we were nearly famished; but by a piece of good luck we found that a turkey had been cooked and so a meal was soon prepared to which we did full justice.

It was not more than a week or so before the boys returned to school, one to Eton, and another to Harrow, and my duties were then at an end.

My scholarship at Oxford still had about a couple of years to run, and I returned there to continue reading for my degree, which I took towards the end of 1867. Before the end of that year I again heard from Lady Blanche, inquiring if I should feel disposed to take her second son Cecil as a pupil. This, however, would have involved my resigning the scholarship, which I was loth to do, as I then had some thoughts of reading for the Natural Science School; I therefore reluctantly declined her kind offer; but I still kept up a pretty constant correspondence with her son Frank, to whom I was much attached; and shortly before the Christmas of that year he came and spent a few days with me at Oxford, and I introduced him to some of my New College friends, and lionized him over the place.

He was extremely clever, and withal very gentle and unassuming in manner, which made him a delightful companion; and I felt convinced that he, as well as the other members of the family, would eventually distinguish themselves in later life.

From Harrow he went up in 1870 to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the following year was elected a natural science scholar of his college. Towards the end of 1873 he entered for the Natural Science Tripos, and his name appeared second in the first class. After studying for some time at the Naples zoological station he returned

to Cambridge, and in 1874 was elected a Fellow of Trinity. His special study was animal morphology, in which he so excelled that the University early in 1882 instituted for his benefit a special professorship of that subject. About the same time he had an attack of typhoid fever, and in order to recruit his health went for a tour in Switzerland. Towards the end of June of that year I had a letter from him in which he enclosed me his photograph, and about three weeks later to my great grief I read of his death, caused by a fall while mountaineering in the Alps. His body was recovered, brought home, and buried by the side of his mother's grave at Whittingehame. Thus was cut short what promised to be a career of exceptional brilliancy and usefulness in the domain of natural science.

His brother Gerald also went to Cambridge, took a high place in the first class in the Classical Tripos, and was also elected a Fellow of Trinity. He entered Parliament as M.P. for Central Leeds, and subsequently filled the offices of Chief Secretary for Ireland, President of the Board of Trade, and of the Local Government Board.

Of the eldest son Arthur James, who became Prime Minister, and is one of the greatest of our modern statesmen, acknowledged as such not only in this and other countries on the continent, but also in the United States, I need not speak, since his fine record of statesmanship is known to all.

The daughters were also highly gifted ladies. The eldest married Professor H. Sidgwick of Cambridge, and became Principal of Newnham College; and the second married Lord Rayleigh, who was Senior Wrangler in 1865 and became one of our most eminent men of science, and the discoverer of argon. He was elected president of the Royal Society in 1905. He also interested himself in psychological investigations, and became vice-president of the Society for Psychical Research.

Lady Blanche Balfour died in London in 1872 at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. Dr. James

Robertson, the Minister of the Scottish Kirk at Whittingehame, whose acquaintance it was my great pleasure to make, and at whose manse I spent a few delightful days in later years, said in his reminiscence that he wrote of Lady Blanche after her death that she once said to him after speaking of her children, 'When I have finished with these young people I intend going to the East End of London to work there.' Lady Blanche was truly a woman of rare mental gifts, of high purpose, of heroic courage; and above all, one whose whole life was built up on the foundation of a firm Christian faith which no adversity could ever shake.

I have made these allusions to this family because it is the most conspicuous instance I have ever known of the incalculable influence that a mother may exercise on the upbringing of her family, and how the destinies of every member of it may be moulded thereby. It is no doubt true that this particular family were naturally endowed with intellectual gifts far above the ordinary. But even the highest mental qualities are not of themselves equal to the development of all that is best and deepest in human nature. There is no getting over the fact that we all have in a greater or lesser degree spiritual instincts. The spark of heavenly fire only needs the fostering breath to fan it into a pervading glow which illumines our whole life, and guides us on our way throughout it.

There seems special need for us to realize this in these latter days when the whole fabric of the old home life of our country has gone to pieces, when parental authority counts for little or nothing, and children are under no sort of restraint. As long as this subversion of discipline continues it can never be well with our country, and the sooner we have this brought home to us the better.

After leaving Oxford, which I did with many regrets, and having been foiled in my desire for a sea-faring life in the Royal Navy, I decided to take Holy Orders. But before my ordination could take place I spent about

a year and a half as tutor in a very delightful family in Monmouthshire, at a place only a few miles from Cardiff, and overlooking the Bristol Channel. The family was that of Sir George Walker, who had married a daughter of the first Lord Tredegar. Here I made a good many fresh acquaintances. Among these was the late Lord Bute, who was a near neighbour. We were at Oxford together, and I had, of course, heard much about him, especially at the time when he joined the Church of Rome; and also after the publication of Lord Beaconsfield's novel, *Lothair*, of which Lord Bute was said to have been the hero. I had many interesting conversations with him about this time; and he kindly invited me to spend an afternoon at Cardiff Castle when he took me over that interesting old place. He also showed me a set of beautifully worked vestments which the Pope had recently presented to him for use in his private chapel. His father had died when he was only a few months old, and he was brought up under the control of an aunt who was a strict Presbyterian. The cold formalism of the Scotch Kirk repelled rather than attracted him; and so, when he went to Oxford, being a man of strong religious instincts, he had to think things out for himself. He got into touch with men of almost every school of thought that he could; and ultimately he decided to join the Church of Rome. This, in effect, he told me himself. He became a devout Romanist. He also interested himself in public affairs, and was for some time Mayor of Cardiff, and was a great benefactor to the place. His public activities, however, would be exercised more from a sense of duty than from any taste for civic affairs, for he was naturally a man of a somewhat shy and retiring disposition. He had strong literary tastes. He died in his prime. It was his wish that his heart should be buried at Jerusalem—a wish that was, of course, carried into effect.

While I was with the Walkers we spent a good part of a winter in Ireland at Mount Charles on the Bay of

Donegal. The place belonged to Lord Conyngham, whose brother, Lord Francis, who had married a sister of Lady Walker's, was then living there. The country for miles round Mount Charles is extremely beautiful, and the coast scenery especially fine. Although it was winter, we made some interesting excursions, among these was one to Glenties, a small place near the west coast, where there was a large woollen manufactory. It was remarkable how cheap everything was there in those days, and we made many purchases. I remember buying a dozen pair of socks at a ridiculously low price; and the quality was so good that I thought I should never wear them out. Irish frieze, lace, and specimens of the Belleek ware were also among our purchases.

During the winter we were in Ireland the country had been in a very unsettled state owing to the Fenian disturbances, and in some places we visited the people appeared to regard us with no friendly eyes; but our host was popular in the district, and was Home Rule Member of Parliament for the neighbouring county of Clare. My time at Sir George Walker's was very happily spent, and I kept up a friendship with them for many years.

While I was with this family I received an invitation from Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley to join his staff at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, and to take charge of his school there—an invitation which I accepted.

This change brought me into touch with a man of remarkable musical gifts, and he afterwards became one of my most intimate friends, and continued so till his death in 1889. His talents were so extraordinary and his character so interesting that I shall have something to say about him here.

But before I could join him at St. Michael's it was necessary that I should be ordained; and the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Atlay) accepted the mastership of the school as a title for Holy Orders. He had then only recently been appointed to the see of Hereford from the vicarage

of Leeds. His examining chaplain was the Rev. J. Wayland Joyce, the well-known authority on the history of Convocation, and an old friend of Sir Frederick's, of whom I saw a good deal in later years. In his ordination examinations there was, I remember, one book on which he laid great stress, a book which one could not read without benefit, but of which, for some reason or other, one now seldom hears. This was Chrysostom's *De Sacerdotio*. It should be read by all who seek admission to the Priesthood.

CHAPTER VII

ST. MICHAEL'S, TENBURY

THE munificent Founder of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, was the late Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. He came of a distinguished family. His father, Sir Gore Ouseley, who was a great oriental scholar and diplomatist, went out to India when he was seventeen, and was attached to the Court of Nabob Saadut Ali at Lucknow, where he came under the favourable notice of Lord Wellesley.

He was appointed in 1810 Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia, in which capacity he won great distinction by establishing peace between Persia and Russia. For this service the Shah conferred upon him the Royal Persian Order of the Lion and Sun. A few years later he was our Ambassador at the Court of Russia. He was a great linguist, and a skilled musician. On his return to England he received from the Crown a pension of £5,000 a year. He ultimately settled at Hall Barn Park, Buckinghamshire.

Of Sir Frederick Ouseley it may be said that he was a musical genius; and as is usual in such cases, his extraordinary gifts were shown in his earliest years. He was born in Grosvenor Square, London, in 1825, and at his baptism received the names of Frederick Arthur Gore, his sponsors being H.R.H. The Duke of York, Arthur Duke of Wellington, Frances Marchioness of Salisbury, and Miss Ouseley, his eldest sister.

He possessed an ear of wonderful delicacy and accuracy. When only four years old he not only knew the notes of the pianoforte (tuned to concert pitch) but his ear retained the intervals with perfect accuracy, so that he could at once tell what the tone was of any sound he heard;

sometimes it thundered in G, and the wind whistled in D, or a clock struck in B flat minor; that is, its double tone was in that key.

His sister records that at Brighton once a band played under their windows; and when they had concluded the first air, his father asked him in what key they had been playing, to which he at once replied that it was 'a kind of F, but neither F natural nor F sharp'; and on his father going to the pianoforte he found that the child had stated the fact, it being a quarter of a tone too sharp for one, and so much too flat for the other. He was still only four years old when this occurred.

When in his fifth year, the tuner of Sir Gore Ouseley's instruments made trial of the boy's ear in a way that had puzzled the most competent musicians. Whilst tuning a piano he tuned the wire of one note exactly one note higher than the other wire, and then sounding three or four notes before it consecutively, he asked the child the name of each note, which was correctly answered until he came to the untuned note, which, when asked, he unhesitatingly said 'It is E, but I see D in it', to the great surprise of the tuner.

About the same period, as he was sitting between two young ladies, his father happened to have a bad cold, when the boy remarked, 'Only think, Papa blows his nose in G!' which, of course, occasioned a roar of laughter.

When only seven and a half years old young Ouseley composed his first operetta, the manuscript of which consists of fifty-three pages of six lines each. A year later he composed a longer and more ambitious opera with solos, choruses, &c., the words being taken from the Italian *L'Isola disabitata* of Metastasio.

Another example of the child's extreme sensitiveness of ear was when a celebrated violinist was playing a Sonata in A flat, and, unknown to the audience, had tuned his instrument a semitone sharp for the sake of greater brilliancy. During the performance one who was in the

secret came to the boy and asked him what key the Sonata was in, to which the reply at once came, 'A.' His father, who was sitting by, showed him the programme which gave the item as being in A flat. But the child would have it that it was A, which was true.

Malibran the great operatic singer once came to Sir Gore's to hear 'Freddy' Ouseley extemporize, and sing his opera. On hearing his marvellous performances she was reduced to tears. She sometimes sang duets with the boy, his voice then being a singularly beautiful one, and in compass it was one note higher than hers.

At the age of six he is recorded to have played a duet with Mendelssohn when that great composer was a guest at Sir Gore Ouseley's house. That was a proud moment for the boy. Occupying the position that Sir Gore did, many distinguished people came to his house. On one occasion King William IV and Queen Adelaide came to Hall Barn to hear the boy sing; and he is said also to have played duets with Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace.

The Rev. F. W. Joyce, in his interesting *Life of Sir F. A. G. Ouseley*, relates that Sir George Elvey, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, went to hear the boy play when he was about twelve years old, and he tells us that 'He sat down to the instrument and extemporized in the most surprising manner. . . . His ear was so quick, that I was told, on a grand piano, if a note was out of tune, he would put his ear close to the instrument and point to the wire that was at fault. This he did in the presence of Lablache, who exclaimed, *Le Diable!* Let me also mention that, in my presence, a heap of notes being put down by the palm of the hand, the boy actually named every one of them without seeing the keyboard.'

His marvellous memory, too, showed itself at a very early age. When only six years old one of his aunts found him playing the 'Hallelujah Chorus' one Sunday on the piano. 'What do you call that?' she inquired. 'Oh!

I'm sure I don't know,' was the reply ; ' it was something the man played to-day on the organ as we came out of church.'

Frederick Ouseley never went to a public school ; and, seeing what manner of boy he was, it was, perhaps, as well that he did not ; but he had an excellent private tutor in the Rev. James Joyce, the Vicar of Dorking.

At the age of eighteen he went to Oxford, and entered at Christ Church as a gentleman commoner. Here he made troops of friends, and was popular with all who were brought into contact with him. His brilliant gifts as a musician enabled him to do a good deal for music in Oxford, even in his undergraduate days. He would often organize concerts, and other musical gatherings, and was always ready to delight an audience by his wonderful extempore playing on the pianoforte or organ.

Many little incidents are recorded of Ouseley during his Oxford days ; but to record them here would carry me too far afield. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning one or two. One of his contemporaries at Christ Church in speaking of him said : ' He was always ready to play to us, and I can see him now, jumping from side to side on the music stool ; for he never sat still a minute, and his thin legs were never quiet directly he began to get absorbed. Most of his playing was extempore, and it was our frequent amusement to make him play two airs at the same time, say, " God save the Queen " with his right hand, and " Rule Britannia " with the left, which he did with the greatest ease, and with many variations.' The following shows Ouseley's real kindness of heart in a very delightful way. There was always a ' fast ' set in Christ Church, but with these he did not associate any more than was necessary to be on friendly terms with them. He preferred the society of quieter men. With two or three of these he entered into a compact to call upon the Servitors of the college, who had hitherto been looked down upon as a sort of ' inferior animals ', though

they were merely men who were too poor to pay the same fees and charges as the other undergraduates. One of these so called upon was no less a man than William Stubbs, a good Yorkshireman, who afterwards made for himself a name as a great historian, and became successively Bishop of Chester, and of Oxford.

Before he left Oxford Ouseley's father died, and he succeeded to the baronetcy. His mother survived till 1848, and in the following year he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London, being licensed to a curacy of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, under the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett. Sir Frederick's chief duty was in serving the church of the daughter parish of St. Barnabas, Pimlico.

Here he had a very difficult and strenuous time owing to the disturbances that took place in the parish consequent upon Mr. Bennett's supposed ritualistic practices—practices which in these days would be regarded with perfect equanimity. But those were times of great excitement resulting from the Oxford Movement. Ouseley passed through a period of great mental tension owing to the state of the Church of England at that time; added to this, his health was not then good, and he resigned his curacy about the end of 1850, and decided to travel abroad for at least a year.

Accordingly, he left England early in 1851 accompanied by a friend who had been one of his fellow curates in London. They visited many countries and places, among them Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar, Tangier, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Lucerne, Freiburg, Munich, Strasburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Milan, Hanover, and Holland. In every place he made trial of the organ, if there was one available, and picked up many valuable musical treasures to add to his library.

The music in Rome disappointed him greatly, and at that date (1851) he declared that there was no good organ there. He heard some fine masses by first-rate composers such as Palestrina, Bai, Allegri, and Siciliani, but he said

that the Romans could not sing their own music. The bass and tenor voices were good, but the trebles execrable. Among the best organs he tried were those at Seville, and at Catania in Sicily. But the best of all was at Dresden, which he described as one of the finest in Europe, and its organist—Schneider—as the best living.

But it was the boys' voices in Dresden and Leipzig that captivated him most. He had never heard anything before to approach them. He thought it probable that they were drawn from a higher class than English choir boys usually are. It may have been this which determined him to devote all his energies as well as his fortune to raise the standard of our English Church services. It was, at least, about this time that he decided to build and endow a church with that object in view.

In 1855 Ouseley was appointed Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, and in the same year, on the death of Sir H. Bishop, he was made Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. At this time, too, the Church and College of St. Michael and All Angels, Tenbury, was in course of building, and by Michaelmas Day, 1856, the buildings were ready for consecration. The opening services took place on September 29th with great solemnity, the Bishop of Hereford performing the consecration ceremony.

From first to last this splendid church and college must have cost the Founder at least £40,000; besides which, till the day of his death, he spent something like £2,000 a year towards their support. This, to the best of my knowledge, was the first instance of the foundation of a collegiate church since the Reformation.

In this undertaking Sir Frederick's great object was to improve the public worship of the Church of England, and in order to realize his ideal he devoted all his talents and worldly substance. He knew he possessed extraordinary musical gifts, and he felt that the highest purpose to which those gifts could be applied was Divine worship. He spent next to nothing on himself, for his tastes and way of

living were extremely simple. His whole heart and soul were in St. Michael's Church and College.

The position of St. Michael's is a singularly beautiful one, being close to the junction of the counties of Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire, a part of the country where rural England may be seen at its best. It was thought by many that the church and college would have done more good in every way had they been placed near some large town; and this was true enough; though, had they been so situated, they would have lost a good deal of their charm, and on the score of health the country certainly had the advantage.

Although Sir Frederick took no part in the teaching of the boys, yet as warden of the college he was always in close touch with them, and with all that went on. He took the deepest interest in the boys, and they were devoted to him; and with most of them their affection for the Founder and for the place was lifelong. The school was once happily described by one of the London reviews¹ as combining 'the manners of Eton with the enthusiasm of Leipzig'.

There can be no doubt whatever that the whole tone and genius of St. Michael's and its surroundings left its indelible mark upon those who were educated there.

Some years after Sir Frederick's death Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford and Visitor of the College, who was himself a great educationalist, spoke on this subject in a sermon he preached at a Commemoration Service at St. Michael's in 1895. He said, 'Your school is a favoured one, and you enjoy many privileges belonging to it. Amid such surroundings, and under such influences as prevail here, it is easier for you than for most others to grow up, through a happy boyhood, to a strong and pure and reverent Christian manhood. And we, your elders, as we look on your life, or share in your worship, pray that you may not be found unworthy of this beautiful home of your

¹ *St. Stephen's Review*, October 1883.

early days, in which its pious founders intended that you should be trained, each and all of you, to be loyal and faithful servants of God, and of His Holy Church.'

Ouseley's powers as an extempore pianoforte and organ player were quite phenomenal, and especially of fugues, in which he was unequalled by any one in this country. These improvisations were no mere flights at random, but were all produced according to strict form and rule and with all the resources of harmony. If you gave him a subject of a few notes he would elaborate a fugue of wonderful intricacy and beauty, which could only be fully appreciated by a skilled musician. A musical friend, Mr. T. L. Southgate, was once staying at St. Michael's, and Ouseley was giving his friends an evening at extemporization. Mr. Southgate gave him several subjects, and of Ouseley's playing on that occasion and of these subjects he says: 'I purposely made some of them particularly cranky and difficult to treat strictly, or to develop according to the customary devices. But nothing seemed to baulk this learned and ready player. Subject and answer, augmentation and diminution, episode, the working of the second subject with the first, inversion, stretto, pedal point, the "knot" and coda came out from his richly endowed brain and ready fingers with ease. On one occasion I supplied a theme in C sharp major, previously thought out, and made especially troublesome to work. Sir Frederick looked at it as he put the music paper on the desk, and frowned a little. When the performance was over he said quietly, "What a villainous task you set me but," he added with a little smile, "I don't think I disgraced myself"; and that was indeed true. One noticed that after such feats the player often showed a considerable amount of exhaustion, and would do no more work until he went to bed.' Similar performances to this by Sir Frederick I have myself frequently heard.

As Professor of Music at Oxford Ouseley had, of course, to examine candidates for musical degrees. His ideals of music were so high, and his conscientiousness so strict,

that his examination tests were always pretty severe, especially in his later years. He had some amusing experiences in connexion with his work as examiner. Rejecting men was always distasteful to him; but nothing caused him to swerve from his sense of duty. Sometimes men imagined because they were good executants on the pianoforte, but with very little knowledge of the theory of music, that they were worthy of a musical degree. An example of this kind Sir Frederick used to give with gusto. The man's exercise for the degree was hopelessly bad, and on the exercise being returned to him he wrote to the Professor in these terms :

' Sir, your rejection of my exercise confirms the opinion I have long entertained of your utter incompetence for the office you hold.'

I have often heard him relate of another man whom he had to reject for the Mus. Doc. degree, and how that the candidate was reduced to tears, and followed Sir Frederick about from place to place in Oxford, in order to plead with him to pass him. Sir Frederick had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of the man, which he ultimately did by rushing into Exeter College and calling on the Rector, who let him out by a side entrance into another street.

Sir Frederick had the keenest sense of humour, and he was an excellent raconteur. He was always in great request to give musical lectures, preach at organ openings, and on many other occasions. He had innumerable friends, and was extremely good-natured. He was naturally from time to time brought into contact with some very odd characters.

I well remember how he used to tell of a remarkable reception he received on one occasion when he went to give a musical lecture in the parish of a very eccentric clergyman. This worthy had a perfect mania for musical boxes—a type of instrument that would not harmonize with Ouseley's susceptibilities. When he arrived at the vicarage he was met with a kind of salute from several of these instruments, all playing different tunes, some of the boxes

being of a large and powerful kind. The lecture was a very learned one, and would not have been appreciated by the audience, which consisted mainly of a few old women. When the lecture was over, another powerful musical box was set going, and played the 'Hallelujah Chorus' for the benefit of the Professor. Again, on his return to the vicarage, the musical box greeting was taken up with renewed vigour. All through dinner-time a box played, and on their return to the drawing-room the same performance went on. At length bed-time arrived, when the illustrious musician fondly hoped that at last he would have some respite from his tormentors.

But alas ! these hopes failed of realization ; for there at his bedside was another musical box in full play. He could not stop it, and so the thing had to die a natural death, which it at length did in a feeble groan on an unresolved discord ; and the resolution of the discord took place when the maid by her master's orders wound up the box again in the morning. But this was not all that poor Ouseley had to endure ; for, after breakfast, he was conducted to the Church where the organ of three barrels with six tunes each was set going, till the whole series had been played out. At last he was able to rush off to catch his train, his host thanking him cordially for his visit, and expressing the hope that they would be able to give him a still better reception on the next occasion. To his sensitive ear such sounds as he heard on this as on many other occasions must have been simply torture to him. He was once asked by a friend what note the steam made as it issued from the safety valve of a railway engine. 'All sorts of notes,' he replied, 'but chiefly B and D.' Another visit which he used to pay periodically to a friend in the country was the subject of an amusing episode which he used to relate with enjoyment. This friend was a country Vicar, and a strong protestant, who never would allow any one to preach in his pulpit except in a black gown. At this time Ouseley had just taken his Mus. Doc. degree, the gown of which is a very brilliant

affair with a good deal of crimson about it. A short time afterwards he received a letter from his friend asking him to come and preach a special sermon for him ; and adding at the end of his letter, ' I expect you to bring your academic gown.'

He reached the vicarage on the Saturday evening, and after dinner he suggested that as his friend had requested him to bring his academic gown he might like to see him in it. To which he replied that there was no necessity for that, supposing of course that it was the ordinary M.A. black gown. However, Ouseley went to his bedroom and putting on his new academics appeared before his friend and pranced round the room in them. The Vicar was horror stricken, as if, as Ouseley expressed it, ' The Scarlet Lady ' herself was before him. ' No, no,' said the Vicar, ' I did not mean that ; I meant your academic gown.' And so the newly fledged doctor of music had to explain that that was his academic gown, and that he could not wear his old one ; and so the end of it was that the protestant Vicar had now for the first time to submit to the hateful surplice in his pulpit.

To me it always appeared that the most astonishing of all Sir Frederick Ouseley's gifts was his marvellous memory, especially for music. A few instances of this will not here be out of place.

Mr. Havergal, in his *Memorials* of Sir Frederick, records on the authority of the Rev. J. Hampton, for many years choir-master at St. Michael's, and I have myself heard the same from Mr. Hampton's lips, that at Cambridge in the year 1861 he heard Beethoven's Septet for the first time, and on his return to St. Michael's he mentioned the fact to Sir Frederick, who immediately went to the piano and commenced the work, pointing out each instrument that had any prominent part. He played on for twenty minutes, and then only stopped from fatigue. Mr. Hampton remarked that he wondered he had never heard him play it before. He said that he had never done so ; that he had

never seen it in print, and had only heard it once in his life, ten years before, in Rome.

He told me once that on one occasion he was staying at some *pension* in Switzerland, and in the evening when there was a large party present, a certain musical lady was asked to play the pianoforte, which she did very well. When she had finished Ouseley asked her what the piece was that she had played, as he had never heard it before, and would like to copy it. She told him what it was, and added that it had never been published, and she was under promise not to part with it. Sir Frederick then asked her if she would kindly play it through once more. This she was only too pleased to do. When she had finished, Ouseley went to the piano and said 'This is how it ought to go, is it not?' After which he played the whole piece through just as she had played it. The piece was by Schubert, whose music is said to be exceptionally difficult to remember.

One day I was alone with him in his study at St. Michael's, and I suddenly asked him to sing me a song. He went at once to the piano, and threw off in his high alto voice a charming little Italian song. He had heard it in Italy, and it sounded to me something like a Neapolitan barcarole. I asked him if he would write it down for me, which he kindly did; and his copy is still in my possession. It began with the words 'Non più fra sassi algosi'.

His memory for musical pitch was also very wonderful. He could probably have told the pitch of any organ he had played if he had wished to remember it. When he was living in London he went abroad for some months; but before he went he was in the organ loft of St. Paul's with Sir J. Goss, the organist. On his return to England he again visited his friend at St. Paul's. Sir John asked him to sound C, which he did; Sir John then sounded B on the organ, and the two notes were in perfect tune. Sir Frederick then said at once, 'You have had all the pipes cut down since I was last here.' And so it was. The pitch of the organ had been raised a semitone.

When I was vicar of Newton on Ouse near York, I was enabled through the kindness of parishioners and friends to have an organ built for our Church. When all was completed I got Sir Frederick to pay me a visit and preach on the occasion of the opening of the instrument. In the afternoon he delighted us all with a recital on the organ. He was in his best form, and although the organ was only a two-manual one he was much pleased with its tone and mechanism, and when he had finished playing he went with me to the other end of the Church to listen while some one else played. While the organist was playing on the full organ Ouseley turned to me and said that there was a note (which he named) out of tune in the upper mixtures. I expressed surprise at this as the organ had been tuned only the day before. However, we afterwards went to the organ, and soon discovered that the particular note was out of tune, though only very slightly so.

But over and above his wonderful musical gifts Ouseley's personality was a singularly charming one. You could never be dull in his company; and he had not only a fund of humour in himself, but had the power of drawing it from others. Even the most trivial thing would sometimes suddenly raise a hearty laugh. I remember once noticing to him the very dismal expression on the face of one of the College servants, 'Yes!' he said, 'that poor fellow is only known to smile twice in the year—at the cider making, and at the pig killing.'

Though Sir Frederick was so highly gifted in many ways (for among other things he was an excellent linguist as well as a mathematician), yet he had the heart of a child; and this valuable trait in his character he retained even to the last; but with this he also had some of the weaknesses of the child, though these were of the most harmless kind. He used, for instance, occasionally to get into a sort of passion for the most trivial reason, such as losing a game of croquet or bowls; but it was over in a moment and his wonted smile would reappear.

He was fond of collecting amusing sayings and literary

oddities, which he stored in manuscript books kept for the purpose, a selection of which I hope to give later.

There were few things about music worth knowing with which Ouseley was not conversant. His knowledge was prodigious. An excellent linguist and scholar, he was deeply read in the works of the early Italian, Spanish, German, and Belgian theorists and composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Seeing that Ouseley's musical gifts and powers were of such a high order it may be wondered why his musical compositions, which were considerable, did not make the impression in the musical world that might have been expected of them. It always appeared to me that he wrote under discipline and restraint. It was very early in his career that he became Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and this, as it were, clipped his wings and put limits to his natural musical flights of imagination. One wishes that he had sometimes let himself go. If only those brilliant flights of fancy of his early years, and the wonderful improvisations, especially of extempore fugue playing of his maturer years, could have been placed on record, we should have felt that we had more music of the man himself rather than of the Professor. If there was one great composer more than another that he took for his model, it was the classic Mozart, whom in his boyhood Ouseley was said to have resembled. Beauty as it presented itself to the eye never seemed to make any deep impression on Ouseley, neither did poetry appeal much to his imagination. He once made the remark that he did not care for poetry unless it told a story, and this he thought would be better told in prose.

In a man of his character it is not surprising that he was a child in the domain of finance. An anecdote of him in this connexion is told when Bishop Gray of Cape Town came to England to plead for the Church in South Africa. He paid a visit to St. Michael's. Ouseley would gladly have helped him with money; but at that time he

was hard pressed with the expenses connected with his college. However, as the Bishop was leaving he put a small box into his hand and said 'If you like to sell that stone for your mission, pray do so.' The Bishop took the stone to a well-known jeweller in London who declared it to be a Persian jewel of great value, the whereabouts of which no one had known for years. The jeweller eyed the Bishop suspiciously, but he was eventually satisfied that his visitor was really a Bishop, and the jewel was sold for a sum which greatly astonished the vendor.

Sir Frederick never married, and the baronetcy died with him. He used jokingly to say when asked why he did not marry—'I prefer my pianoforte to any other wife, because I can always, when desirable, shut her up.'

CHAPTER VIII

DIOCESAN INSPECTION

It was a cause of deep regret to me when my association with Sir Frederick Ouseley at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, came to an end, though our close friendship was never broken, nor even weakened. My frequent contact with his attractive personality has ever been one of my pleasantest reminiscences.

After spending about five years at Tenbury, I was appointed in 1874, by Archbishop Thomson, to the post of Inspector of Schools in religious knowledge for the diocese of York. This opened up a new chapter in my life.

My immediate predecessor was the Rev. G. W. Kennion who afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells. There was rather a long interregnum between his resignation and my appointment, in consequence of a difficulty in raising the requisite funds for a permanent stipend. Owing to the passing of the Education Act of 1870, everything connected with the office of Diocesan Inspector had to be organized *de novo*. Mr. Kennion, as he then was, was the first to hold that office in the York Diocese, which he did only for a year or two. He was very popular as an inspector, and did his work most efficiently. He was, moreover, very helpful to me at the commencement of my work, and gave me much valuable information. Among other things, I remember, he supplied me with what he termed a 'black list', which was a list of those incumbents who for various reasons declined to have their schools inspected.

The number of such clergy was extremely small, amounting only to about ten or a dozen out of more than six hundred. I wish very much that I had kept this list, for some of the reasons assigned for declining the inspector's

visits were amusing, and one or two decidedly offensive. One in particular I remember was from a man who ought to have known better, inasmuch as he was a Fellow of his College at Cambridge, and held one of their livings. This rector, in reply to Mr. Kennion's polite invitation, wrote to the effect that he would not have 'any of the Archbishop's officials upon the premises'. There is something peculiarly offensive in the use of the word 'premises' in such a connexion. We never got an entrance into that school as long as this rector lived. But, happily, he was succeeded by a man of very different character, one of great refinement and gentleness, and the essence of politeness.

The Education Act of 1870, for which Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, was responsible, was one of the most far-reaching parliamentary enactments of the last century. Up to that date nearly the whole of the elementary education of the country had been in the hands of the Church of England. There were a certain number of Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, and other schools, but these taken together were but a small fraction of the whole.

The Church of England had made great sacrifices in building and maintaining schools long before the State took any action in the matter of education. The National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church was instituted as early as the year 1811, and its operations since that time in making grants towards building and enlarging schools and teachers' houses, towards books, fittings, and repairs, the improvement of school buildings, and in many other ways, have been of the greatest benefit to the work of education in this country. But with the rapid increase of the population, the Church was unable to meet the educational requirements of the country. Hence the passing of the Education Act of 1870, and the creation of School Boards, which were elected by the ratepayers of the parish or area where the denominational schools did not supply sufficient and satisfactory accommodation.

In the Board Schools no denominational religious teaching could be given ; and in the voluntary schools no child was compelled to receive any religious instruction whatever, but any child might be withdrawn from the whole or any part of the religious instruction under what was called the ' Conscience Clause ' of the Act. This was perfectly fair treatment ; indeed, it was too fair to please the leaders of Nonconformity ; but Mr. Forster was eminently a fair-minded statesman, and he stuck to his guns. The grievance of the Dissenters was that they objected that the smallest fraction of what they had to pay in taxes for educational purposes should be devoted to the support of schools in which the religious instruction was distinctive of any particular church or sect. This, in effect, was a mere shadow of a grievance, which was raised and kept going by a handful of agitators. The millions of parents and the masses generally had no objection whatever to their children being taught religious principles in the Church schools ; on the contrary, they were thankful for it. Their satisfaction was proved by the result of the ' Conscience Clause '. It was a dead letter. During the first six months or so of my inspectorship I examined in religious knowledge 23,407 children in 208 school departments : of children on the books of those departments, which would be somewhat in excess of those present at my examinations, there were but 12 children withdrawn from all religious instruction. And this was practically the same all over England. As a matter of fact, there was no religious difficulty. The ' Nonconformist Conscience ' was almost wholly a manufactured article ; it existed only in the minds of the agitators, and was a most valuable instrument in parliamentary elections.

Instead of trying to stir up the people against the religious instruction in the Church schools these ' conscientious ' objectors should have been only too thankful that such instruction was given, and that the children of this country had the opportunity given them of receiving

it. To hear these people talk it would almost appear as if the clergy and the Church teachers were doing their utmost to poison the minds of the children, to turn them into rogues, vagabonds, thieves, liars, hooligans, and all the rest of it. But, in truth, the very opposite was the case. The main object of the clergy, and I am convinced of the Church school teachers also, is not only to make good scholars of the children, but also good citizens; to teach them to be honest, truthful, obedient, industrious, well mannered; in fact, to humanize, and to Christianize them.

Is there, we may ask, too much religion in the country at the present time? Are our churches so crowded with worshippers that there is not room enough for all those who wish to attend them? Is the work of the world impeded by the time that is devoted by the people to religious exercises? Is there nothing for the clergy to do in order to foster the spiritual life, and raise the tone of morality among their parishioners? Are the prisons all empty? Are there no reformatories in the land? In short, has the millennium actually arrived? Would these conscientious objectors prefer to see the children in our Church schools turned into hooligans rather than that the smallest fraction of what they pay in taxes should go towards the support of such schools?

We Churchmen never objected to the Roman Catholics, or the Wesleyans, or any other religious body, building and supporting their own schools, and teaching their religion in them in their own way; we honour them for what they have done. The Roman Catholics especially fill us with admiration for the great efforts and sacrifices they have made in retaining their schools in spite of all opposition. I believe it is true to say of them that they have abandoned scarcely a single school. They know the value of religious instruction, not only for the sake of their own Church, but also, and much more, for the sake of the children themselves and the country at large.

The Positivists tell us that it is not the business of the

State to undertake any religious instruction whatever. That may or may not be so. But, at all events, it is an incalculable benefit to the State that religious instruction is given in the denominational schools.

Is there any one so foolish as to suppose that because we give religious instruction in our Church schools that the secular instruction suffers in consequence? Do we turn out worse mathematicians, worse historians, worse linguists, worse scientists, worse artificers, worse agriculturalists because we read the Holy Scriptures and expound them in our own way, and teach our scholars the Church Catechism? I assert without the slightest hesitation that our Church elementary schools are better than the old Board Schools, or what are now called County Council Schools; and for this simple reason, that not only are the secular subjects quite as efficiently taught in the Church schools as they are in the others, but we also have the enormous advantage of a guarantee that our scholars will receive the best kind of religious instruction.

According to the Positivists, the only alternative to the present elementary educational religious instruction is for the Bible to be banished from the schools altogether. This, I believe, would be disastrous to the welfare of the country. Nothing, so far as I can see, could ever make up for so great a loss. The very fact that all the children of school age are assembled together in school on five days in the week gives an opportunity for religious instruction which could be given in no other way.

The so-called 'religious difficulty' is practically a mere 'ignis fatuus'; or, at any rate, if it exists, it is one which is by no means insuperable.

It has been said that those who are in favour of denominational schools think more of the churches than the children. I am convinced that such a notion is absolutely without foundation, and that from first to last the well-being of the children is what we Churchmen have mainly at heart.

It is all very well to say, as the Positivists do, that religious instruction should be given by religious communities at their own cost. But a purely secular State education would, I believe, be quite opposed to the wishes of the vast majority of the parents of the scholars, and would be detrimental to the best interests of the country generally.

Until the year 1870 the great majority of the Government Inspectors of Schools were clergymen, and part of their duty was to examine the children in religious knowledge ; but after the passing of the Education Act they were relieved of that duty ; and so their place in that important particular had to be supplied by the Church's officials called Diocesan Inspectors, who held examinations specially to test the religious knowledge of the children ; this was made possible by section 76 of the Act of 1870, by which, after giving fourteen days' formal notice, two days in any year could be set apart for the Diocesan Inspectors' examinations, and on these days we were under no restrictions whatever. This was well conceived by Mr. Forster, and the arrangement worked admirably. Many, if not all, of H.M. Inspectors felt keenly having this part of their duty taken out of their hands, and one whom I was acquainted with went so far as to resign his Government appointment and accept a Diocesan Inspectorship ; and several told me how much they regretted the new arrangement.

I am inclined to think, however, that the new system worked better than the old. For one thing, the whole subject of religious teaching was thus brought into greater prominence, and better methods of instruction were adopted in consequence. Certainly I could perceive a very marked improvement in the children's knowledge at the end of my six years, as compared with what it was when I undertook the work of Diocesan Inspector of the York Diocese, which I did early in 1874.

Some of the teachers in the Church schools were at first

opposed to the new system of diocesan inspection. This was especially the case in Sheffield, where the Church schools were very numerous, and in many of them the standard of teaching was remarkably good. The Church school teachers in Sheffield formed a strong association in those days, and my predecessor had a good deal of difficulty with them soon after his appointment ; but he showed great tact and a conciliatory spirit in dealing with them, and ultimately they all became amenable to reason, and a thoroughly good feeling afterwards subsisted between the Diocesan Inspectors and the teachers in Sheffield.

My work as Diocesan Inspector was extremely arduous. The diocese of York at that time was, roughly speaking, the eastern half of the county of York, and extended from Middlesbrough in the north to below Sheffield—nearly a hundred miles. It is a most interesting tract of country, and is, both physically and industrially, very varied in character—agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and seafaring, while the inhabitants are as sturdy and intelligent a race as any to be found in the British Isles.

But though my work was so exacting, it was to me intensely interesting and congenial. For one thing, it brought me into touch with people of the most varied character and occupation—nobility, landed gentry, clergy, farmers, tradesmen, miners, shopkeepers, sailors, and many more. Into the houses of many of these I gained an entrance, and in this way partook of a vast amount of hospitality, which is one of the chief characteristics of the Yorkshireman. In this way I gained a pretty wide experience of men and things.

All through the six years of my inspectorship I made my head-quarters at my father's rectory at Nunburnholme, which was a convenient centre ; and we were only a little over a mile from the station. I almost always set off by the first train on Monday morning, returning on Friday evening, and spending the week-end at home. The schools being spread over such a wide area, I had an immense

amount of travelling. Motor-cars were not then invented, and bicycles were only in their infancy, and at that stage of their development they would have been useless for my purpose. I was compelled, therefore, to travel by rail, by horse-power, or by walking, and whenever time and weather permitted I invariably walked. This, after some hours' close confinement in a school, often crowded, and sometimes not over well ventilated, kept me in good training. I call to mind one school that I had to visit in July in the centre of a mining and manufacturing district near Rotherham. The weather on these occasions was invariably hot, the school invariably crowded, and the surroundings squalid; the ordeal, therefore, to me was very trying. Scarcely less trying was it in schools where the children were dull, heavy, and irresponsive, even if the surroundings were bright and cheerful. Without regard to any mental or other notes I had made, I could always tell how a school had done by my own feelings after the examination was over. To endeavour to extract knowledge from a number of children when it is not there is one of the most exhausting things I know.

As a rule, however, these days of inspection were most pleasant, and the children themselves delighted in them. Frequently was I assured by the teachers that there was no part of their school work in which the children took greater interest and delight than in the religious lessons; and no wonder; for a good teacher can thus often touch springs in the minds and hearts of the children which can be touched in no other way, to say nothing of mere head knowledge.

Of course, one naturally experienced a great number of amusing episodes during one's daily round of duty. I greatly regret that I did not keep a diary of these and other events; this, however, would have been a matter of great difficulty. The only possible time to have done this would have been in the evening. But after examining a number, and often a very large number, of children, amounting sometimes to

600 or 700, then, perhaps, having to walk six or seven miles often in rough and cold weather, and then being hospitably entertained at dinner at the house of some friend, I used to be so tired that I frequently found it almost painful to keep my eyes open. I did, however, make a few notes of my visits covering a space of six or seven months, and by the aid of these I have been able to refresh my memory to a certain extent.

Among the ranks of the clergy as well as of the teachers I came across some remarkable characters. Among the former I remember a certain vicar of an important parish in the West Riding. This man had been a Fellow of his College, and had the reputation of being a fine Greek scholar; he was also a most conscientious and diligent parish priest. Every morning he went to his school at 9 o'clock to give religious instruction. I shall never forget the first occasion on which I visited this school. I had fixed the inspection for an early hour, and on my arrival, there was the worthy vicar accompanied by a number of ladies, whom I took to be workers in his parish; he introduced me to them in a formal manner as 'the Archbishop's Inspector'. I felt rather put on my mettle. I went through my examination. The children acquitted themselves quite satisfactorily, and were dismissed. The ladies took their departure, and I was on the point of leaving; but before I did so the vicar took me aside and said he had a complaint to make with regard to my examination. I inquired what it was, when he remarked that I had never invited him to catechize the children, and he begged that I would do so in future. I expressed my regret at this omission, and explained that I had so frequently done this in other places, and the clergy had invariably declined, that I had recently rather neglected to do so.

The following year I visited the school, and found the vicar and his ladies once more ready to meet me. After my examination I turned to the vicar and asked him formally if he wished to ask the children any questions. I expected

something highly interesting to happen, for he was very original, and a good catechist, and so I awaited the result of my request with much curiosity. But all the reply he made was, 'No, thank you.' Every year afterwards I put the same question to him with the same result. He was perfectly satisfied with my examinations; but, as I afterwards discovered, he was a great stickler for forms and ceremonies. But this same vicar had many good qualities, and his Christianity often took a very practical turn. On one occasion he had to go to York, and only had just money enough to pay his railway fare. On the way to the station he was accosted by a beggar whose case appealed to him, and he at once bestowed all his money upon the poor man, and himself walked to York and back—a journey which must have occupied at least five or six hours.

Sometimes in the course of one's visits I had all manner of grievances poured into my unwilling ears. If the children did badly, the vicar would perhaps blame the curate for something or other, and the curate the vicar; one or other would blame the teacher, and vice versa. In such cases the results were anything but salutary upon the school. I remember visiting the parish of C——, where the vicar was old and bedridden, and therefore he delegated all he could to his daughter, who used her power in an arbitrary fashion, which was reflected upon the school. The children knew next to nothing. The lady blamed the curate, the curate blamed the master, and the master blamed the children. But it is difficult to believe that the children of one parish are naturally intensely stupid, while those in the next are all brightness and intelligence.

Another country school which left an indelible impression upon me was directed by a peculiarly sour-looking mistress, who had great antipathy to my visits; and no wonder, for she was a very incompetent teacher, and the children knew but little. I believe she would have turned me out of the school if she could. The vicar, too, was a great oddity, albeit a clever and scholarly man.

By way of music the children sang a sort of hymn called 'The old, old story', and while this was going on the vicar stood in front of them holding a cane about four feet long which he brandished about considerably, and I had some fears for my own head. Altogether it was a most comical performance, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my countenance.

In another school near York which I visited the hymn 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was sung accompanied by the master on a fiddle, of all instruments; the only one I ever heard in school on such occasions.

Only one school of those I inspected possessed a fool's cap. I did not see it on a boy's head; but there it was hanging on the wall. This was at Kirkdale in the North Riding. It was an old-fashioned school in every way, with an old-fashioned master. But very generally these old teachers taught the rudiments of learning extremely well, and the children even then were quite as well or better grounded in elementary subjects than they are now, if one may judge by results.

Sometimes I came across old-fashioned clergy as well as teachers. There was a parish near Pontefract the Vicar of which was one such. He was a most estimable man, and took the greatest interest in his schools. He used to write to me about his pupil teachers literally on sheets of foolscap. He wrote a crabbed hand, and his letters were couched in antiquated language, so that it was rather a business to wade through his communications. I used to stay the night with him when I visited his schools. His house was a very antiquated one, apparently at least a couple of hundred years old, and everything about it was antiquated; it even had an antiquated aroma. He had a sister living with him who kept house for him. She too was antiquated, not so much in years as in ideas and language. They kept a servant who was also antiquated in everything except in years. Among her peculiarities was that she was given to seeing 'spirits'; and on my inquiring for a few particulars

my friends informed me that on one occasion the girl saw a 'spirit' between the coal-box and the fire-place. The probability is that this particular 'spirit' was merely the cat. My visits here were always amusing. It was like going back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. The language of these good people certainly had a touch of Elizabethan English about it. It was something like that of a certain Dr. Fog, a notable Dane, to whom Edmund Gosse alludes in his book *Two Visits to Denmark*. Dr. Fog spoke delightful English, but he had evidently very largely picked it up from reading Shakespeare. In speaking, for instance, of an old friend who was very portly in body, and fond of good living, he remarked of him: 'He has eaten divers good dinners in his years, and hath drunk some superfluity of ale, perchance!'

The smallest school I ever examined was that of Routh near Beverley, with an average of nine children. At one time it had dwindled to a single scholar. This, I was told, was in consequence of the master's peculiarities, one of which was that he would make no reply when the children asked him certain questions. The nature of these unpalatable questions I never discovered.

Occasionally I used in my examinations to ask the teachers to catechize the children for a few minutes in order to give them every chance of showing what they knew. In those early days we heard much more of the Yorkshire dialect than we do now, and to me this was always very refreshing.

Formerly the schoolmasters themselves often spoke as broad Yorkshire as their pupils. I will give an illustration which was told me by a friend, and for the truth of which he could vouch, for he had the story from a scholar of the old Yorkshireman, who was master of a certain school near Whitby which I know well. When he was getting into years some of the folk began to think that his broad speech was not quite the thing; but not exactly liking to tell him so, they waited on him, and asked him if he would

try and get his lads to speak better. He took it all very well ; and the result was that next day he solemnly addressed the boys in these words : ‘ Noo, lads ! sum o’ yer feythurs has been tellin’ o’ ma ’at ya deeant speeak fahin eneeaf. Noo, ya mun all larn ti speeak fahin, an’ if ya deeant, ah’ll smash ivvry yan o’ yer scaups ! ’ I dare venture to say that these poor lads never altered their native speech by a single iota. If they had they would have utterly spoilt a good thing ; for I maintain that our broadest old East Yorkshire folk-speech is the back-bone of some of the best English that can be spoken. But, unfortunately, they ‘ prim it doon ’ now, as we say ; or, as an old parishioner once said to me of a young relative who had been living at a distance, and on returning to his native place had tried to talk fine : so-and-so, mentioning his name, ‘ spoils hissen sadly wi knackin,’ ‘ knacking ’ being another expression for trying to talk fine.

In my school inspecting visits I always made a strong point of that excellent formulary of instruction—the Church Catechism. In catechizing I did not, as many do, omit the first question ; for in asking that question one often elicited a name which made a good handle for further questions and instruction. By no means seldom, however, in asking the child ‘ What is your name ? ’ no response whatever was made ; but when I turned it into its Yorkshire equivalent ‘ What do they call you ? ’ the answer came at once. One had to be careful in asking questions of children in the olden days. I remember meeting a little girl who was a stranger to me, just after she was coming out of a house where the family was well known to me. I said to her ‘ Who is your mother ? ’ She replied, ‘ She is very well, sir.’ I instantly saw my mistake, and said, ‘ What do they call your mother ? ’ when, of course, I got the information I wanted. In East Yorkshire ‘ How ’ is always sounded ‘ Hoo ’.

Sydney Smith, who, I feel sure, could have been no Yorkshireman, used to say that he found some of the people of his Yorkshire parish so stupid that when he asked

them their names they said they did not know. In this case the fault lay with the questioner; he should have learnt our language, and he would then have got his information quick enough.

Apropos of the first question of the Church Catechism. I visited a school unofficially comparatively recently, and the master invited me to question the children in the Church Catechism, which I did for about twenty minutes; but I did not get beyond 'What is your name?' The children were intelligent, and so interested in what followed from this question that we kept to that one subject.

In looking back upon these school inspecting days I sometimes wonder how I managed to cover so much ground on foot, especially in rough weather.

One day recurs to my memory when I had to visit the school at Fridaythorpe on the Wolds. It was a cold morning in March with high wind and some snow. I left Nunburnholme after making an early breakfast, and walked through Warter and Huggate. From the latter place to Fridaythorpe the way across the open country is rough and not easy to find; it was for part of the way no more than a track. When I got about half-way a mist came on, and I got quite out of my bearings, and might have wandered about for long enough; but fortunately I fell in with a man who directed me. After inspecting the school and lunching with the vicar, I walked on to Burdale. Before night I must have walked nearly twelve miles. This is merely an example of many somewhat similar days.

The Yorkshireman's hospitality is proverbial, and all through my inspecting days I came in for an abundant share of it. At one house where I used to stay my host always regaled me with '34 port, which I think was about the finest wine I ever tasted. He had some 1795 port in his cellar; but this I never experienced, and I do not suppose it was to be compared with the '34. As far as I remember, the oldest wine I ever tasted was some Burgundy, a bottle of which Sir Frederick Ouseley once broached for

me ; it was of the 1798 vintage, if I rightly remember ; it was certainly eighteenth-century wine. But it could only be looked upon as a curiosity.

My arrangements for inspections had to be carefully planned about three weeks beforehand ; but occasionally a break-down would happen with unpleasant results.

On one occasion, I remember, I had arranged an inspection for Thorganby school. The Squire there was to send his dog-cart to meet me at Bubwith station ; but the servant by some blunder on his part went to High Field station instead, and so missed me altogether. There was no conveyance to be hired ; and it only remained for me to walk the distance, which was over four miles. It was a broiling day in June, and I had a pair of shoes on which I was wearing for the first time. I arrived at the school very late with sadly blistered feet ; but the master had kept the children for me, and I conducted my examination, though I had to keep the children in considerably after the dinner hour. They were, however, rewarded for their patience with a half-holiday.

Of course among the clergy of the diocese I made a great number of acquaintances, and with them some life-long friends. It was interesting to find what a variety of characters one had to deal with in the course of a year. It was something of an education to converse with men of such diverse opinions, for in this way one heard every side of questions of the day, and often from those who were well qualified to form an opinion.

Occasionally one had to endure a certain amount of boredom, from which there was no escape. I once stayed at the house of a cleric, who though naturally urbane in manner would persist in talking almost entirely of his own and other people's pedigrees, even into the remote past. On the plea of feeling tired, which I certainly was, I retired to rest as early as I possibly could with decency. But to my dismay on the following morning my friend immediately returned to the subject exactly at the

point where he had left off on the previous evening, and continued it almost without intermission until I finally quitted his abode.

This same worthy vicar was, as I observed, urbane in manner ; and occasionally he used to make use of rather stilted language. His house was once broken into at night by burglars. Hearing a noise he came downstairs, found the thieves in his dining-room, and, as the story goes, he addressed them in these words : ' Gentlemen, may I be permitted to enquire the reason of this untimely visitation ? ' While making his polite inquiry, the men, of course, jumped out of the window as hard as they could go, and vanished.

It was encouraging to find, as one often did, the squire of the parish taking a personal interest in the school. One of the schools on my list was Wentworth. This school, which consisted of three departments, was entirely supported by Lord Fitzwilliam. My inspection was due in November, in which month it was then customary to have what were called ' open nights ' at the big house, when all the countryside was invited to a great entertainment consisting of a dinner and a dance. This institution looked almost like a relic of feudal times. On several occasions I was present at these gatherings. One in particular I call to mind when the Duke and Duchess of Teck were present, and I remember with what vigour they took part in the dancing.

Lord Fitzwilliam took great interest in the schools on his property. On one occasion both he and Lady Fitzwilliam came down to the Wentworth schools when I was examining them and remained through a good part of the time of my visit. When I had finished Lord Fitzwilliam addressed the boys. He was not a great speaker, but he gave them some good advice, which I have no doubt would make a great impression upon them. It struck me what a good effect it would have if all others in such positions would take a similar interest in the welfare of those living on their property.

In almost every school I visited I tested the children in singing hymns or other forms of Church music. The

quality varied greatly. The voices generally were good, but for lack of proper training the results were often unsatisfactory, though sometimes the quality of the tone was remarkably good. The system adopted by the Education Department in those days for the supposed cultivation of musical taste was a singularly vicious one. A grant of a shilling a head on those who sang, with the proviso that at least two-thirds of the children performed, induced teachers to press into the ranks many who were not gifted with musical ears and voices in order to make up the requisite proportion; and these by their overpowering numbers, and by the coarseness of the sounds they produced, drowned the voices of those who might else have been taught to sing well. The system likewise provided no guarantee that the teachers, nor even the Inspectors, were competent to teach or to judge of music. A better plan would have been that one-fifth of the children as a *maximum*, with five shillings a head as a grant, with an extra grant for extra proficiency, should be taught music, the instruction being given by the best teachers the Managers of the school could procure.

I shall never forget the so-called 'singing' in a school in Hull that I had to endure. The Vicar of the parish was standing by me when I said I should like to hear the the children sing. His reply was, 'You do so at your peril!' I said I would risk it. The noise that ensued was quite indescribable. It was deafening, discordant, and almost demoniacal. What possessed these children I never discovered; though I noticed in the course of my visits that generally the worst singing was found in schools that bordered on the sea.

To this, however, there was one notable exception. One of the last schools I inspected was that of All Saints, Scarborough, of which parish the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick was vicar; he was a musical man and raised the character of the singing both in his church and school to a high point of excellence.

I spent the night with him, and a piece of good fortune attended me on this occasion. He played the pianoforte, and I was surprised to see two or three violoncellos in his drawing-room, which he wanted to dispose of. As I played that instrument myself and wished to purchase a better one than I then possessed, my friend kindly let me have one of these instruments for a nominal sum. I was unable to try it then, for the bridge was down; but it looked to be a good one, and my friend told me his father had bought it in Geneva about the year 1820, and that it had belonged to Romberg. It was evidently an old Italian instrument. I soon had it put into playing order, and I found the tone extremely beautiful. I was anxious to ascertain the name of the maker; and I showed it to a musical friend who advised me to get an opinion on it from Piatti the great violoncellist. I took it with me the next time I went to London and showed it to Piatti. He examined it carefully, and after trying its tone pronounced it to be a very fine instrument but was unable to determine the maker. He advised me to take it to Hill or Hart. I took it with a musical friend to the former, who is probably our greatest authority on such instruments. He told me that it had originally been a larger instrument, and had been cut down, and that it had been in very good hands. More than that I did not learn from him. It is apparently an old Brescian instrument, and I like to think that it may be a Maggini. It has an exquisite tone, which is unmistakably of the old Italian character, and the instrument has been an unfailing source of delight to me ever since I possessed it. There is something very mysterious about the tone of these old Italian instruments; the secret of it has baffled all investigation; but to go into this matter would be to write a treatise.

Among the notabilities of the York Diocese in my earlier days was Dr. George Trevor, Canon of York. He was a brilliant speaker and debater, and withal of a militant temperament. He was a man of fine presence, and used

to hold forth at Diocesan Conferences and Congresses and delighted in having a tilt at the Archbishop, who was not always quite a match for him. He was also possessed of a ready wit. At a Diocesan Conference a man of emaciated form and sad visage was dilating upon the subject of temperance, when Trevor remarked to a friend next him, 'A pretty fellow that to recommend total abstinence. If he will not take a little wine to make his heart glad, I wish he would use a little oil to give himself a cheerful countenance.' I used to partake of Trevor's hospitality when I visited his school at Beeford and a kinder host there could not well be. On one occasion I was staying under his roof, and the following morning was the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, when at family prayers he read the Epistle for the day, and afterwards threw off as beautiful an exposition of that great subject as I ever remember to have heard. He certainly had the tongue of a ready speaker, and what he said was always worth attention.

Trevor had come across a great number of Church dignitaries in his day, and he used to say that he had never known a case of a man being made a bishop who had not been spoiled by it: I presume he meant socially. I could not go thus far with him, though no doubt there have been cases where character and manner have not been improved by the assumption of episcopal rank. But I am but a poor judge of such matters, for if the whole of the fragmentary moments I have spent in converse with the episcopal superiors under whom I have served during a long life were added together they would not amount to one hour.

There is in some quarters a demand for an increase of the Episcopate at the present time. It seems to me, however, and to many more, that it would be a mistake to raise money for such a purpose, when the incomes of so many of our parochial clergy are so utterly inadequate to maintain themselves and their families in almost the necessities of life, to say nothing of ease and comfort. The old doctrine is still applicable that means should be found

for those who preach the Gospel to live of the Gospel. It is not in the least to be wondered at that there is at the present time such a dearth of candidates for Holy Orders as compared with former days.

After so many visits to Sheffield I got to know the purlieus of the place pretty well, and some of these were of the darkest and dingiest imaginable. No wonder Mr. Ruskin could not bear to pass through the town, but always circumvented it. However, he did the best thing he could for the place in founding there his most interesting and valuable Museum. I happened to be in Sheffield the day it was opened by Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria. It was afterwards removed from the centre to the outskirts of the town.

In spite of the smoke and the vitiated atmosphere of Sheffield it was refreshing to find what interesting and attractive children there were in the Schools there, and especially in the boys' departments. Their intelligence and alertness always impressed me. The Jewish children were commonly withdrawn from religious instruction but by no means always so; and I frequently found on inquiry when a boy had done particularly well in my examinations, that he was of Jewish parentage.

A good example of one who had been a Sheffield boy of quite humble origin was the Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, who as a boy had shown remarkable aptitude for mathematics. Means were found for sending him to Cambridge, where he came out Senior Wrangler of his year. He was a man of striking appearance, and used to act as correspondent for one of the Sheffield schools which I visited. He always came to my inspections, and took the greatest interest in the welfare of the children. He was a man of whom Sheffield might well be proud. What delighted me with the Sheffield boys was that they always entered with so much zest into the subjects of my examinations. I have not the slightest doubt that there was many a lad among them who would have done brilliantly at the University if they could have

been sent there. Now that Sheffield has a university of its own the children have a better chance of continuing their studies after leaving school than they had formerly. But after all, the foundations of education in its fullest and best sense must be laid at home, and its groundwork must be moral and religious and not only intellectual. Man is not merely an intellectual machine ; and any system of education that has the intellect only for its basis is not only less than half education, but is positively dangerous to the State as well as to the individual.

As I before said it is impossible to get over the fact that human nature is not only possessed of mind, it also has spiritual instincts, and those higher elements must be drawn out and nurtured, if we are to be fully educated, if indeed a man can be ever said to be so.

In the course of a long life I have had a good deal to do with education, and for the last fifty years I have not been wholly asleep. For a good part of that time our educational authorities have been practically trying to put a quart of liquid into a pint pot, and they are still at it. With ordinary mortals this would be regarded as folly, but I suppose we must accept it as a sign of profound wisdom on the part of those who direct our educational affairs. Moreover, we cannot reduce every one to a common level, and treat all young intellects as equal. In speaking of education in one of his volumes Frederic Harrison says : ' A uniform system of education is a form of madness akin to a project for making men of one size or of one weight.' There is a certain amount of truth in that statement. You might as well try to feed all people with the same kind of food. But we know that some people cannot assimilate the food which others can easily digest. Millions of money have been wasted annually for many years past. What we sorely need in our system is to attempt less, and to teach the rudiments thoroughly, so as to give every child the means for self-culture, and also to afford special opportunities for advancement for those who show special aptitude in any particular branch of study.

CHAPTER IX

NEWTON ON OUSE

IN the summer of 1879 I received the offer of the living of Newton on Ouse, near York, the patron of which was the Hon. Payan Dawnay of Beningbrough Hall, whose acquaintance I had made some years before ; for he had shown me much hospitality and kindness when I visited his schools. Every year I used to spend a few days with him, and he would send me in his dog-cart to some of the neighbouring schools ; so that I was able to make Beningbrough a centre for a few local inspections.

I was thoroughly happy in my work as Diocesan Inspector, but the benefice of which I had the offer was too good a one to be refused ; and the prospect of having such a man as Mr. Dawnay as my Squire decided me to accept the living without hesitation. This decision I never regretted.

The parish was an extensive one, consisting of three townships, namely, Newton, Linton, and Beningbrough, with a village in each, Newton being the largest. This village is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Ouse, with its church and well-built houses clustered round it. Linton lay about a mile farther up the river, and Beningbrough village two miles below it. Mr. Dawnay owned the entire township of Beningbrough and the chief part of Newton, while the whole of Linton belonged to University College, Oxford.

The Beningbrough estate had come into the Dawnay family unexpectedly, Mrs. Earle, the previous owner, whose two sons pre-deceased her, having left it to the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Dawnay (6th Viscount Downe), who had been a good friend of her sons when at Eton together.

Mr. Payan Dawnay was the younger son of the sixth Lord Downe. He never married, and he and his sister lived together at Beningbrough Hall, a fine old mansion dating from Queen Anne's reign, built by a Dutch architect on oak beams, and standing in a well-timbered park near the river-side.

The Dawnay family is one of the oldest in the country, and the owner of Beningbrough, when I knew it, was a worthy scion of that ancient stock. If the whole of England had been searched through, a better squire could not have been found. He lived, as I said, with his sister at the Hall, and scarcely ever left home. I believe that when I last saw him he had not been to London for forty years. Needless to say, he was a strong Conservative, though he never took any active part in politics. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, and disliked a crowd of people. He was a devoted churchman, and took the greatest interest in education. He, or rather they (for his sister always joined in his good works), built two excellent schools, mixed and infants, for the townships of Newton and Beningbrough. Every Sunday they both attended church twice, no matter what the weather was, and always on foot, a distance of over half a mile; they also visited the day schools once or twice a week. In cases of sickness and distress they were ever ready with their sympathy and help. They practically kept no company, scarcely any one except their own relatives ever staying at Beningbrough. They lived most quietly, for with the exception of shooting Mr. Dawnay had no expensive tastes; his chief desire seemed to be to do as much good as he could upon his estate by way of improvements, and in helping his tenantry and others. He once told me he did not get enough out of his estate to buy a coat for his back.

The only sport, as I observed, in which he indulged was shooting, and his property was well stocked with game. He specially preserved hares, and his park was full of

them; but he never shot them there; consequently, they lost their wildness, and used to move about leisurely in dozens. Whatever game he shot he gave away, except rabbits, to his friends and neighbours, hospitals and other institutions. He never made merchandise of it. He was so popular with his tenants that they would no more think of snaring a hare than they would of committing some criminal offence. He was beloved by all his people, and they would have done anything for him. He had beautiful gardens at the Hall, and many a time have I sauntered through them in his company. He allowed other people to eat his fruit; but only on one occasion did I ever see him eat any himself in his garden, and that was a sickly-looking gooseberry which the blackbirds had refused. He kept a certain number of horses in his stables; but I do not think he ever drove about for mere pleasure; and he certainly never rode or drove himself to my knowledge. He was a Justice of the Peace, but a very lenient one; and sometimes when he was compelled to fine a defendant who could ill afford to pay, he would pay the fine himself at the conclusion of the session.

When my good patron offered me the living of Newton on Ouse he made no sort of stipulation; he only said he did not like changes; and I felt in honour bound to respect his feelings as far as I possibly could. He also said how important it was for the welfare of the parish that the squire and the parson should pull together, a statement which there was obviously no gainsaying. In fact, for any parish priest to have thought of quarrelling with such a man would not only have been utterly wrong, but even ludicrous.

He was little in stature, and slight in build; but he was wiry, and could walk long distances without fatigue. He was an old Etonian, and I sometimes used to think he would have made a good coxswain for the Eton eight. He was of a singularly cheerful disposition, and had a keen sense of humour.

Mr. Dawnay's dislike of changes sometimes went to great lengths. A single instance will suffice to show this.

Among his tenantry at Benningbrough there was a farmer who was rather a worthless character; but his family had been about the oldest on the estate. He was too fond of drink, and was constantly behind hand with his rent; and the agent had had a great deal of trouble with him; he had frequently been warned, but with little or no effect. Mr. Dawnay had always overlooked his delinquencies; but at last things had come to such a pass that for several half-years no rent whatever had been paid. And it was not until the agent took a very firm stand, and almost threatened to resign his position, that the Squire, very unwillingly, consented to give the tenant notice to quit.

Sometimes he would be literally ingenious in doing a kindly action. An instance of this I shall never forget. I was returning from York one afternoon by the same train as Mr. Dawnay. His groom and dog-cart were at the station to meet him. He kindly offered me a lift, which offer I rather hesitated to accept, as the man had not brought any back-seat with him. However, the Squire said we could manage very well, and he would ride 'bod-kin'—an arrangement which worked satisfactorily as he took up very little room. We had not got more than about three hundred yards on the road when we overtook a boy carrying a big parcel. The Squire asked who he was, and I told him he was one of our Linton lads on his way home, nearly four miles distant. Mr. Dawnay suggested giving him a lift, but I said 'Where can we put the boy?' to which he replied that he himself would get in behind, and the boy should ride in front; but this was only done by Mr. Dawnay wedging himself into the narrow space between the seat and the back-board, and sitting huddled up on the floor of the cart, and in that position he rode all the way to Benningbrough Hall, and when we arrived there he was so tightly fixed in that he

could not well move, and had to be lifted out. This journey must have caused him the greatest discomfort.

I often used to wonder how he managed to stand cold weather, for he carried but little flesh, and always wore what appeared to be very flimsy clothing, and never, I believe, possessed an overcoat till he was well advanced in years; and even this garment looked a very insufficient protection from the cold; indeed, all his clothing was thin. He always wore linen shirts, and never anything under them, summer or winter. I was informed that during a cold winter in his later life, unknown to him, some woollen underclothing was got for him, but he merely looked at it with curiosity, and declined wearing it. One of his habits was to read a chapter of the Greek Testament every night before going to bed. He never had a fire in his bedroom, neither were the blinds drawn down, nor the shutters closed. The fireplace served for his boot cupboard.

Such, in some sort, was the man with whom I was destined to be associated for fourteen years when I took up my abode at Newton on Ouse in the early days of 1880—an exceptionally cold winter, when the Ouse was frozen over, and I was able to skate from my vicarage to Lendal Bridge, York, on nine miles, or more, of excellent ice.¹

Mr. and Miss Dawnay were quite devoted to each other, and were never apart for long. She was, like her brother, constantly finding out ways to do kind and generous actions. It would be impossible to recount a tenth part of what she did; but among other things she rebuilt the parish church entirely at her own cost in memory of her parents; and not only did she and her brother between them build the schools at Newton, but they also maintained them as Church schools, by supplying every year all deficiencies, after receiving the Government grant. I had to look through the accounts; and, if I remember rightly, in one year the squire and his sister contributed

¹ In the following winter I did the same, though the ice was not nearly so good.

near £240 in this way. Such generosity always astonished H.M. Inspectors whenever they visited our schools.

During the early part of, or shortly before, my incumbency of Newton on Ouse there was a vacancy for a mistress of our infants' school. In speaking to Mr. Dawnay about this he told me that either on this or a previous occasion he had had the following answer to an advertisement from an applicant for this post.

'I can teach the following specific subjects paid for as such by the Education Department (Schedule 4 New Code) : Mathematics, French, Latin, Physical Geography, Animal Physiology, Botany, English Literature, and Domestic Economy (including Practical Cookery) : I can give instruction in Freehand Drawing, Linear Perspective, Model Drawing, Landscape Drawing, and Painting in Water Colours ; in Needlework and Cutting Out (according to Schedule 3, New Code), in Drill (Calisthenic and Physical Exercises), and in Vocal Music (Old Notation) ; I also understand the Kindergarten System, the rudiments of German and Italian ; and possess a powerful Soprano Voice of more than ordinary compass.

M. E. E——.'

Needless to say, this alarming person was not appointed to the vacant post. Be it observed, the school was one for infants !

In a parish of three townships, with schools in two of them, and with a population of nearly 1,000 scattered over a wide area, a parish priest should be kept very fully occupied ; but with such people as I have described living in the big house to back one up in every possible way, one's labours were greatly lightened.

When first Mr. Dawnay inherited the property the village of Newton had not a good name for order and sobriety. It stood on the bank of the river, and in those days there was a considerable amount of river traffic ; and bargees, as a class, were a rough lot, and were addicted to drinking and quarrelling. Moreover, for some years, there were flax-works in the place, and among the workers

there were a good many Irish. These, as is the way with their congeners, were a disturbing element. Happily, however, the flax-works were done away with before I came into residence ; but a good many of the Irish remained, and these were all Roman Catholics ; but I used to visit every one of them, and we were always on friendly terms, as I was also with their priest, who lived about a mile away. He was an elderly man and did not often get to Newton. I used sometimes to visit him, when he would occasionally tell me of his difficulties with his flock, and how he had to threaten them with all manner of pains and penalties if they did not mend their ways.

It was delightful to me to feel that I could enter the house of every parishioner and receive a hearty welcome, no matter what their creed might be. I cannot understand the slackness of many of my brother clergy in these days in visiting their parishioners. To me this was one of my pleasantest duties. If they learnt anything from me, I believe I learnt quite as much, or more, from them, especially in lessons of heroic courage and patience in bearing their sufferings and misfortunes.

I shall never forget one afternoon visiting an old man in Linton who for years had been a martyr to asthma. He was ' no scholar ', and his wife, to make matters worse, was, as we say, ' a bit nattery '. His christian name was Christopher, but every one called him Kitty. After inquiring how he was I said, ' Well, Kitty, I am afraid you must be having a very " dowly " time.' ' Aw,' he replied, ' Ah deeant knaw about that. You see, Ah coughs a bit, an' Ah spits a bit, an' Ah praays a bit, an' seea tahm passes.' Could Job have surpassed this ?

The Master and Fellows of University College, Oxford, who, as I said, owned the entire township of Linton on Ouse, were also very good landlords, and in recent years the village had been greatly improved, and an excellent school built, which was also fitted up as a chapel, where I held a service every Sunday evening by the appointment

of the college. The college authorities were generally ready to help whenever I appealed to them, and the Bursars when they came down on business used to spend a night or two at the vicarage. In this way I kept in touch with my old university.

The village of Newton on Ouse being three miles from the railway and the same distance from the nearest bridge across the Ouse, we were rather cut off from the outside world; and when first I took up my abode there a considerable number of my parishioners had never travelled far from their homes, and could neither read nor write; consequently, they spoke their native Doric in all its purity; and, as might be supposed, they often had a very quaint and original way of expressing themselves; but their opinion on many subjects was more worth having than that of others who were supposed to be educated. One old man in particular used to interest and amuse me greatly. He spoke the broadest Yorkshire, and seemed fairly to revel in it. He could not speak standard English if he tried ever so. Sometimes in his ordinary flow of talk a word would drop out which you would scarcely be able to find anywhere but in Chaucer. His knowledge of geography did not extend much beyond the limits of his own parish, and the most elementary facts of English history were quite beyond his ken.

I remember on one occasion calling to see him with a friend, and I happened to draw my friend's attention to a piece of old furniture in the room, which I admired, and thought might date from about Queen Anne's time. Turning to old 'Neddy', as we called him, I said to him, 'That piece of furniture looks to me like a bit of Queen Anne's date.' He seemed scarcely to take in what I meant, so I added, 'Perhaps you have never heard of Queen Anne.' 'Naw,' he said, 'Ah deeant know 'at ivver ah ev.' 'Well,' I replied, 'she is dead.' 'Is sha?' he observed, and added in a half-complaining tone, 'Whya! they nivver tells ma nowt!'

This old man had worked on the estate for a vast number of years, and in course of time he got quite past his work; but he did not like giving in, and Mr. Dawnay would not hear of turning him off, and so he thought the best thing to do was, when Neddy could do no real work, to make him believe that he could. Accordingly, he got an old pony, mounted him upon it, and it was arranged that he was to look after the men during the hay-making time, and on other special occasions; but I was told that the chief thing he did was to swear at the men, to which they paid no manner of heed. On these occasions the Yorkshire tongue would be poured forth in volumes, and I have no doubt that words of great rarity and force would then have been heard which would have delighted the hearts of some of our philologists. At last the time came when it was not safe for old Neddy to ride his pony; and so Mr. Dawnay arranged that he should live with his married daughter who would look well after him. Every now and again he would 'call'¹ his daughter for some trivial thing. One day she had offended him, when he suddenly threatened her as follows: 'Noo, ho'd thi noise, or ah'll ram tha up t' chimler.' To which she replied; 'Aw, faather; thoo wad'nt ram thi awn dowlthter up t' chimler, wad tha?' There was a good fire burning on the hearth, and the old man paused a moment, evidently thinking that to have there and then carried out his threat would have been rather a strong measure; and so by way of toning it down a bit, he added, 'Aw, bud ah meant if t' fire was oot!' This qualification greatly amused the family when they told me of the incident.

At one time the old man used to own a few pigs, and thoroughly understood the secret of keeping those animals in a fat and well-favoured condition. The agent was passing by one day, when he stopped to have a look at Neddy's pigs, which he greatly admired, and asked him how he managed to get them up so well; when he replied, 'Aw,

¹ 'call' = use abusive language.

ah deeant know ; ah just gi'es 'em a bit o' slap i t' mornin's an' a bit o' wo'zzl at neets, an' they *corresponds* wi yan anuther !'

I met Neddy one day outside his house after he was, like an old man-of-war, 'laid up'. We got into conversation, for we never missed an opportunity of holding a bit of 'pross'¹ together. We got on the subject of the squire, when Neddy, who liked to think he still was one of Mr. Dawnay's men, finished up by saying 'If ah leeavs Mr. Dawnay it's owered wi ma.'

There was a great deal more in this remark than appeared on the surface. It betokened that strong attachment between the tenant and the lord of the soil, which in past generations has been a powerful factor in sustaining the unity, happiness, and welfare of our country ; and for the lack of which may be traced many of the ills from which we are to-day suffering. The old feeling of trust and confidence between landlord and tenant is now practically non-existent. Everything is a matter of business in these days, and each workman looks out for his own interests, and gets all he can out of his employer, and vice versa. The old retainer's observation above cited carried with it a distinct trace of the old feudal spirit which all through the Middle Ages played such a prominent part in the history of our country.

Another story of this same trusty servant was told me by a nephew of the squire's. His uncle had got a new suit of clothes, which with him was rather an event. Clad in his new suit he met his old foreman and had a talk with him. The old fellow after a close scrutiny of his master's attire went to the bailiff, with whom he lodged the following complaint : 'Mr. Dawnay ez gotten hissen sum new cleas ; he owt ti a'e gotten us a new drill !' This is a typical example of the Yorkshire character, as showing the very practical turn which the Yorkshireman's mind always takes. The old man would reason thus with

¹ 'pross' = talk.

himself ; here is Mr. Dawnay discarding a suit of clothes which answered their purpose perfectly well, and is wasting his money on a new suit, when we want a new drill for the farm badly.

Another of our noted characters in my early days at Newton was one Willie Allison, who was also an old servant of Mr. Dawnay's. He was a very regular attendant at church, as well as a constant communicant. He also used to attend the Wesleyan meetings. And here I should like to explain that the Wesleyans at Newton were of the true old-fashioned sort ; that is to say, they never had a service at their meeting house when there was one going on at the parish church. Every Sunday morning when their meeting was over nearly all of them would repair to the church. In fact, some of the Wesleyans were among the most regular attenders at church, and frequent communicants. This was as it should be ; for true Wesleyanism was merely a sort of guild within the church, as Wesley himself intended it to be. Many alas ! contrary to their founder's injunctions, have cut themselves off from the church, and by so doing they cease to be true Wesleyans, even though they assume the name.

But to return to my parishioner. He was an old man when first I went to Newton, and being very hard of hearing he always sat just under the pulpit, and as an acoustic aid he made use of a long tin trumpet, which he called his horn, and with it he could nearly have touched the pulpit. This, to some preachers, might have been a little embarrassing, and still more so when Willie gave audible expression to his feelings, as he sometimes did.

I remember, during almost the first sermon I preached at Newton, Willie ejaculated a 'Hear, hear' after some point in my discourse which specially pleased him, which could be heard all over the church.

One of my sisters who was fond of drawing made an excellent likeness of Willie, which I still possess. While he was sitting for his portrait I was told he made some

very amusing remarks. Among other things he alluded to his ejaculations in church, and said in his quaint way, 'Ah doot ah's a noisy au'd man; bud ah likes ti back his (the preacher's) argiments.' I believe I should have done more good with some of the older portion of my flock in those days had I preached to them in our very expressive old Yorkshire dialect. But I did the next best thing to it I could, which was to make use of the simplest English that I could command.

When vicar of Newton, I was frequently asked by my poorer parishioners to make their wills for them. I always told them that they had better get a lawyer to do it; but they pleaded poverty; and so, to save them a guinea, or whatever the charge might be, I consented in several cases. Among others, I made Willie Allison's will. He was rather amusing over it; but I ascertained what his wishes were. I discovered afterwards that the old man always carried the will I made for him in his pocket.

I met him on the road one day when he told me he wished to make some alteration in the disposal of his goods. Whereupon he produced the document I had drawn up out of his pocket in a very dirty condition. I told him I would make a new will for him, which I did; and after his death this will was duly proved at York. On another occasion a parishioner asked me to make his will, and on his giving me the details of his wishes I discovered that he possessed such a considerable sum of money that I declined going any further, and told him he could well afford to pay a lawyer, which he did.

I used frequently to urge upon my parishioners the great importance of making their wills while they were in health and strength, and on one occasion, at least, I alluded to the subject in a sermon. It is the greatest folly to put off such a duty to a time, perhaps, of sickness, pain, and distress, when the mind, too, may be ill at ease, and not fitted to deal with such matters. In such cases a man, in order to save himself the trouble of attending

to worldly business, will often consent to do the very opposite of what he would have done in this way when in health and strength. Moreover, the mind at such a time should be kept free for other concerns.

It is to be regretted that the old religious forms at the commencement of wills are now seldom seen. No doubt these forms were in many cases merely customary embellishments, but by no means always so.

In writing my 'History of Nunburnholme' I came across a great many old wills of former parishioners dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and expressed in the characteristic English of that period. It may be of interest if I here reproduce one as a specimen.

A good example of a countryman's last will and testament is that of one John Blancherd of Burnholme, who commended his 'sinful soul to the infinite mercy of God and to that glorious Virgin Our Lady Saint Mary and to all the Saints of heaven'. The following bequests are here given in the original form and spelling. 'I will Thomas my brother a blake whie of iiij yere olde. And to ich on of my other brether to have a wedder hog. Also I wil to ich on of my suster childer that be men childer a gymmer hog. Also I wil to ich on of my own childer a shepe hog and half a qrter of barlie beside ther childer ptes [parts].' The testator also left two shillings to the church of Nunburnholme for the purchase of a surplice. Gifts to the Church in those days were very common; which shows the great attachment of the people to it. The false and absurd notion that such gifts were extorted by the clergy from their parishioners when *in extremis* falls to pieces when we come to look closely into the matter. It is evident that the people made these gifts freely, and looked upon it as a privilege and a pleasure to give such proofs as these of their devotion and affection for the Church of their fathers.

The belief in witches, fairies, and barguests was common enough with many of the old people in my early days at

Newton. One old couple in particular come to mind in this connexion. The husband had been a coal-heaver in his younger days, and looked a very unlikely subject for faith in the power of the witch, but there was no mistaking the implicitness of his belief. He used to tell me the most strange stories of what witches could do; I wish I could recall them to mind. One, however, I remember about a fearful encounter between a witch and a farmer. The latter had lost a number of his cattle, which he attributed entirely to the witch, who had some spite against him. One day he found her in his fold-yard; she became very 'saucy', and ultimately they had a free fight in which sticks were used. The witch dealt one fearful blow which drew blood from the farmer. That was enough for the witch. 'Noo ah a'e tha,' she screamed. She had him in her power, and took her departure. The farmer in his distress went to consult the wise man, who told him to do the usual thing, namely, to procure a beast's heart, stick it all over with pins, and roast it. He was further told to fill up all the keyholes and crevices, to keep out the witch; after this she would come to the door and yell like a dog. All which came to pass; but a day or two after the farmer bled to death. Nothing could save him. The witch, as I was told, had 'gotten ower mich ho'd on him'. All this and much more than this my old couple steadfastly believed.

It was remarkable what virtue was supposed to exist in wicken-wood (the rowan-tree) for keeping off witches. For this reason whip-stocks were commonly made of this wood. Sometimes a team of horses on coming to a certain point on the road would suddenly stop for no apparent reason. This was due to the witch who haunted the spot. But when a lad came up with his whip with a wicken-wood stock the witch's power was gone, and the horses went on.

An old parishioner in my early days at Newton once told me that she had seen a 'barguest', and she described the exact spot where it appeared; she saw it as she was

getting over a stile, and it was observed as she said, 'just aback o' t' stee'. This particular barguest was of the black dog type with large saucer eyes. I suggested to her that she might have seen some ordinary object which in the dark looked rather like a dog. She would not hear of my suggestion, for she averred that she had seen the barguest 'as fair as fair could be'.

Even so late as the last decade of the nineteenth century I heard of a remarkable case of the belief in charms against disease and the power of the evil eye. This was in a parish in Holderness. There used to be with many an unquestioning belief in the mysterious virtue of a cross formed of the leaves of the rowan-tree in the cure of disease.

In this parish there lived a widow in one of the poor-houses. She came one day to the rectory, and asked if she might be allowed to pick some leaves, exactly as the clock struck twelve, from a rowan-tree which stood in front of the house. She assured the rector's wife that if the leaves were put together in the form of a cross, and worn by any one who was weak or suffering, it would soon restore them to perfect health. Permission was readily granted, and the leaves were gathered at the correct time. However, as the poor woman was turning away her heart seemed to fail her, and she asked whether, if the first cross did not succeed, she might send her grandson to pick the leaves at midnight; for, as she went on to say, a cross formed of leaves gathered at midnight could not possibly fail.

This same widow, who was commonly known in the parish as 'the Witch', was a great sufferer from rheumatic pains. Whenever she had been the victim of a specially severe attack she was convinced that she had been 'overlooked' by an evil eye, and sometimes she attributed her aches and pains to most excellent people, quite incapable of even the slightest wish to injure her. For some months she fixed upon a highly respectable, kindly-hearted person

as the cause of her maladies, and greatly wished to draw her blood to relieve herself of them. In course of time she gave up this idea, and fixed upon a very harmless widow as responsible for them. She at last succeeded in persuading this widow to come to her to lift her up in bed, but took the opportunity while she was doing so of drawing her sharp nails across the back of her neighbour's hand and making the blood flow. The effect, however, was not so satisfactory as she desired; for when the rector visited her, and tried to make her express some sorrow for the treacherous deed, she replied that she was very sorry she had not scratched her much worse, for then she would have got well so much the sooner. Her belief was corroborated by an old man who had been her accomplice by bringing the neighbour within reach of her nails. He assured the rector that, some twenty years before, he had known very well at Withernsea a woman who was called 'the witch', and who had the power of the evil eye. After a time he got tired of her company. However, one day when he was on the sands she came upon him unexpectedly, and made a violent assault upon him. In self defence he put out his hand and accidentally touched her on the nose, from which the blood poured out freely. 'Whether you believe me or not,' he went on to say, 'four people in that neighbourhood, one of them a farmer's wife, got well that very day.'

Frank Pattison, the youngest brother of Mark Pattison, was a thorough Yorkshireman, and deeply interested in all that pertained to the county, especially its dialect and folk-lore. He was a frequent correspondent of mine about the end of my time at Newton on Ouse, and for some years afterwards.

He once sent me the following account of a supposed cure for whooping cough which was actually performed on two ladies, when children, who were great friends of his, and the wives of great friends also, so that the account is thoroughly well authenticated. These ladies before

their marriage lived at a place on the borders of the North and East Ridings.

When they were very young children the eldest of the two sisters perfectly well remembered an epidemic of whooping cough in the district. As a prophylactic they were taken out of their beds in the middle of the night, and in their night-dresses placed on a donkey on the cross on his back, with their faces to the tail. I have heard of a similar *modus operandi* being resorted to as a cure for measles, only in this case the ritual was more elaborate, for besides the child being placed on the donkey in the way described, three hairs were drawn from the animal's tail, put into a bag, and slung round the child's neck; it was then made to go up and down a certain distance on the sands nine times, and while it was in motion a thistle was held over the child's head.

Several of my elderly parishioners had a firm belief in the existence of fairies; one old man in particular I remember who used to speak of them and their movements in the most matter of fact kind of way; how they 'flitted' from one place to another, and how they liked some places better than others, mentioning a certain mound, which he described, to which they were specially partial.

Another instance of one, though not a parishioner of mine, whose belief in fairies was implicit, was told me by a friend who lived near the Yorkshire moors. This case was an old woman who said she had not only seen fairies but had also smelt them. She spoke of their motions with minuteness. The particular odour resulting from their presence was accounted for by my friend in explaining the old woman's impressions by the sudden gushes of hot air one sometimes meets with in a hilly country during the summer days.

On the subject of witchcraft a large number of learned treatises have been written, the latest that I have heard of being *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, by Miss Margaret A. Murray. In mediæval and later times an appalling

number of innocent victims must have been burnt as witches. The latest recorded case took place just two hundred years ago (1722) in Scotland. In England a woman was tried and convicted for witchcraft, but not executed, so comparatively recently as 1712.

Only on one occasion during my incumbency at Newton was the old institution called the 'Riding the Stang' brought into operation so far as I know. This custom, which I have no doubt dates from a very remote past, was a mild form of Yorkshire lynch law, directed against those who took to beating their wives—a practice which was much more frequent in my boyhood than it was when I was at Newton. Now, happily, one scarcely ever hears of such brutality. We are now living in the age of women's rights! This deterrent had a very salutary effect in former days; as an old man once said naïvely to me 'Folks hardly durst beat their wives i' them days.' Instead of stringing the offender up to the nearest tree as Judge Lynch might have done, he is publicly denounced for three nights in succession in the following fashion. A cart with a long pole (called a *stang*) in it, on which is placed an effigy of the offender made up of straw, &c., is drawn up and down the village street by lads and men, a horn being blown the while, accompanied by loud shouting and jeering. At length on the third night the cart is pulled up opposite the offender's house, where the 'nominy' is recited recounting the man's offences. When this is finished, amid wild excitement, the effigy is burnt in the street accompanied by a bonfire. Sometimes if a cart could not be had, a *stee* (ladder) is used instead on which the effigy is placed, with the spokesman behind it, and carried shoulder high through the village.

The nominy or doggerel was somewhat as follows :

Ran a dan dan, I ride the stang ;
 It's neither your cause nor my cause that I ride the
 stang,
 It's for Mr. Buckshinned Baker, his wife he did bang.

Oh ! he bang'd her, he bang'd her, he bang'd her indeed ;
 He bang'd this poor woman before she stood need.
 He took neither stick, stake, nor stower ;
 But he up with his neef (fist) and knocked her back'ards
 way ower
 Upstairs aback o' t' bed.
 There he brayed her while (till) she bled ;
 Downstairs aback o' t' door,
 There he brayed her while her back was soor
 T' poor thing was sa scar'd 'at sha ran wi' a fullock,
 And wi' t' cowlrake he then knocked her down like a
 bullock,
 Sha oppen'd her mooth, an' sha let oot a yowp,
 An' he bazzack'd her while sha was stiff as a stowp.
 Noo all you good people who live in this raw,
 We'll 'ev you tak nooatice 'at this is oor law ;—
 If any o' you husbands your wives you do bang,
 We'll get on this stee, an' we'll ride you a stang.

In some of the variants of the nominy which I have seen the language takes a coarser form, which precludes me from here quoting them. In the above form the dialect would be broader, as used ; but as I here give it, it will be easily understood.

It is quite conceivable that this old custom may have arisen when the administration of justice in the Manorial Courts became less effective than it was in earlier times. After the Middle Ages a decay in Manorial jurisdiction set in, as any one may see who studies the Manor Court Rolls of any parish at different periods ; and as time went on the inhabitants of a village would naturally seek means of their own for the redress of their grievances where the customary legal process had more or less failed. I can in no other way account for the origin of the Riding of the Stang. There was, I believe, an idea in earlier days that if they went three times round the church the proceedings became legalized.

During the whole of my time at Newton my relations with the parishioners were of the happiest kind. The parish church was well attended, and we had a large

proportion of men especially on the Sunday mornings, so much so, indeed, that strangers often remarked upon it. Of course in a population of nearly a thousand we had some shady characters.

In the course of my ministerial duties I used to have some strange requests from young couples contemplating matrimony—I mean with regard to the publication of the Banns, or putting up the *spurrings*, as it used commonly to be called in olden days. It is a great pity that this interesting old word has been allowed to drop out of usage. I believe it is the same as the Danish word *spørge*, to ask. And even now it is quite usual for us to say that so-and-so were *asked* in church on Sunday; indeed, it is called ‘asking’ in the Prayer Book formula. These requests generally reached me rather late on a Saturday evening, the names being written on a slip of paper, and sometimes with a request that I should observe secrecy meanwhile. Here are two such :

1. ‘raif snawdon
melea watson
please to pupise these to names.’
2. ‘Henary A— of &c.
Hannah K— of &c.
to be called out at Church on Sunday please.’

The names and places in (2) were given in full. All sorts of ludicrous mistakes were made by bride and bridegroom when we came to the marriage formulary preparatory to tying the knot: the most frequent ‘cropper’ was over the words ‘I thee endow’, which often were transformed to ‘I thee and thou’; though I never had anything quite so bad as a case I once heard of, as follows : ‘With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou!’ To keep one’s countenance in such cases was a difficult matter.

Once, and only once, have I had the Banns of Marriage forbidden.

A young couple had been asked in church in the usual

way, the lad being an apprentice to a shoemaker in the village. The parents were quite agreeable for the marriage to take place. In the evening the master called at the vicarage, saying he had come to forbid the banns. I asked him on what ground; whereupon he produced a legal document out of his pocket, and asked me to read it. This was the lad's indentures, drawn up in proper legal form, and one of the terms of the agreement was that he should not contract matrimony during his apprenticeship. I told the shoemaker that I thought he would have to forbid the banns publicly in church on the following Sunday. In this, however, I was mistaken: in all such cases private notice suffices. I was in some little doubt as to whether I ought to marry the couple, for in doing so it would appear that I should be a party to the breaking of the agreement. I therefore went to York and consulted the Archdeacon, the Archbishop's Secretary, and the Registrar of the Diocese; for by refusing to marry a couple who are legally entitled to be married, a priest puts himself under very severe penalties. The authorities I consulted were by no means agreed as to what I should do; and so I wrote to the Archbishop (Thomson). The Sunday came, and I had received no reply from his Grace. The church was full of people that morning, and every one expected a scene: but the shoemaker did not appear, and all passed off as usual. But the next morning I had a letter from the Archbishop expressing regret that through losing the key of his despatch box he had not been able to reply at once, and saying, as indeed I anticipated, that I was bound to marry the couple, for I could not make myself a party for the enforcement of contracts. I duly married the pair, and left the master and his apprentice to settle their differences between themselves as best they could.

On another occasion I remember I had to marry a couple in the ordinary course of things, and after waiting for them to the utmost limit allowed by law they did not

appear, and I had to leave the church. Some time afterwards I saw the bridegroom near the church, who told me that the bride had not turned up. She had made some paltry excuse, and I discovered afterwards that the young man was well out of committing himself to that marriage contract.

One old pre-Reformation custom was continued at Newton on Ouse till within a very short time of my going there as vicar ; this was the ringing of what was called the Compline bell. No one scarcely knew the meaning of the word ; but it was rung every day twice during Lent, namely, at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. The probability is that this interesting survival represented two distinct services, while the name of only one of them lived to tell the tale.

CHAPTER X

PETER THE POACHER

ONE of my old parishioners was such a notorious and interesting character that I must devote a short chapter to him.

When first I knew Peter, now many years ago, he was in his seventy-eighth year, though to all appearance he might have been ten years younger. He was somewhat below middle height, and not, seemingly, possessed of what would be called a robust frame, though his constitution must have been one of marvellous vigour, his powers of endurance great, and his nerve a nerve of steel. He had never had so much as a headache in his life, and only once was a doctor ever called in to see him; this was when he broke his arm through falling off a wagon, and even then, severe though the fracture was, the medical practitioner was sent away almost immediately, and told that his services would be no further needed. Doctor's medicine, or 'stuff', as he somewhat contemptuously used to call it, he had never taken.

Had one met the old poacher by chance, it would have been no easy matter even to hazard a conjecture as to what his ordinary occupation in life might be. He was slouching in gait, slightly bent, and generally carried a stick nearly as tall as himself. His complexion, which reminded one of that of the old sailor, gave unmistakable signs of having been blown upon through many long days and nights of exposure by all the winds of heaven, and drenched by countless downpours of rain; but there was something in his blue eyes which told one that his home was not on the sea; for, in place of that open and far-off gaze characteristic of the sailor, there lurked an expression of excessive

wiliness and caution ; this did not repel one, since, mingled with his cunning look, there played upon his countenance at all times the keenest sense of humour ; and this, when he spoke, would often light up his face amazingly, and make one wish to continue a conversation rather than otherwise. His dress, if such it could be called, was in keeping with his visage ; it, too, had seen not a little rough weather ; and, to all outward appearance, it never varied, whatever the season might be ; heat or cold seemed to make no impression upon his hardened frame. He had a generally unkempt, rugged appearance, which harmonized well with his habits and character. Altogether there was a comical look about his person which could not fail to attract notice wherever one might meet him.

He left his native town—Richmond, in Yorkshire—when he was about four years old, and had never visited the place since ; but he assured me he could find his way without difficulty to the house where his father had lived.

When quite a lad he began to exercise himself in the use of the gun, with which he soon became a wonderfully skilful shot. The game laws were not enforced then in the way they are now. He could in those days go all over his township with dog and gun, and ‘shoot game for the farmers’, as he put it ; though what he killed on his own account is a question which probably would not bear a close investigation. ‘Were you a good shot ?’ I asked him one day casually. ‘I used to consider myself one,’ he replied. ‘What do you call being a good shot ?’ ‘To kill running or flying nineteen times out of twenty,’ he made answer. ‘Yes,’ I added, ‘I should consider a man a good shot if he could kill fifteen times out of twenty.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I could do that even now.’ Old man though he then was, I fully believe he could have proved himself as good as his word, albeit he seldom handled a gun at that time ; but his sight was as keen as ever, and he was still possessed of that marvellous nerve, which times and oft in bygone years

had stood him in such good stead, and saved him from a hundred deaths.

In what we must call his palmy days hardly a night passed that he was not out on his rounds after whatever he could get hold of by gun, net, snare, or other entanglement ; and not seldom he would pursue his 'business' in the day-time ; though these operations in broad daylight, in open defiance of all game laws, he did not deem to be 'poochin', as he expressed it ; only when they were made under cover of darkness would he admit that they came under that category at all. One of the strangest things connected with this man's career was that, though he was such a hardened and barefaced poacher, he was never once captured by keepers, though how many hairbreadth escapes he had had it would be hard to say. The following is an example of one such.

One night in the late autumn, or 'backend', as he termed it, Peter was at his old work in a neighbouring wood. I knew the place well, and a very lonesome spot it is. As usual, he had his small terrier with him, an animal on which he placed much reliance. Between them a rabbit or two were soon secured, and they were proceeding cautiously through some thick underwood by the side of a ditch, when Peter fancied he heard the movements of keepers in the distance. He stopped and listened intently, with his dog close to heel. He was not mistaken ; for he soon could just discern their outline now and again in the dim moonlight, and they were gradually coming in his direction. They must have suspected that he was in the wood, and had determined upon scouring it from end to end. Cowering quickly but noiselessly down in the ditch close by, he was able almost entirely to cover himself with leaves and the small boughs of a holly bush overhanging it. His terrier lay crouched by his side under his coat, and the two continued to listen to the keepers, whose subdued voices could occasionally be faintly heard. Peter felt certain now that they were on his track, and that they

might be at close quarters at any moment. His great fear, when they got within twenty yards or so of him, was lest his terrier should give tongue ; but so well had the animal been trained, that it kept absolutely silent and motionless. The men, or one of them, came at one time within a yard or two of his place of concealment, and almost touched him ; still the little dog stood the strain, and presently they passed on, and Peter and his terrier now breathed more freely. The keepers, however, continued their search for a considerable time longer, until, after lying in the ditch for the space of four hours, Peter heard the click of the gate at the outskirts of the wood, when he knew that the coast was at last clear. He then rose at once from his hiding place, and went quickly to the other end of the wood in the direction of the village where he dwelt. On reaching the boundary near the foot-path which he had trodden so many times before, a happy thought struck him, and he fired off his gun, just to let the keepers know that he had given them the slip, and made off home with his rabbits in his pocket.

As might be supposed, Peter had had endless opportunities both by day and night for studying wild nature's ways ; and these opportunities had not been lost upon him. There were few animals, birds, or fishes in the district whose haunts and habits he was not thoroughly familiar with ; in this respect he was not unlike Thomas Edward, the famous Scottish naturalist. His own favourite haunt when I knew him was the bank of the river, every yard of which he knew for far enough, and the bed of the river almost as well as its banks : he had made it a special study, for at this time he earned the chief part of his livelihood by fishing for eels, with which the River Ouse abounded ; and in this art, as in everything else he put his hand to, he was most successful. In manipulating his lines, in preparing and in throwing them, he seemed never to make a mistake, and his ' creeper ', or barbed drag, by which the lines were drawn up, always fell at every cast where he

intended it to fall. It was a treat to watch him, as I have done on many occasions.

One summer evening, as I was returning from a long walk to the extremity of the parish, I made a slight *détour* in order to follow the bank of the river, and presently I fell in with the 'old hand' busily engaged with his eel-lines; so I stopped and observed him closely. We soon got into conversation, and I remarked upon his accurate knowledge of the course and features of the river. 'Yes,' he said, 'many a time I have swum across this river at night.' This was news to me. 'So you can swim,' I observed; whereupon he gave me a knowing look, as much as to say, 'I should rather think I could.' He had learnt to swim when he was six years old by being thrown into the water, and he could dive like a duck. He then went on to tell me of an adventure he had had near the spot where we were standing, about twenty years previously. He was out poaching one bright moonlight night on some well-known preserves which lay on the other side of the river, and were for a considerable distance bounded by it. Many a time before, he had been there on a similar errand, but never, either before or since, had he been placed in such an awkward predicament. He had not been engaged on his operations very long, though long enough to have caught a couple of hares, when two keepers, who had been watching him, suddenly emerged from the hedge only a short distance in front of him. Owing to the nature of the ground and the position of the keepers, there was but one possible way of escape. The keepers, who knew their ground as well as their man, at once made for him. Peter, instantly seeing that his only place of safety was on the other side of the river, ran towards it as quickly as his legs would carry him. There was not a moment for deliberation, for his pursuers were within a hundred yards or so of him. He had his gun with him, and other minor implements of destruction. Holding the gun in his left hand, and with a hare in each of his capacious pockets, he plunged into

the water. He was only just in time ; a few seconds more, and the keepers would have been upon him. The undertaking was a perilous one. Splendid swimmer though he was, he was by no means certain that he would be able to reach the opposite bank, with his 'impedimenta', in safety. Though he struggled desperately with the current, his progress was slow. At this point the river must have been about twenty yards across, and ten feet deep in the middle, and one would have thought that any one in such circumstances would have thrown away his gun, or at least have abandoned the two hares. But the former, as an old friend, Peter would not part with ; while, to my suggestion as to sacrificing the two hares, he replied promptly, ' Ah ! but I wasn't going to leave my stuff ! ' So, making his way inch by inch with gun, hares, and all, he battled with the stream, and such were his powers of endurance and his skill in swimming that he actually reached the other side in safety, though all but exhausted, without the loss of any of his goods.

Peter was at home *in* the river, almost as much as he was on its banks. On two or three occasions he had pulled drowned men out of the water, one of whom, he told me, had been submerged no one knew exactly where, for some days ; but he had dived in search of him, and at last discovered the body, and somehow contrived to bring it to the bank.

Another valuable quality which our hero possessed was one which has been already alluded to, namely, his marvellous steadiness of nerve. An episode which I will now mention would of itself suffice to give proof of this. Not half a mile from Peter's abode is the last lock on the river Ouse above the city of York. Close beside it stands the weir, over the wall of which the whole volume of the water of the Ouse runs : on the top of this wall the current, though not deep, has tremendous force, and dashes down into the boiling pool below, where, amid the huge stones, the best swimmer in the world would not have a chance.

Peter's hunting ground lay sometimes on one, sometimes on the other side of the river. There is no bridge here, though a boat could generally be had to convey you across. But sometimes it was not available when Peter specially required it, and so the only way of reaching the other side was either by swimming, or crossing over the top of the wall of the weir. On this occasion Peter chose the latter alternative. To do this looks comparatively easy ; but, in reality, to any one who is not possessed of the steadiest nerves, the risk of failure is very great. The surface of the masonry is fairly smooth, and there is one, and only one, way of performing the task of crossing without the greatest peril, and that is by never raising the feet from the stone walling ; but sliding or shuffling them along by very short steps, somewhat after the manner of a decrepit old man. Once raise your feet out of the water, and you are almost certain to lose your balance and be thrown headlong into the raging flood below. How many times Peter had crossed the river in this fashion I cannot say, but he certainly did so on this occasion, and any one on looking at the place would see on reflection what extraordinary steadiness and caution are required to carry one over safely, and what fatal results a single false step would involve. In relating this to me, Peter, I remember, did not speak of it as an achievement of special difficulty to himself.

One more instance of Peter's aquatic powers I will give, which well shows his resourcefulness under a sudden emergency. Our old friend, if the truth must be told, was by no means an unfamiliar figure in the public-houses in the neighbourhood. In one of these he had been imbibing till a late hour. His way home lay on the opposite side of the river, which could generally be crossed at this village by means of a ferry-boat ; but the ferryman, like other mortals, needed his night's repose, and he had retired to rest at his usual hour : it was a considerable time after this that Peter emerged from his favourite haunt, and pro-

ceeded homewards. He reached the river, which must somehow be crossed. This presented no sort of difficulty to him, he simply swam over it. This, however, was the least part of the story. When he had given me his account of the event, I remarked that he must have had a miserable walk home—a distance of at least two miles—in his wet clothes. ‘No,’ he replied, ‘I had not,’ and on my interrogating him further on that point, it seemed that on reaching the ferry he divested himself of every stitch of clothing, except his cap, rolled up his things carefully, boots and all, and by some ingenious contrivance he fixed the bundle securely on the top of his head, and when he reached the other side not so much as a drop of water had touched his clothes. After a few minutes he dressed himself, and walked home as if nothing had happened.

Few could play any sort of trick upon Peter without their suffering in some way or other for it afterwards, though the attempt to take him in would sometimes be made by the unwary. The only chance of catching him napping was when he was under the influence of drink. On one such occasion he had been drinking at a certain public-house not far from another public House of a wholly different character, namely, the parish church. Peter having fallen into a profound sleep, four of the company present entered into a conspiracy to carry him to the churchyard hard by, which they did, then and there; laid him down, and left him. On coming to his more sober senses, he instantly took in the situation, returned in anything but good humour to the inn, and demanded of the landlord who those were who had done this thing. In course of time, but not without some wrangling, the names of the guilty parties were ascertained; whereupon Peter gave utterance to this threatening announcement, the meaning of which was not perhaps at the first moment fully understood—‘Noo mahnd if ah deeant a’e ti hug them’—(‘Now mind if I do not have to carry them’). In the space of a year or two, if not less, first one and then

another of these four men died, and were buried in the same churchyard where Peter himself had been laid by them, and at the funeral of each of them he acted as one of the bearers.

All was game that came within the range of Peter's gun, with which he made great havoc among certain wild birds whenever he had a chance. He once described to me a day's sport he had had in shooting wood pigeons. He happened to be doing some work on a farm on the borders of the parish where he lived, when he noticed a tree covered with these birds. The farmer said he would never get near them. But Peter knew better. Accordingly, he sent for an extra supply of powder and shot, and proceeded to make himself a sort of hut of hazel boughs and some old straw. When all was completed, which it was very expeditiously and cleverly, he lay hidden in his covert. He had not long to wait before a number of the birds came within range. He brought down six at the first shot. Four of them he fixed on forked sticks on the ground, and made them appear as though feeding: these shortly attracted others. He brought down four at the second shot, and so he went on, seldom killing less than two birds at each shot, until he had bagged eighty-five. These he sold at fourpence apiece. The method he adopted on this occasion was, no doubt, the one usually followed for such a purpose; but he was most skilful in these operations, beyond any other I have ever come across; and he extended the principle for the capture of many birds of other kinds in the depth of winter, making for himself a hut of snow to entrap the unwary snipe, with whose haunts and habits he was thoroughly familiar. In this way he could shoot large numbers of these and other birds of like nature, in a certain 'gote', or narrow watercourse, which he described to me, when the weather was severe and their other favourite resorts were frozen over.

The chief part of Peter's day's work was generally performed between two o'clock in the morning and sunrise,

so that he would get the best of his sleep when ordinary mortals were awake and abroad at their daily tasks. Early rising was natural to him. Once in his later years he had occasion to go to the County Hospital for a short time for special treatment due to an accident, and on his return I questioned him as to how he had fared there. He told me that he had been well looked after, though he had never been so long in his life before without indulging in a glass of beer. Of his treatment he had only one complaint to make, which was the somewhat unusual one that he was not allowed to get up before six in the morning ! This he looked upon as a great hardship.

His eyesight must by long use have adapted itself wonderfully to the grey light of the early dawn, as well as to the pale rays of the moon. It was no uncommon thing for him to get half a dozen hares and as many rabbits in a couple of hours or so before the sun was up. On one of these happy mornings he lay secreted behind a hedge, when he saw two hares running down the road together ; he raised his gun and when they got within convenient distance he made a sound, at which they instantly stopped and raised themselves on their hind legs, as hares will do when alarmed, and at one shot he rolled them both over ; or, as he expressed it, ' he let them feel it '. Though he had killed so many of these animals in his time, he never by any chance partook of their flesh as food ; it always ' physicked ' him, as he expressed it. His favourite dish was eels ; but he was particular about the cooking of them : he had a method of his own for this purpose, and he always performed the operation himself.

How it came about that Peter was never caught red-handed in any of his poaching raids is little short of a miracle. It can only be accounted for by the fact of his general alertness and adroit ways, his wonderfully quick eyesight and hearing, aided perhaps at times by a certain amount of luck. He was up to all kinds of cunning dodges to throw his pursuers off the scent. On one occasion, for

instance, when some keepers were on the look out for him, he knew perfectly well that they would try and watch him go towards a particular wood. Accordingly, he gave his coat, which was easily recognizable by two red patches on it, to a youth of about the same build as himself, directing him to this wood, while he himself sat comfortably in the public-house drinking his ale. The ruse was, of course, entirely effective.

When quite a young man Peter had his fortune told. Among other things he was then informed that he would live to see his hundredth year : this he fully believed he would do, and sometimes alluded to it. The prediction, however, was not quite borne out by the event, though he did live to be well over ninety, at which good old age he had to submit to a power which none of us can withstand, and for the second time his body was carried to the churchyard of the parish where his interesting figure had been a familiar one for so many years. Certain it is that we shall never look upon his like again. To one possessed of a strong spirit of adventure there must be something fascinating in the life of a poacher such as our old friend Peter. I wish very much I could have written his life, as I once suggested to him so to do ; but he did not rise to the idea, though he would not admit that he had ever done anything to be ashamed of : he had never, to use his own words, ' killed anybody and never robbed anybody '. It was only by ' habs and nabs ', as we say, that I was able to elicit the few facts that I have here set down.

CHAPTER XI

WILLIAM KINGSLEY

ONE of the most remarkable and interesting men I ever met was the late Rev. William Kingsley, for many years Rector of South Kilvington, near Thirsk. I first became acquainted with him when I visited his school as Diocesan Inspector in the early seventies. It was a delight and a privilege to be brought in contact with such a striking personality. His very appearance was distinguished. No one could pass him in the street without noticing him. He was a Northumbrian by birth; and although delicate in his early years he lived to reach the surprising age of 101 years; he was born June 28, 1815; and died July 3, 1916.

Mr. Kingsley is a difficult man to describe at all completely because he could do so many things; and everything he did he did well. But when I say that he was a close friend of John Ruskin, who placed great reliance on his artistic judgement; and that he was also a personal friend of J. M. W. Turner, and owned some of Turner's best paintings, it will be at once perceived in what direction Kingsley's main tastes and talents lay. He had in an eminent degree a talent for drawing and water-colour painting. Dr. E. W. Naylor, in a short memoir that he wrote of William Kingsley, tells us that he had in his house a large water-colour by Mr. Kingsley which he painted before he left Cambridge in 1859, and which might easily be taken for a real Turner, were it not for its large size. Moreover, when he was over eighty years of age he found a scrap of paper on which Turner had made a sketch of Conway Castle, indicating various colours, &c. Mr. Kingsley at once sat down and painted the proposed 'Turner' himself.

His relations with Ruskin were very intimate. In the

catalogue of Ruskin's munificent artistic gifts to Oxford and Cambridge, Kingsley alludes to his friend's great generosity, and at the foot of the page containing this allusion Ruskin makes the following note: 'I should scarcely have passed this paragraph unless it had given me pleasant occasion to note that the "Mossdale Fall" at Cambridge, and the Lowther sketches at Oxford were originally Mr. Kingsley's own gifts to me, parted with as indeed the best educational drawings in my collection.' Another note of Ruskin's on a sketch by Turner of a Jay, ran thus: 'The most wonderful piece of water-colour work at speed I have. It was given me by Mr. W. Kingsley, with many and many a precious thing besides.' From the same source we learn something from Kingsley's friendship with Turner which is well worth repeating. Kingsley had made the remark that 'the want of power in a certain painter to depict what was not before him showed a want of genius'. To which Turner replied vehemently, 'I know of no genius but the genius of hard work.' This remark of Turner's reminds me of one which was made many years ago by no less a man than the late Lord Kelvin, who, as Sir William Thomson, in his presidential address to the Royal Society in 1871, gave utterance to these words: 'Accurate and minute measurement seems to the non-scientific imagination a less lofty and dignified work than looking for something new. But nearly all the grandest discoveries of science have been but the rewards of accurate measurement and patient, long-continued labour in the minute sifting of numerical results.'

I always looked forward to my annual visits to South Kilvington School with great pleasure, for it generally meant a night or two under Mr. Kingsley's hospitable roof; and in later years when I was living at Newton on Ouse my visits were of longer duration. In spite of his extreme deafness, which was due, not to old age, but was the result of a severe fever he caught at Munich in early manhood, his company was always most delightful and illuminating. He had known so many distinguished people, visited so

many places, had so many tastes and hobbies, that one was never at a loss for conversational topics.

He bore his deafness with exemplary patience, and it never seemed to have the smallest effect upon his cheerfulness. Sometimes when sitting at table or elsewhere, and the conversation became exceptionally lively and amusing, and ripples of laughter went round the board, Mr. Kingsley's countenance would not move a muscle; but at the end of the story, or whatever it was, Mrs. Kingsley would jump up from her seat and pour forth the joke into her husband's ear, when he would generally have another to cap it, or something interesting or amusing to relate.

He was not only an artist in the ordinary sense of the word; he could do a great many other things well besides draw and paint. He was a skilful fisherman, and made his own rods and flies. He was an excellent carpenter and something of a blacksmith. He made boats which were used not only for sailing on lakes and rivers but also on the broad seas. He was a good mathematician, was well up in Natural Science, and was one of the earliest examiners in that subject at Cambridge. He was at one period given to photography, and was said to have been the first person to photograph on to a block, for engraving and publication in a book. He did a great deal of fine work in wood-carving, and possessed a vast number of tools for that purpose, and he was able to temper them by his dining-room fire.

He had an excellent garden, and thoroughly understood horticulture generally, and grafting in particular, at which he was a great adept.

For many years he examined in drawing for the army examinations, and for South Kensington, all of which work he performed with the greatest care and conscientiousness. In his later years as an army examiner the authorities at the War Office wished to have the results of the examinations made known earlier than heretofore. Kingsley told them it could not be done satisfactorily in less time. They then said they would give him an assistant examiner. To this

suggestion he very unwillingly assented. It turned out that the assistant was more of a hindrance than a help to him, and on the next occasion he did the work again single-handed.

He had a great dislike of 'red tape', and in dealing with the military and educational authorities in London he came in contact with a good deal of it. He told me of an amusing instance of this. He had occasion during one of his examinations for the Government to do a certain amount of travelling, and therefore had to keep an account of all railway and other items of expenditure.

In his return, one of these items was entered thus ; ' Porter, 6*d.*' Shortly afterwards he received an official letter stating that ' liquid refreshment ' was not paid for on these occasions. To this Kingsley replied by way of explanation that ' Porter, 6*d.*' meant the man who carried his bag, and that he received 6*d.* for his pains ; and he politely inquired how he ought to have expressed himself. He was then informed by another official letter that the proper phrase would be ' Portage 6*d.*' After this correction the sixpence was duly paid. After a time Kingsley had an opportunity of wiping off this score against him with the same official. Carefully following the instructions given him, he had on this occasion to hire a cab ; accordingly he made the entry ' Cabbage, 3*s.* 6*d.*' in his return of expenses. After this the probability is that he was never again troubled in this way.

Frequently have I heard him complain of the poor work done by the candidates for admission to Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c., in these examinations in Drawing. At the conclusion of one of his examinations, after showing a friend a list of the candidates, he said : ' Here's the list of candidates in order of merit : and I am just writing a letter to " My Lords " to tell 'em they can choose their men from which end they like, for they can none of 'em either draw *or* paint.' In his earlier years he was one of the Inspectors of Military Schools ; after which he was Examiner in Drawing

to the Council of Military Education till 1885, and for the Civil Service Commission for fifty years. If all his Reports could be collected and printed, they would go a considerable way towards forming an interesting and valuable treatise on the elements of Drawing and Perspective.

On more than one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley paid us a visit when I was Rector of Nunburnholme. On one of these visits I took him down to our Village School, thinking he would be able to give some valuable hints to our master on drawing. It so happened that just before this visit the Board of Education had issued an illustrated syllabus on the subject of Drawing in Schools. Our Master showed Mr. Kingsley a copy of it, and after looking through it he said he had seen it before, and turned at once to a drawing of an anchor, which he criticized severely, remarking that it was impossible to tell which fluke you were intended to consider the nearer to you. He ended by saying 'When I reach home I will write to London about it'; but I never heard what came of it. In a long series of letters which in the course of years I have had from Kingsley there are several in which he alludes to the subject of drawing; and in one of these he makes mention of these said Drawing sheets issued by the Board of Education. In a letter, for instance, under date January 28, 1902, he writes thus of this same picture of the anchor.

'I find several places in the Drawing Book against which I should set bad marks; for instance, the anchor: which fluke is the nearest? And what are the true lengths of the arms, if these are in correct perspective? Then, the leaves are never put on to the stems in the way nature does. The middle chair in the room is quite out. As the figures are the same, and are standing in parallel planes, the line joining any two points in one, and that corresponding to it in the other must have the same vanishing point. Try the points, and you see they are false. I am not surprised at this as neither in R. Ac^y or in Science and Art is perspective correctly taught.

'I had got a small class of my own boys making good

progress in the sort of drawing that would be of use to carpenters, smiths, drainers, &c.; but a Colonel sent by S. Kensington told me to stop, as the grant would be cut down if I did not do as S. Kensington required; so I shut up.

'I am quite sure that for real drawing the pupil must *stand* to his work, and draw on large scale, and *slowly*. The best teaching I have come across was in the Duke of York's School, where the master gave a big sheet of brown or grey paper and a stick of charcoal, and another of chalk, and made the boys try to draw, first a cube in light and shade, making a drawing of it himself, and then pointing out to each his failures, finally dusting all off, and starting again. I do not believe in doing brush work till the finer point is fairly mastered. The brush work in the book is coarse, and I think such practice would ruin drawing like thumping on the P.F. In our little country schools very little can be done, and I shall leave our mistress to use her own discretion.'

I have given these details because they are of educational value, and therefore worth preserving.

Mr. Kingsley was devoted to children, although he had none of his own; he was, moreover, a great educationalist; not a mere theorizer on education; but all his ideas on that great subject took a practical turn. He frequently gave object lessons in his school.

Here is his own account of one of them.

'I am trying to make "object lessons" of some use, and have got the Inspector's leave to go my own way.¹ My idea is for the children to know one thing pretty thoroughly before going to another, and about four in a year should be enough. I have been teaching them *Feet*, and find how little they observe by themselves. I offered coppers for right answers to a very simple question, with two days to look about, and got only one prizeman; so I gave another and promised a bit of cane to all who did not answer correctly, and I had no failures: so much for Solomon!'

¹ This inspector must have been exceptionally sensible. As a rule they, and especially the juniors, were too fond of airing their own educational hobbies.

In these lessons he drew attention to the wide difference there is in the feet of ducks, sheep, flies, &c.

In a letter to me dated April 11, 1900, Kingsley says, speaking of the 'New Code':

'I am sure the "New Code" is a step in the right direction, and I shall be glad to have some talk with you about practical scholastics. I can easily supply the boys with spades; but where are they to get ground to dig? I can use some of the children to pick off gooseberry "oobits", and do good in two ways, and if the boys learn to fight wasp nests, they will have got a good way towards fighting Boers. But then comes the difficulty of time tables.'

In order to get through his Army examination work with as little interruption as possible he used to spend several weeks every year in North Wales. Writing to me from Capel Curig in June 1896, he says, alluding to modern Church building: 'I preached yesterday a sort of curse on the memory of Bishop Campbell, for encouraging his clergy to pull down the old simple Churches that fitted into the scenery like big stones, and replacing them with flaunting meeting-houses. The people needed the old ones to remind them that their Church was as old as the hills, and not of the same date as dissent.' In this same letter, speaking of his examination work, he says: 'People who do not know what examining is think it is merely mechanical and have no idea of the mental worry of deciding upon relative merit.'

It was during this same visit to Wales that he gave me an amusing account of the music at a certain Church that he attended. It was a very stormy day, and he and a friend had to drive through the snow to a little Church high up on the hills. The music consisted of dolorous sounds accompanied by a flute. After service, the Churchwarden, with whom they dined, apologized for the poorness of the music, giving as a reason that the man who played the *tambourine* was ill! This Churchwarden was the agent for

some of the largest landowners in the district, and the Government Surveyor under the Drainage Act, and so was not an uneducated man.

Having been born so near the beginning of the last century many of Mr. Kingsley's early reminiscences were highly interesting. I remember his once telling me, in speaking of the great difference there is in all wild life since his boyhood, that in those early days he could buy oysters for 1½d. per 100, the said hundred meaning six score ! He added that he could not reproach himself with neglecting his privileges in that respect. He also remembered the days when prisoners lowered stockings for coppers.

He also used to say that he felt sure there is much less real religion in the world than there was in his early days, though we have now much more outward seemliness.

On organs and organ-building Kingsley was an authority, and had a thoroughly practical knowledge of their mechanism. He had a large organ in his little church at South Kilvington, an excellent instrument, but out of all proportion to the requirements of such a building. I believe he made certain parts of it himself. In speaking of the York Minster organ he told me of the disastrous effects produced by gas and stoves upon that and other instruments. He said the Dean would be lucky if the new work lasted forty years. The sulphuric acid given off by gas and stoves destroys both leather and brass, of which there is necessarily a large quantity ; the leather becomes quite rotten, and the brass, even when not visibly corroded, loses its temper, and so the reeds require new tongues. People in the Minster do not feel the fumes, because they go up aloft ; but the organ catches them. Thirty years is as long as leather and brass can last in such an atmosphere. When the good people of Beverley wrote to Pugin asking him the best way of warming their minster he replied, '*Devotion.*'

In speaking of the special services that were held in our churches after the death of Queen Victoria, Kingsley said he remembered the death of George III, but that there were

no such services then, he felt sure ; and certainly not at the deaths of his successors.

Mr. Kingsley was twice married ; his first wife died only a few days after their marriage. His second wife, who was the youngest daughter of the Rev. T. Barker, Rector of Thirkleby near Thirsk, survived her husband by about a year, and died at the age of ninety. One of her sisters was the wife of Tom Taylor the dramatist, and editor of *Punch*. They knew many notabilities, and among them Tennyson, of whom Mrs. Kingsley related to me an amusing episode.

One day Tennyson called at their house when Tom Taylor and his wife happened to be out. The parlour-maid had not been very long with them, and when Tennyson came he was wearing his heavy cloak and his large soft hat, which were not common then. The maid thought he might be a burglar in disguise, and when he asked to go into the drawing-room to write a note, she demurred, but suggested that he might come into her own special pantry, and she offered him a page out of one of her account books, and kept her eye on him, as she had the silver in that pantry. When the Taylors came in shortly after, they found Tennyson writing on a tall stool, and 'Maria' keeping guard over him. When Mrs. Taylor apologized for the maid, Tennyson said he was thinking what a good, faithful young woman she was.

Mrs. Kingsley lamented to me what a pity it was her sister had not kept that note as an autograph of the poet, which is one that was always specially difficult to procure ; but before that afternoon was over a friend called and begged for it.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Kingsley did not write more than he did. In his old age he once told me that he had been trying to write a book which he ought to have written years ago ; but he said he found his brains shrunk, and he got aground, where a few years before all was plain sailing. But his manual work and memory at that time appear to have been remarkably good, for he told me that

he had just then almost finished a boat that he had been building, and that he had also 'been impudent', as he put it, and had made his large drawing of Conway Castle from memory. This drawing I have frequently seen, and a wonderful achievement it is of art and memory combined.

He always took the greatest interest in all that pertained to organs, especially their mechanism. He never thought the tone of the modern organs equal to that of the older ones, though his imperfect hearing may in part have led him to that conclusion. Still I believe there is a good deal of truth in what he said on the subject. In one of his letters to me he writes :

'The old Salisbury and our own are pretty nearly all left of the old tone. The organ is a very imperfect instrument, and the tone of good pipes does not admit of jerking, and all these pneumatic actions do jerk. *Legato* is the rule for organ playing, and the modern P.F. playing is detestable. Old J. S. B(ach) had no pneumatics, and his music is full enough and melodic enough for an angel, though not for a demon.'

Kingsley's information about Turner was always interesting and enlightening. Turner once said that he ought to know something about sunrises, since for about thirty years he had never missed seeing one when it was possible to do so. For this purpose he had a little sort of observatory rigged up on the top of his house. And so, whatever there was to be seen at sunrise he saw it. His physique was remarkable ; he was little in stature, but broad-shouldered, and his arms tapered off to small hands, which no doubt aided him in executing the wonderfully delicate and refined work noticeable in his paintings.

Through Mr. Kingsley's intervention I was able some years ago to pay a visit to Farnley Hall and saw the Fawkes Collection of Turners, which is, I suppose, the largest and best private collection in the country. But a single visit to such a collection is only bewildering : one needs dozens

of visits to appreciate to any extent the wonderful power and beauty of these works of art. In speaking of the Farnley Fawkes collection in one of his letters Kingsley says :

‘ The last time I went over I took most of my own over, as I intended, for a pleasant sight for Mrs. Fawkes ; but they killed the whole room, the low tone *throughout* makes it impossible to see how low it is, till the higher pitch is put alongside. A single drawing lets one see at once the low tone of colour. I saw last August [1898] a very lovely one, belonging to another member of the family, which used to be rather a bright one when in the old drawing room, but coming straight from Wales the deliberately low tone was very striking. I hope you saw the birds’ heads. Ruskin told me if he had the pick of the whole collection the dead Ring-dove would be the first he would take. I could not make up my mind so easily.’

Mr. Kingsley had no high opinion of art teaching at our Universities. He said in a letter to me once : ‘ Our Universities are, I fear, becoming mere trade teachers. I expect soon to hear that the Slade Professor will lecture on the price of works of art, so as to give the students hints for dealing in such things.’

His constitution was so good that he was able to perform his own clerical duties single-handed until he was about ninety. But about that period he looked out for a curate to help him, and eventually he succeeded in meeting with one to suit him ; though some little time before a man offered to be his curate without payment. This, however, Kingsley thought was rather too good. And his instinct on this occasion stood him in good stead, for another Rector took the man, and, to rid the parish of him, had to resign his benefice.

Being a native of Northumberland Kingsley took much interest in the old speech and customs of that county. He used to allude from time to time to an old ceremony common in his boyhood, called a Braule. This, he thought, originated in the Scottish Court among other French

importations. This old dance was interesting from the effect it had on musical form. On his last visit to Northumberland he tried to revive his memory of this old custom, and to recover the old tune and patter. The ceremony was supposed to cure flatulence: the 'patient' was surrounded, and each of the group laid hold of a lock of his hair with the right hand; and then, with the time marked with a stamp, the whole circle danced round repeating a patter in verses, the opening words being, 'A braule, a braule, ae Craigie's horn.' When the first stanza was complete, the direct motion stopped, and each turned round, and laid hold of the hair with the left hand, and then the rotation became retrograde for the next stanza, and then again direct for the third, at the end of which each of the circle pulled at his lock of hair as if he intended to keep it. The 'patient', of course, had to revolve as the spokes, and it was a matter of interest to him that the spokes kept time. Mr. Kingsley told me he did his best to recover the chant, but in vain. Had he succeeded, the find would have been a highly interesting one to musicians.

George Stephenson and Thomas Bewick are the two men of whom Newcastle-on-Tyne may well be proud; though the former, as Kingsley once informed me, was not the actual father of locomotives, but the adopter of an unsteady cousin's inventions. That cousin when Kingsley was a very little boy made an electric telegraph: he had a board with the alphabet in covered recesses, and the cover of any letter moved aside by the electric action: in the 1851 Exhibition his plan was exhibited as something new: three wires by their combinations did all the work. He paid Kingsley a great compliment when he went to Cambridge: he said 'It is wasting a smith.' He had taught him to file flat, a feat that few smiths can accomplish, and still less in these days, when such work is done by planing machines.

During his declining years, after his deafness had increased, Kingsley found great pleasure in looking through

his fine collection of Bewick's engravings; the best of these Miss Bewick had presented to him after her father's death. Frequently when staying at South Kilvington Rectory I have pored over these amazing productions for hours with Mr. Kingsley. The strange thing about them is that you may examine them twenty times, and on the twenty-first you will see something that you had not before observed, so rich and delicate is the craftsmanship in them. Now that wood engraving is practically a lost art these exquisite achievements of Bewick cannot fail to increase in estimation. Of course, in these finely executed woodcuts everything depends for their full effect upon their being carefully printed; too much ink upon the block will quite spoil the impression, and the finer lines cannot be seen.

When I was Rector of Nunburnholme I received a parcel by post one morning in the winter of 1908. This was a present of a valuable edition of Bewick's Birds from my friend Mr. Kingsley. The following letter accompanied it. The letter was undated, but as I received it on the 12th of December, 1908, it was presumably written the previous day:

‘S. Kilvington,
[December 11, 1908.]

‘My dear Morris,

In putting my house in order I have to think of my Bewicks. This is a good copy of the 1800 Edⁿ without letterpress; and I feel assured it cannot be in better hands than yours; so accept it in memory of very pleasant meetings, and as a tribute to your Father's work . . . you will find pencil notes, which you can remove with bread.

Your old friend,
W. KINGSLEY.

An. aet. 93.

‘N.B.—In the Library at Wallington is a copy of this edⁿ, and in it a letter by Bewick in reply to one asking for a similar copy of the Water Birds; in it he says he had so small a sale for this Edition that he did not intend to go on with the Water Birds. Only twenty-four copies were printed. He did, however, complete his own copy. The 4th Editions have no lettering, and are far inferior to this.’

Although Kingsley was 93 when he was 'putting his house in order' at this time, he survived for about eight years longer.

This edition Bewick himself printed in order that the impressions might be as perfect as possible. Kingsley once took this copy to show a well-known London publisher the great superiority of the impressions to those of a new edition which this same publisher was bringing out. The publisher offered Kingsley a complete set of his new edition consisting of four volumes for this one, which offer was promptly declined, and Kingsley told him he would not give it him for the whole of his edition, if it were 400 volumes.

The craze for acquiring first editions of well-known books in these days is one which needs discernment. There is little sense in it unless the books are illustrated, in which case the impressions are of course brighter and crisper than those in later editions. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, to which I have referred, there is a marked difference in the clearness of Tenniel's illustrations in the early as compared with the later editions, and in the case of books illustrated with woodcuts like Bewick's the difference is intensified. For instance, the finest part of his work in the case of the owls and the grebes, and still more perhaps in that of the Greater Spotted Woodpecker, is completely lost in the later editions. Kingsley once showed this special 1800 edition to the *Punch* engravers, and they thought the cut of this Woodpecker the most wonderful of all.

To Kingsley's suggestion that his pencil notes should be rubbed out I turned a deaf ear; for coming as they do from such an art critic, they add greatly to the interest of the volume. He had many talks with Ruskin anent Bewick. On one occasion when Kingsley was staying with him Ruskin picked out the cut of the Red Grouse to show his mother as a good example of the artist's work. But, as Kingsley remarked to me, it would not be easy to say which was the most wonderful of the birds. The Egret is really

one of the best, but it is so difficult to print that it is rarely seen as Bewick intended. Wood engravers judge of them very differently from naturalists. Kingsley said he had seen but one good copy of the *Fables*, and it was a cheap one on thin paper. Our modern presses cannot print them.

One of the very best of the cuts is the Willow Wren. Opposite this Kingsley wrote: 'One day when I was fishing, a Willow Wren lighted on my rod, and examined every ring in hops. It spoke well for the steadiness of my hand. My grandfather gave me a gold watch that went through my school days. I took it on one of my London visits to the inventor of the gravity escapement, Mr. Doughal, to be cleaned. After looking at the key-hole he asked me to put out my hand: "Ish," he said, "you never drink." He then showed me some ladies' watches he had to clean, and the condition of the key-holes told tales. He used to tell them to wind up about 10 a.m.!' ¹

Many of his notes are amusing. The north-country word for the Cuckoo is 'Gowk'; this word is also commonly applied to a stupid, clumsy fellow. He said he once heard a bride at the marriage service say to her groom who hung fire in making his responses: 'Say yes, ya Gowk.'

By no means the least interesting part of Bewick's work is centred in his tail-pieces. These are inimitable, and in many of them there is a moral which sometimes is not obvious at first sight. There is one in particular which always takes my fancy. It represents a blind man who has had a dog to guide him. They come to a stream of water which presents a difficulty. At this point he meets a boy, and trusts to him for guidance instead of his faithful and intelligent dog which leaves his master, and goes to a point where the proper ford is, with the notice over it 'Keep to this side.' The stupid boy evidently cannot read. The dog has an expression of astonishment, and is imploring his master to come to the ford. The man has made a foolish

¹ Abstemious Kingsley certainly was; but he drank a glass or two of wine—Burgundy, when I knew him—every day.

exchange, and he should not have 'changed horses when crossing the stream'.

Miss Bewick told Mr. Kingsley that her father considered the cut of the Yellow Bunting to be his best; and Ruskin thought that of the Night-jar the most wonderful of all. Certainly the feather-cutting in that example is a triumph of wood engraving.

When Mr. Kingsley came to South Kilvington as Rector in 1859 he found both the church and the village in a very unsatisfactory state: the sanitary arrangements of the latter were deplorably bad. These defects he soon took measures to rectify.

His quiet life here was in part described to a friend by Mrs. Kingsley thus:

'Whatever he did or caused to be done for the church was always the very best, and what was out of sight was always to be as finished as what was seen. The Rectory owed to him its modern comforts and beautiful garden and greenhouses. In these he took great pleasure, being a splendid horticulturist, and most of the fruit trees were put in by him.

'His love for children was remarkable, and many men and women speak now of his kindness to them when they were children, and of the valuable teaching he gave them. Till the Education Board took the schools into their own hands he gave the children many happy hours, playing among the hay (thereby incurring the wrath of his old man of all work), and having gooseberry pie and milk under the horse-chestnuts in his own fields. His life was happy and peaceful, but those who thus spoke of it little knew the crosses which he endured so uncomplainingly, that no one knew he had them. A devoted lover of music, he had to relinquish this great pleasure by degrees as his deafness increased, till for many years he had not been able to hear even the sound of his own voice. By nature he was a social man, enjoying much the company of his friends. His infirmity prevented his doing this in great measure, but no murmur was ever heard from him, and never the least irritation or suspicion. He always imputed right motives to every one till proved to the contrary. His patience was shown through years of weakness and weariness, and to the very end.'

Mrs. Kingsley was a devoted wife and an intense admirer of her husband. People on making his acquaintance used almost invariably to inquire if he was any relation of Charles Kingsley. This used somewhat to irritate Mrs. Kingsley who thought the question should be reversed thus: 'Is Charles Kingsley any relation of William?' and in this she was probably right. As a matter of fact the two were cousins.

I was not long in discovering that Mr. Kingsley had a strong sense of humour. On the first occasion I visited his house I saw, as I passed the back entrance, a notice painted on a board over the gateway in these words:

'MAN-TRAPS ARE SET AT NIGHTS IN THESE GROUNDS.'

It seems that when he first came to the place the lads of the village used to persist in coming to the house in the evenings to court the maid-servants who proved themselves veritable man-traps. His device no doubt mitigated, if it did not stop, the nuisance.

The hundredth anniversary of Mr. Kingsley's birthday was a very notable occasion in the parish and neighbourhood. Mrs. Kingsley kindly wrote giving me the following account of it.

'He had a lovely birthday, and was unusually well that day. He began it with Holy Communion, in which the whole household partook by his bedside. Then a prettily illuminated Album, containing an address and the signatures of the whole parish, was presented to him, and he was very much pleased with it. A flag flew all day on the village green, and the evening bells sounded sweetly from Thirsk Church. Of the many letters, telegrams, presents, flowers, and attentions of every sort which flowed in all day I only allowed him to see a very limited quantity. . . . Among letters, he was much gratified by one from the King, written by Lord Stamfordham, who himself remembered Mr. Kingsley well when he was a Cadet at Woolwich, and Mr. K. was Examiner. We also had a very kind and beautiful letter from the Archbishop of York, also the Master of Trinity, &c., &c.'

He lived for over a year after this, and died, as already stated, on July 3, 1916. He was buried at Kilvington. William Kingsley was one of the most remarkable, interesting, and lovable characters it has ever been my privilege to know. This is but a very inadequate tribute to his memory. If a history of his life could be written it would be one of no ordinary account.

The only other man of my acquaintance whose age nearly equalled that of William Kingsley was the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, who died within a few weeks of completing a hundred years. He was Rector of Ashill in Norfolk for over seventy-five years, having been appointed to the benefice in 1813, and had the bells of his church rung when the victory of Waterloo was announced. For a man to be Rector of the same parish for over three-quarters of a century is, I believe, a record which has never been surpassed.

The Rev. H. L. Haweis in his interesting volume, *My Musical Life*, speaks of meeting with Henry Kingsley, the novelist and brother of Charles. Haweis was a good pianist, and Kingsley was so pleased with his playing that he presented him with a set of Beethoven's Sonatas. Moreover, he tells us that Kingsley showed him an interesting series of Turner's water-colours, and pointed out the rapidity and eager fidelity of Turner's work. This was strikingly illustrated by two extraordinary water-colour studies of a descending avalanche in the Alps. Turner had dashed off the first of these when the snow cataract began, and rushing off, as Haweis tells us, to another spot lower down the mountain, was just in time to sketch the termination of the avalanche.

I mention this incident because I cannot help thinking that Haweis was mistaken in here speaking of Kingsley as 'Henry' instead of William, who was for some years a Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, when Haweis was at Trinity College; whereas Henry Kingsley was an Oxford man.

CHAPTER XII

NUNBURNHOLME

THE connexion of our family with Nunburnholme extended over so long a period, my father having been Rector there for about thirty-nine years, and myself for seventeen, that I cannot pass over that fact without some notice. The main part, however, of what I should here have said has been already told in my *History of Nunburnholme* in some detail, as well as in the *Memoir* of my father, which I wrote a few years after his death in 1893. The most, therefore, that I can do here in this connexion is to set down a few facts and sayings, some of a very trivial character, which have occurred to my mind. Still, it is often the little incidents and small details in the everyday life of the country people half a century ago which interest us more than those of greater importance; and some of these are not without their amusing side.

Seeing that my father went to Nunburnholme early in 1854, it might well have been that people were then living there who were born in, say, 1770, if not earlier; and certainly not a few before the French Revolution. Several of these I can remember; but as I was then away at school for most of the year, I did not see very much of these old people. But in language, dress, habits, and modes of thought the older people of that day were in strong contrast to their successors of 1922. I shall have occasion to revert to this later.

My school holidays were always spent at home, and therefore Christmas associations left an indelible mark on my memory. The festivities of that season were of the ordinary kind—parties, dances, charade acting, Christmas trees, and so forth. These latter, by the way, are quite

a modern invention, and I believe were first introduced into this country by Prince Albert from Germany. In those days German importations were much thought of, and German music was extolled above all other ; but our musicians are at length waking up to the fact that, however good German music may be, there is an abundance of other good music in the world, English included. And speaking of music reminds me of the music we had in our village churches when I was a boy. The old bands were going out of vogue at that time ; though, when first my father went to Nunburnholme, there were a number of ' musicianers ', as they were called, who played various instruments in church every Sunday. I do not fancy that the sounds they produced were particularly harmonious ; at all events, they were soon suppressed and a harmonium procured. These instruments were then thought very wonderful inventions. The one we had was made by Alexandre of Paris, who was certainly the best if not the only maker of harmoniums at that period.

We soon got together a few men and children to form a choir, and first my mother, and then my sisters, took them in hand, and trained them. They were a very tractable and teachable lot ; and, unlike most village choirs, they never had any wranglings and disputings. They took great interest in the work, and with patience and careful training they soon improved. So things went on without a single break for over half a century, until at length when the Choral Competitions at York were inaugurated, and our Nunburnholme Choir entered for them, they repeatedly gained the first prize, and were always higher commended, even though they were the smallest choir of all. I merely mention this to show what can be done by patience and perseverance in this matter of choir training. This and good organ playing by no means always go together. Choir training is a special gift which comparatively few possess in a high degree. The best organist I ever heard was only an indifferent choir trainer ; and

the best choir trainer, perhaps, which this country has produced, the late Dr. Varley Roberts, of Magdalen College, Oxford, was certainly nothing great as an organist.

There are few things more delightful in vocal music than to hear a really well-trained country church choir. But how seldom do we hear one. Many people seem to think that anything in the way of music is good enough for a church, and that the choir can train itself. Nothing in this way can succeed without great pains being bestowed. Then many fail through attempting too much. What might be suitable in a cathedral is utterly out of place in a village church. A village choir is not an end in itself, but a means for assisting the congregation in their worship; and a good choir goes a long way towards making good congregational singing.

In the early days at Nunburnholme my sisters used to have amusing passages with our choirmen every now and then. One of the oldest of them who had a good voice and a correct ear was rather slow in taking things in, and no little patience had to be exercised with him; but he was worth it, for he was a delightful personality, and was regarded as a privileged and valued friend. But he was wont to say funny things at times.

On one occasion they were practising the part-song, 'Softly fall the shades of evening,' for a concert. The words, 'Sparkles on the waveless sea,' occur in it. At last my sister thought our old friend had mastered it all; but on her asking him if he would like to go over it just once more, he said, 'Yes, if you please; ah isn't quite competent i them sparkles.'

On another occasion they were practising the glee, 'Ye spotted snakes,' in which there is a tenor lead on the words, 'Newts and blindworms'. At the concert when this glee was performed, my sister was standing next to her friend, who was always rather nervous on these occasions, and had a way of showing it by thumbing his music incessantly. And so, just as they were coming to this dangerous passage

my sister saw her bystander getting into a fright, and at last he gave her a nudge, saying, 'Just put us in that *newts*, will you'; which she did by leaving her own part, and obeying, as well as suppressed laughter would allow her!

These men used to come round in the early hours of Christmas morning singing hymns of various kinds. Some of their selections were by no means appropriate to the season; and my sister once suggested to her old pupil that 'Art thou weary, art thou languid' was not quite the thing for Christmas, to which he replied, 'Ah reckon nowt aboot t' wo'ds: it soonds weel of a neet.' After this she got some good old carols, and practised the men up in them for future occasions.

There was a custom in those days for the 'Plough-Stots', or plough-boys, as they were called, to come round the East Riding villages every year soon after Christmas, generally about Plough Monday, which, if I remember rightly, was the first Monday after the Feast of the Epiphany. This may well have been a survival of the mummers of the Middle Ages.

They consisted of lads and young men who were engaged in farm service. In former years a plough used to be dragged about with them, the lads representing the 'stots' or oxen. The full number was originally twelve; but, as I remember them, there were seldom more than about six. They were always fantastically dressed and disguised; one of them carried a blown bladder, and another was always got up as a female, who was called the 'Betty'. Dancing formed the chief part of the performance, accompanied with music of some kind; and I have a faint recollection, in very early days, of their going through a sword dance; but this dropped out of use in my boyhood. There was an air of antiquity about the institution which always interested one. In some parts I believe two of the party were styled the King and Queen. A generation or two ago fairs played an important part in the life of the people. They have now, with few exceptions, shrunk to

very small dimensions. One of these exceptions is the Hull Pleasure Fair which is held for a whole week at the beginning of October, and is, I suppose, the largest thing of the kind in the kingdom. In my youth people used to take note of events and fix their dates much more by fairs than by the days of the month. It was quite usual when I was Vicar of Newton on Ouse for people to say on my asking them when a certain thing happened, that it took place so many years ago the 'week afoor Barnaby', or some similar expression, Barnaby being a large fair held at Boroughbridge on St. Barnabas' Day; or similarly at Nunburnholme they would say it happened a week after Weighton Fair, or Brig Fair. The memories of the old people were generally remarkably retentive for events long past, the day of the week being frequently added in giving the date of some event of their early life.

The great Saturnalia for the farm servants all through the East Riding was Martinmas, which fell in the third week in November. To this they looked forward eagerly from year to year, as well they might, for that was practically their only holiday. There were then no 'week-ends', no Bank Holidays; week in and week out the same work on the farms went on—ploughing and sowing, 'lukiŋ' (weeding) and singling turnips, hedging and ditching, reaping and harvesting, thrashing and 'leading' corn, foddering the beasts, looking after the horses, these and countless minor duties made up the year's work; there was no break till Martinmas arrived, and with that came a week's holiday, and the liberated lads and lasses made the most of it. Every market town had their 'statties' or hirings, and to these the young people went in hundreds to be hired for another year's service. Sometimes they would stay on for another year with their old master; but, as a rule, they changed their 'spots', as they expressed it. The farmers, of course, had to attend these hirings if they wished to engage servants. In the olden days the main street of one of our East Riding market towns on a Martin-

mas hiring-day was a sight not to be soon forgotten. Farmers, servants, men and women, boys and girls of all ages, crowded the thoroughfares; there were shows and stalls, and cheap-jacks selling their wares carried on a brisk trade. If the day happened to be wet, not only were the places of amusement filled to overflowing, but the public-houses were, unfortunately, crowded almost to suffocation, and scenes of excitement, uproar, and confusion ensued. It was a horrible state of things; and all this naturally tended to demoralize the young people, while the results can be better imagined than described. Moreover, Martinmas occurring as it does about the end of November, is the very worst time for a holiday; the days then are dull and short, the roads dirty, the air heavy and foggy, and often rainy. Holidays have their use; but, like every good thing in the world, they are liable to be abused. It was the same in the olden days. If only the people had not abused the holidays of the Church—the Saints' Days, and other red-letter days—they could have claimed these as of right, and there would have been no need for the passing of Sir John Lubbock's Bank Holiday Act. The only possible excuse for the Martinmas hirings to take place when they do is that farming operations are then at their slackest; the harvest, even in the north, is well over, and the winter ploughing and sowing have scarcely begun.

Village feasts in my younger days were held at nearly all the larger villages in East Yorkshire. Originally, no doubt, these would generally take place on or near the day of the dedication of the church. They are still kept up at many places, though they have dwindled to a mere shadow of what they once were.

One of the most interesting of all the village feasts in our neighbourhood was that held at Stamford Bridge, only a few miles distant from Nunburnholme—the site of the famous battle—and the connexion of the feast with the battle is of such interest that it is worth recording it in some detail.

The Battle of Stamford Bridge was fought on Monday, September 25, 1066; and, apparently, to commemorate this event, a feast was held the first Sunday after that date every year. No doubt this feast would originally be held in the church of St. Edmund, which was built after the battle, probably as a chapel of ease to the parish church a mile or two distant. I once visited the site of this ancient chapel, of which only a few Norman stones now remain; but I was told by a friend that a candlestick with a chain, &c., have also been found there, the candle-holder (probably for a Vesper light) being of very peculiar design.

The village feast, known locally as 'Brig Feast' (Brig being the dialectal name for Stamford Bridge), was held on the Monday and Tuesday following the Sunday festival. Among the viands prepared by the inhabitants for this feast, which was always a great time for family and social gatherings, was a certain pie, formerly called a 'Spear Pie', but in later years a 'Pear Pie', *pear* being sounded in our folk-speech as *peear*; so that the transition from *spear* to *pear* is only a slight one. This spear pie was four or five inches long, and made like a boat, in shape somewhat similar to the paper boats made by children. What the pie contained originally I never heard, but in later times it was a pear of the stewing kind, and a dry and unappetizing viand it was found to be by a friend of mine who tasted it in his early days when he visited the fair. But the great feature of the pie was the iron skewer which stood upright in it. This was meant to represent the spear with which the Englishman killed the Norseman who defended with bravery the passage of the wooden bridge, which he did by entering a boat, and, going underneath the bridge, speared the Norseman through the opening in the bridge—not a very sportsmanlike way of despatching a foe! This spear-pie tradition must have been a very old one. It has now died out, though only comparatively recently. Besides Brig Feast there was also a Brig Fair, which was held on December 1, and was opened with due formality by the

steward of the lord of the manor on horseback, accompanied by several men also mounted; he proceeded to the field where the fair was held and read the charter. With him were two men on horseback, one holding a javelin or halberd, and the other a long heavy spear, the handle of which was covered with knobs of iron. This latter was said to have been dug up when the canal was made. This fair was a very large one, and lasted two days, the first day being taken up with horses, galloways, beasts, &c.—especially galloways, which were brought in droves—the second day was devoted to the sale of whips, smock-frocks, stable lanterns, bridles, ‘barfins’, halters, children’s toys, and other wares.

In my father’s earlier days at Nunburnholme his literary activities were incessant. Of his more important works I have spoken elsewhere. But besides these he carried on a mass of correspondence in many of the newspapers. To *The Times* alone he wrote enough letters to fill a small volume. From time to time he would wage a sort of crusade against something or other which he considered wrong, it might be Bird Murder, especially that of the sea-birds, or cruelty of various kinds, such, for instance, as that caused by iron traps, and caged birds, and more than all against vivisection. Against battue shooting he frequently raised his voice. He was once walking along a road when he overtook a cart loaded up to a great height with hen-coops, accompanied by three men, with whom he got into conversation. These coops were being taken to be laid up for the winter after they had served their purpose for hatching pheasants under barn-door hens. They had covered a field of twenty acres. The young birds were fed and tended with the greatest care and solicitude. Their food consisted of boiled rabbits chopped up small, sago, milk, rice, hard-boiled eggs, Indian corn, &c. This sort of feeding lasted for some months. Every precaution was taken to prevent the birds from straying away, boys being stationed at the outskirts of the preserves for this purpose

for a long time before the week of the great slaughter. On one of these occasions a certain noble earl entertained a large party of sporting friends, well on to twenty in all, and in one week they shot between them 8,794 head of game. The amount of cruelty involved in this slaughter in the shape of iron traps, which were often set on the top of poles, by which many useful birds such as owls and kestrels were caught and left there hanging head downwards by their broken legs for hours or days, was very great. It is difficult to understand how sportsmen prefer this sort of battue shooting to the old-fashioned way of walking through the turnips and stubbles with dogs and guns.

Up till nearly the middle of the last century the bustard used to breed on the East Riding Wolds, and at one time in considerable numbers, and no doubt they would be there now if they could have been protected. I never saw one alive, but a farmer living near us told me he had seen one on the Wolds many years before. Under the Statute 1 and 2 William IV, cap. 32, sec. 2, bustards, along with pheasants, partridges, and other birds are reckoned as game. They could run very quickly as well as fly; and the young birds were sometimes coursed with greyhounds like hares. I once got hold of the diary of the Rev. John Tyson, who in the early part of the last century had charge of one or two parishes near Nunburnholme. Under date August 13, 1818, he notes, 'Rode round Goodmanham Wold to-day . . . and saw a Bustard.' As he thus makes note of it, it would seem that these fine birds were even then not common there.

Other entries of some little interest in this diary are the following :

- 1818. Aug. 5. Pocklington Fair; Lambs 32s. a head.
- „ Aug. 8. Large Stack of new wheat nearly completed.
- „ Sept. 15. On this and the following day Candler of Tadcaster, and Burton the newly elected M.P.

- for Beverley raise an infamous uproar at Barnby Moor by making a paltry Horse Race and a black-guard cockfight.
1818. Sept. 25. Richardson of Warter refused £4 1s. per head for his shearling wethers. Good ewes sold at 50s. each. Wilson of Goodmanham wethers £3 each.
- „ Sept. 30. 1*d.* for gun flints.
- „ Oct. 2. Two guns two days at Burnby : 43 Pheasants ; 19 Partridges ; 5 Hares.
1819. Mar. 20. Duke of Devonshire with head Steward, Mr. Abercrombie, arrived at Londesborough this evening. The House Steward arrived the day before, and immediately turned to packing up wine ; therefore some serious alterations are expected to take place at L.
- „ Mar. 23. This day it was announced that the Duke of Devonshire intends to pull down Londesborough Hall to build farm houses of, and to destroy the whole beauty and antiquity of L.
- „ Mar. 26. Duke of Devonshire with Captain Clifford and his wife left Londesborough this morning at 6 a.m. The Steward left the day before.

Pulled down Londesborough Hall was, sure enough, not long after this—a step which the Duke afterwards deeply regretted. But the beauty of the place was by no means destroyed ; for to this day it is one of the most picturesque spots in East Yorkshire. Both the house and its historical associations were highly interesting. The Earls of Burlington owned Londesborough in the eighteenth century, the most famous of whom was Richard, the third Earl. He was a patron of literature and art, the builder of Burlington House, London, the friend of the poet Pope, and of David Garrick, the actor. On one of his visits to Londesborough, Garrick was asked by the Rector, the Rev. Brian Allott, to give him some hints for effective reading in Church. To this Garrick agreed ; and when the Rector entered the reading desk and opened the Bible, he was told by the great actor to shut it up, and open it a second time as if he felt it was the Word of God. ‘ Don’t treat the Bible

and Prayer Book,' said Garrick, 'as if they were no better than a day-book or a ledger'—no bad hint for some readers of the present day.

Londesborough was the next parish to Nunburnholme, and its rector for many years was Richard Wilton, who was made a Canon of York. Of him and his family we saw a great deal. His was a delightful personality; being a great lover of Nature, a man of wide reading, a critical scholar, and a poet of no mean order, his companionship, especially on a walk in the country, was always inspiring and instructive. He was a devoted parish priest, and would have been a man after George Herbert's own heart—a man greatly beloved by all who knew him.

He would often walk or drive down to see us, especially in his earlier days at Londesborough. He never drove himself, but kept a manservant called John Wilson, who always acted as charioteer. This man was a great character, and I must here say a little about him.

It would be impossible to imagine two men in stronger contrast than Wilton and Wilson. To begin with, John could neither read nor write a word, and in appearance he was as unlike his master as two men could be; the one tall, slim, fragile, refined in appearance, while John was short, stout, rubicund, robust. He had a ridiculous appearance as he sat on the box holding the reins. But it was when he spoke that his comicality reached its climax. He spoke the very broadest Yorkshire, and had a bad stammer, especially at the beginning of a sentence, and in order to get a start with what he had to say he generally had to repeat the word 'well' six or eight times in rapid succession. His vocal machinery was thus something like a clock which would not go properly unless it was wound up in this peculiar way. He was a native of Londesborough. His father had had a cottage there, a cow-gate, and, as I was told it, 'a greeat rammin' orchard'. He had eleven children, and 12s. a week wage. John Wilson went out to farm service when he was eleven years old, his wage being

£1 a year. He went to a different 'spot', as a rule, every year, his wage increasing by £1 each time. In the sixth year he stayed on again for £7 a year, and 'they wshed ma', as he expressed it, that is, they did his washing gratis. He had a good deal to do with horses, and understood them thoroughly, and knew the pedigrees of many; but when I asked him once what his own mother's maiden name was, he could not tell me; all he knew about her antecedents was her native place and her Christian name; he said he 'niver bothered what they called her afoor sha was wed'. He had a very limited idea of geography, not having travelled many miles from his home. One of the places where he was in service he called 'Wahna Boddums', and on my asking him whereabouts that place was, all I could get out of him was that it was about 'two clooases off'n Hag Brig' (two fields from Hag Bridge). I confess I was not much the wiser for this.

John used to attend the rent audit suppers at Londesborough, when he was in great request for the Yorkshire songs he used to sing on such occasions. They were most extraordinary productions, and he used to convulse his audience with laughter. I once took down one or two of them at his dictation, but he so mixed up the words that if I wrote them down they would be almost unintelligible to the reader. Whenever he recited any of his pieces to me he always finished by saying, 'That's all,' and seemed as proud as a peacock at his performance. He was always known to us at home as 'the bloated aristocrat'! When he got past work he was admitted as a pensioner into one of the almshouses at Londesborough, where he ended his days very happily and contentedly.

The Yorkshireman is nothing if he is not practical in all he does. That is one of his chief characteristics. There is not a particle of sentiment about him. With him everything must have its use. I once had an elderly man to work in my garden. He could not read, and in speech he was laconic; but every word he uttered was to the point,

and his opinion on any ordinary subject was always worth having. His ideas were original, and his terse sayings were often highly amusing. He was speaking to me of a farmer's son, for whom he had great admiration, and he described him to me as 'cliverest young chap iv all t' coontry sahd'. From this it might have been supposed that this young man had done brilliantly at school or college, or passed some examination with distinction. And so I inquired what he could do. 'Deea !' replied the old man, 'Whya ! he can deea owt ommeeast. He can plew an' harra, slash t' hedges, single to'nnups, gan wi t' hosses, an' can milk all t' coos there is.'

My old friend, though illiterate, was a man of no mean ability. Although he had a sense of humour, it never showed itself on his inscrutable countenance.

His speech was our Doric undefiled. He could talk no other, and it would seem as if he thought that every one else, whatever their position and education might be, made use of the same tongue as himself.

He was once telling me of a certain Wold farmer, a tenant of Lord Middleton, who was very extravagant, and he and his family spent a great deal on dress ; his daughters, as the old man put it, were 'garbed oot iv all sooarts'. The farmer himself was very fond of hunting, and not only so, but he must needs appear in a red coat. One day, in the hunting field, the then Lord Middleton, seeing his tenant in his new attire, came up to him, and, as my old friend put it, addressed him thus : 'Noo, Mr. T——, thoo mun gan yam at yance, an' git started wark !' (He wanted some rent of him.) Lord Middleton, thorough Yorkshireman as he was, would no doubt have been quite competent to address his tenant in the way described, but we must presume that on this occasion he satisfied himself with King's English.

I told the old gardener one day it was a pity he had not been sent to school when a boy, for he might then have done great things ; 'Whya !' he said, 'it's sumtahms

varry ungain when yan can nowther read nor wreyte ; bud ah s'all git blunder'd thruff sumhoo.'

Our judges on the northern circuit were often at a loss to understand what was said in evidence by our country folk. I was telling our hero one day of one such case. 'Aye,' he replied, 'that was like t'aud shipperd upo' d' jury. They were on aboot a sheep, an' they gav' it in wrang. They said it wer a wether shearing, an' it wer nobbut a last year's lamb. An' seea t'aud shipperd tell'd 'em aboot it, an' said 'at they'd a'e ti be mair mahindful ; for there'd mebbe nut be an au'd shipperd amang 'em t' next tahm.' I can well understand that there might easily be a miscarriage of justice through a misunderstanding on the part of judge or jury of the broad speech of witnesses and others in former days.

Frequently in conversation our old friend would make use of some happy word or expression which exactly hit off some point or situation. I remember speaking to him of a farmer who had come to grief through high living and general extravagance on the part of himself and family, and at last had to be sold up, he himself being doubled with gout : his case was described thus—'He's browt hissen tiv a snicksnarl.'¹

He had some strange notions of our monarchical form of government ; he said he thought we could do as well without the Queen (who was then reigning) as with her, adding, by way of illustration, 'It's like George G—— wi t' dog.' 'What is that ?' I asked. 'He used ti saay, na mair use 'an a dog ez for a sahd-pocket.' And yet, on the other hand, he seemed to think that the Sovereign had unlimited power for good, and could work great improvements in the country if so disposed ; for when the Queen came to Sheffield, and visited some of the steel works, where the process was said to be somewhat dangerous, he remarked of her, 'Whether sha 's boun ti alter owt or nut, ah deeant know.'

¹ A snicksnarl = the twistings or entanglements of thread, string, &c. ; or, as we might sometimes describe it—a hopeless mess.

He did not altogether approve of Mr. Gladstone's way of doing business: 'He didn't deea reet,' said the old Yorkshireman, 'he was ower mich in for forr'ners. He gat swords fra Garmany, an' they coll'd (curled) leyke sickles. He was leyke me when ah gat mi fo'st barra. Ah went ti t' reet (carpenter) an' ax'd him what he could mak yan for. He said, "For seea mich". Couldn't he mak yan for less? "Aye," he said. Bud t' hales (handles) was of esh, &c. (pointing out other faults); it was good ti nowt. It's t' seeam wi cleas.' The old man's point was that it is a mistake to buy cheap things simply because they are cheap; and he preferred English-made goods to those made in Germany.

Another of his happy expressions occurs to me. We were speaking of an old parishioner who, though by no means an idiot, was not overburdened with wits; he remarked, 'T' au'd woman isn't fair shod when sha's gotten her beeats on.'

At the time of Edward the Seventh's coronation, our philosopher thought they were making a great amount of needless fuss, and he remarked: 'Ah reckon nowt ti t' man wick nor deead. If all folks thowt wi me, there'd be nowt ti deea neeawaays!' At the time of the King's serious illness he believed His Majesty was perfectly well, and that his illness was merely a ruse to prevent his being shot.

I once asked him what he would do if he got into Parliament, to which he replied: 'Ah s'ud be leyke t' man agaan t' deear: he nivver spak bud yance, an' then he tell'd 'em ti shut t' deear.'

He had a poor opinion of fox-hunting, and evidently thought it a great waste of time and energy. He could not at all understand people taking such a vast amount of trouble, and going to such expense, without the object of the chase being an animal of great value; for when he was dilating upon the subject with me one day, he finished up by saying—'An' when they've gotten him (the fox), what is a?'

We had a number of gooseberry bushes in one part of our garden planted pretty close together, and one day I found this old gardener, who was one of the best hedgers in the neighbourhood, with his 'slasher' pruning the gooseberry trees in the same way as he would slash a hedge. I expostulated vigorously with him, and in a surprised tone of voice he replied, 'Whya! they mun a'e leet; they mun a'e leet.'

The cruel sport of cock-fighting had happily died out in my boyhood; but I remember one of my oldest parishioners telling me of the last cock-fight that took place at Nunburnholme, which he had witnessed when he was about twelve years old. The arena was in a field at the back of the public-house. The cocks were owned by Pocklington men. One of the birds at first seemed to decline fighting altogether; but after a short time it suddenly turned, and by a single blow drove its spur through its adversary's head, leaving it, as my informant expressed it, 'as dead as a mackerel.'

Coursing was a sport very much more indulged in during my boyhood than it is now. In most parishes a greyhound or two were kept by one or more of the farmers. The Wold country was favourable for this sport, for hares were plentiful, and the fields wide and open.

In a great sporting county like Yorkshire it is, perhaps, not so surprising that sporting traditions should survive for generations. One such I used to hear of in my younger days concerning a noted greyhound called 'Blue-cap'. The praises of this far-famed animal were first sung about the year 1760 in a hunting song by the Rev. John Perry, who had charge of the parish of Nunburnholme during the incumbency of the Rev. William Cayley, who probably never set foot in the parish except to be inducted to the benefice. The song as literature is not of a high order; but, as it is interesting in its way, I here give it:

Come listen all you sportsmen gay
Who love to run a hare, sirs ;
A story of a course I'll tell,
Whose truth I do declare, sirs.

'Tis of a famous stout game hare,
Which lay by Lonsbro' town, sirs,
Who, beating every greyhound there,
Had challenged great renown, sirs.

At length the Squire of Methills Hall
Heard of this hare by hap, sirs,
And swore to all his company
He'd single run Blue-cap, sirs.

At which they laughed, and jeering said
He never would come nigh her.
' My friends,' cried he, ' whate'er my chance,
I am resolved to try her.'

So off they rode, a gallant band,
To seek this famous hare, sirs,
Who often in a stone-pit lay,
And sure they found her there, sirs.

So up she got ! and off they went
Quite o'er the dale so clever,
And brave Squire Hewitt cried aloud
' My Blue-cap, now or never.'

And when they got upon plain ground
Swift Blue-cap turned her there, sirs ;
But still the company would bet
Five guineas on the hare, sirs.

Across the dale she took once more
Which made their horses whinny,
Yet Hewitt still undaunted cried
' My Blue-cap for a guinea ! '

For shelter then to Warter wood
Swift flew this gallant hare, sirs ;
But Blue-cap pressed her scut¹ so close
She durst not enter there, sirs.

¹ Scut = tail.

Then off she went for Methills Hall,
Which was a gallant round, sirs,
When Blue-cap took this famous hare,
And on his master's ground, sirs.

And now this band returning home
In spirits and full force, sirs,
O'er good roast beef and bowls of punch
Again they ran the course, sirs.

The clergyman he gave the toast,
Which some thought mighty clever ;
It was ' The Squire of Methills Hall,
And brave Blue-cap for ever '.

During the eighteen years that John Perry was curate-in-charge of Nunburnholme he kept his registers in an exemplary fashion, and if he was as faithful in his higher duties as he was in this, I dare say he proved himself no unworthy pastor of his flock.

The next parish to Nunburnholme is Burnby, one mile distant, and when I first knew the place, and for many years afterwards, it was owned by Sir Charles Anderson, of Lea, near Gainsborough. There was no squire's house at Burnby, but Sir Charles was attached to the place and to his tenantry, and he visited them periodically on rent audits and other occasions. On these occasions he generally stayed with his neighbour, Admiral Duncombe, at Kilnwick Percy. Burnby was only a small parish, and the farmers there in those days were like a happy family. Not only had they unbounded respect and affection for their squire, but they were on the most friendly terms with one another. They did not address each other by their ordinary names, but each had a byname such as Squire, Colonel, Pope, Cardinal ; these I remember, but there were others which I have forgotten. They all had common tastes and interests. They were all more or less sportsmen. I should say that Burnby in those days was, for its size, one of the most ' horsey ' villages in the East Riding ; for, not only were horses bred there in considerable numbers, but there

was living there for many years a celebrated jockey. This was none other than Simeon Templeman, commonly known on the Turf as 'Honest Sim'—a fitting sobriquet in his case, for a straighter jockey than he never rode a race. He never betted, unless it was some paltry sum, and I am not sure if he even did that. He put by all he earned; and although jockeys were not then paid anything like as much as they are now, he was able when he retired to buy for himself a very nice little property in Burnby, where he resided, and where he acted as churchwarden for some years. He won the Derby no less than three times, viz. in 1839, 1847, and 1848; also the St. Leger in 1851, and many more. In his declining years his sight failed him. He sold his property at Burnby and went to live at York, where he died.

It would be wellnigh impossible in these days to find the same kind of feeling between landlord and tenant and between the tenants themselves as was the case at Burnby at the time of which I speak. Most of the large landowners have been taxed out of existence, their properties have been broken up, and a new, but not a better, state of things has taken the place of the old.

CHAPTER XIII

RELIGION ON THE WOLDS

AT the close of the eighteenth century religion and morals were at a low ebb in the Wold villages of the East Riding. Hard drinking, gambling, low sports such as cock-fighting and badger-baiting were prevalent, and demoralized the people. The Church was in a somnolent state, and did but little to influence the masses and raise them to higher things. It was not until John Wesley, a priest of the Church of England, started his great itinerary mission, that the religious instincts of the inhabitants began to be aroused. The effects of his preaching are too well known to need any mention in detail here. His great object was a revival of personal religion among the masses. He did not originate any new doctrines, but he emphasized the old ones, and taught that something more than mere profession of godliness was requisite; there must be also an enjoyment of its power, and a consciousness of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon the Christian.

In spite of the earnestness of Wesley's preaching, a great number of Anglican churches were closed against him. It seems unaccountable in these days that some means were not devised for not only allowing, but welcoming such a man in any church in the country. The consequence of this refusal was that Wesley and his associates took to preaching in the open air and in any buildings which they could get for their services.

As the numbers of the Methodists increased, which they did rapidly, laymen had to be appointed to preach to congregations in their own immediate neighbourhood.

* These were termed 'local preachers', who carried on their daily avocations along with their religious work.

In order to foster spiritual life in the Methodist body a system of 'Class Meetings' for Christian fellowship, as they were called, was organized, and these formed an important part of their operations.

Somewhere about the year 1807 the Primitive Methodist body was founded; these separatists do not differ from the Wesleyans in points of doctrine, but only in matters of church government.

Seeing that religion was in such a neglected state at the time we are speaking of, it needed some specially gifted evangelist to rouse people from their torpor. The people in this part of the country are said to be slow in responding to appeals in things spiritual, but that when they go, they do go. And this certainly seems to have been exemplified by Wesley's ministrations. He must have been a man of great physical energy, to say nothing of his higher gifts, in order to have accomplished what he did. A single instance of the details of one of his day's ministrations will suffice to illustrate this.

Among many places which he visited in East Yorkshire was Sancton, near Market Weighton, and in one of the register books of that parish there is the following entry :

' Monday, June 23rd, 1788. The Rev. John Wesley, M.A., preached here at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the age of 85, after having preached twice in the High Church at Hull the preceding day; and went from hence to preach at Weighton at eleven; at Pocklington at two; and at York in the evening of this day (4 Times).

J. STILLINGFLEET, Rector.

JOHN TURNER, } Churchwardens.
SAM^L. WATSON, }

This was certainly a wonderful performance for a man of eighty-five. It was said that on an average he travelled 5,000 miles in the year, and preached fifteen sermons a week. The great plainness and directness of his language added greatly to the effect of his preaching, and must have been in strong contrast to the kind of language to which the

people of that day had been accustomed to listen in the parish churches of the country.

It would seem that Primitive Methodism was the particular denomination which gained the chief influence over the people of the East Riding, at all events in the villages. The Primitives appear to have appealed to the humbler classes more than the Wesleyans. Their methods were simple and unconventional, and in their exhortations they also used great plainness of language, so much so indeed that the local preachers commonly addressed their hearers in the broadest vernacular, so that every word sounded familiar and homely.

Among my boyish recollections are the occasions of holding Methodist camp meetings, as they were called, in the Wold villages. These took place in the open air, and therefore the summer months were naturally the most favourable time for them. They were commonly held in some place in or near the village, and a wagon was made use of to act as a pulpit for the preachers, which was a suitable arrangement, as it gave them plenty of space to move about in and give emphasis to their harangues. These gatherings were always popular, and crowds used to attend them. The feelings of the people were wrought upon by the fiery oratory of the preachers till they reached the highest pitch of excitement, so much so indeed that sometimes people would lose all self-control, and would roll on the ground and shout for mercy as if their hearts would break. Noise and shouting formed no small part of the proceedings on these occasions. Although I have not myself ever been present at any of these camp meetings I have heard the extended voices of the preachers, and the shouts of those congregated around them, a good part of a mile away.

I should be sorry to minimize any good effects produced by these methods in bringing men to think upon religious concerns; if the godless are not induced to give up their evil ways by those means which are ordinarily used, it is

quite possible that they may be aroused by some more exciting process, something which, as we say in Yorkshire, will 'wakken 'em up'.

The same kind of effects were produced by the religious revivalist movements which used to take place in former years from time to time. It is amazing what people will sometimes do when under the influence of strong religious excitement.

I remember an old inhabitant of Fimber once telling me of a great religious revival which took place there and in the neighbouring villages many years ago, which made a great impression for the time being upon many of the people, and the so-called 'conversions' were numerous. With some, however, it was difficult to make the slightest impression. One lad in particular he told me of, whom the revivalists got hold of, and to whom they made vehement appeals such as the following: 'Saay thoo's saav'd! Wilt tha hev it here, or i t' Chappil?' To which the lad made reply 'Aw! onnywheer, onnywheer!' On another occasion in the said chapel a man was preaching after most of those present were supposed to have been converted under the influence of his rapturous oratory; but on one girl they could make no impression; when, after using all kinds of persuasion, threatenings, warnings, and so forth, the preacher fairly lost patience, and there and then descended hastily from the pulpit, and, pushing the bystanders aside, exclaimed, 'Noo then, cum oot o' t' rooad, an' ah' ll thunder it intiv her lug!' Even the small boys, I was told, were influenced by these revivals, and frequently used to hold sort of imitation revivalist meetings among themselves in the stackyards of the village.

Those of the present generation cannot realize what went on which ought not in our churches, and what did not go on which ought, in the early part of the last century. In those days in a large number of parishes a service once a Sunday was the general rule. Many of the clergy on the most frivolous pretences would make nothing of sending

round to say that there would be no service on such and such a Sunday, and some would drop the service without going through the formality of giving any such notice.

A friend of mine, a thorough Yorkshireman, once told me of an episode in this connexion which would seem almost incredible to us nowadays.

In a Wold parish well known to my friend an amusing contest once took place between the rector and churchwarden both of whom my informant also knew intimately. It was winterly weather, attended with very deep snow; and it can snow on these Wolds of ours. The day was Sunday, and one on which an afternoon service was expected. The rector was going for a constitutional walk along the turnpike road where there was a beaten track, instead of going to church. Presently he was encountered by the churchwarden. They greeted one another as usual. The rector remarked that he was going for a walk, and enquired where the warden was bound for. 'I am going to the church.' 'But there will be no service this afternoon,' said the parson. The warden said he expected there would be; but was assured that there would be nobody there. 'I shall be there,' replied the warden, 'and I insist upon there being a service.' To this the rector assented, but added that it was the churchwarden's business to see that the approaches to the church were in a passable condition. That was true enough; and it was agreed that a road should be made. The farmer, for such he was, quickly called out his men to make the way to the church clear. This took a considerable time; and meanwhile several others had assembled to see what was going on.

The rector had observed that in his zeal to hasten the work the churchwarden had slipped into a stream of water and had got wet up to his knees, but this only made him all the more determined to persist in his design for punishing his militant warden. So he began the service in a most deliberate manner, till towards the conclusion, he needed the aid of a dip candle. Then he proceeded with the

sermon in an equally deliberate manner, dividing his subject into a great number of heads, each of which he discussed at considerable length. Of course, long before the end every one had gone except the churchwarden, who, having insisted on the service, felt in honour bound to remain to the end. The rector had no mercy, and went on preaching long into the dark, and thus were these two alone in the church, the parson calmly preaching away in the pulpit and his auditor stamping with his feet as hard as he could on the floor of the pew to try and keep up the circulation. Everything comes to an end in time, and so did the rector's sermon; and as he came down and walked out of the church he thus soliloquized: 'I don't think I shall be made to take a service against my own will any more!'

The state of neglect and utter desolation into which some of the East Riding churches, and alas! it may be added, parishes also, had fallen, would scarcely now be credited. What I am about to relate I learnt from one on whose word I can implicitly rely.

About seven or eight miles from my informant's home lying to the south-east of the Yorkshire Wolds is the village of X—. The population was very small, and the value of the benefice between £300 and £400 a year. About the year 1833 the living was held by a non-resident rector, who also held a more valuable piece of preferment where he elected to reside, never coming near X—.

There was service in the church only once a year, and that the Rector refused to take himself, or in any way to provide for. He told the churchwardens they must go and beg it where they could. My friend's father being a new-comer into the district, they naturally came to him, having already drawn upon others of older standing. He, of course, went. Some clearances were made in the church in preparation for this service; but its condition during fifty-one weeks of the year was appalling. It formed one side of a fold-yard, and the village poor used to stack their gleanings

within the Altar rails. Hurdles and other odds and ends of farm gear were lumbered about the church, and the parish bull resided mostly in the porch.

The officiating priest on this occasion was distressed beyond measure at this state of things, and being a young man, and having only one service of his own on Sunday, he offered to give, free of any charge whatever, a service at X—church once a fortnight. It was matter for surprise that the people after such protracted and gross neglect should have retained any attachment to any church service at all. But they were delighted, and most thankful for this attention. The churchwardens wrote to the incumbent saying they were sure he would be as pleased as they were at the generous offer they had received, and they now only awaited his special sanction to carry out the arrangement at once. He wrote back to say that he could not allow any such thing. It could not be supposed that the gentleman would go on always. It would establish a precedent for a fortnightly service. He would have to maintain a curate; and he would not allow it. Consequently, these poor people had to put up with their single annual service!

It is something wonderful and pathetic to see with what devotion and affection the people will often cling to the Church of their fathers after they have been for years ignored, and robbed of those spiritual ministrations which are their just due. All honour to them for their faithfulness; and shame on those who deprive them of their rights.

In the early Victorian days practically the whole of the East Riding was given over to Methodism, at least in those places where there was any sort of religious fervour. For many years, to the mind of any ordinary person in this part of the country, to be in the least degree religious meant to be a Methodist. And this was one of the most discouraging features of the work of those who tried to lead the people along the old Church paths. Did an earnest priest begin to teach and preach, and minister with fervent zeal, the

only result at first was to send all whose hearts were touched, and who desired to lead a godly life, to the Methodists. Of course, as time went on and the full teaching of the Church began to bear fruit, these old ideas were greatly changed. Clear and definite dogmatic teaching must in the end tell; and it is amazing to find what appalling ignorance exists in the minds of the multitude as to what the Church really is and stands for. After a time the Wold churches were served by industrious and devoted clergy, and the Church made great headway. Some years ago a man, whose name I know, came under the influence of George Body, then rector of Kirby Misperton. He came to the rector one day somewhat shyly, and having said a good deal about the pain he knew he should give, at last confessed that he felt he had a call to preach the Gospel, that he could not do this in the Church of England, and so he was constrained to join the Methodists. This man was an honest sort of fellow, and Body treated him very wisely. He questioned the young man as to his intentions in preaching. 'I suppose', said Body, addressing him by name, 'you will preach mainly about salvation, about grace, and about conversion.' 'Yes,' was the reply 'that is just what I intend to do.' 'Now,' said Body, 'there is a desk there, and pens, ink and paper; just sit down and write clearly and intelligibly what you know about any of them.' As Body glanced towards that part of the room he saw his friend, pen in hand, and making as though he was about to write something; but in fact he never got further than biting the top of his pen, and at length he said, 'I find I do not know what I thought I did.'

The end of it was that this young man did not join the Methodists, but sought ordination in the Church, and ultimately became one of the most valued priests in the diocese of New Westminster.

The 'class meeting', as it is called, has always been a strong feature in the Methodist system, though its character has probably undergone considerable change since its

inception in Wesley's time. It has always been a popular institution, and was a means of mutual encouragement, and a help in sustaining the spiritual life of the members ; but whether the results are as efficacious at the present day as they once were is doubtful.

There came into my hands recently an account of a Methodist class meeting in one of our Wold villages written by one who was evidently a devoted member of the body. The writer began by giving a description of the village, which was prettily situated, and of the beauty of the scene before him as he wended his way along the lanes on a bright sunny morning in the early summer. His thoughts were drawn upwards to spiritual things.

About nine o'clock a number of people might be seen making towards a small shed-like building over the door of which was the inscription ' Primitive Methodist Chapel. Erected, 1837.' Though plain and unadorned, it was dear to those approaching, for it had been to them, as the writer put it, ' the birth of their spiritual life.' They were greeted at the door by the class leader with a smile and a few words, or a friendly nod. They sat in silent meditation till the opening of the meeting. A hymn was first sung, and the leader prayed and asked God's blessing upon them. He prayed for himself and for the presence of the Holy Spirit.

One of the brethren then began to sing a hymn, during which, it was said, ' the fire kindled.' The leader then told his experience, saying that he had been trying to serve God for forty years, and was not weary of trying ; that he still loved the Bible ; and he reminded his hearers of those who had gone before them, whose example they might well imitate. Then an aged sister proceeded to relate her experience. She expressed herself in clear and simple words, and in her own native vernacular. She had grown old and weary of things, but was not weary in well doing, but eager to do all she could for God's kingdom. While this sister was telling her story it was said that ' the

members were deeply moved as wave after wave of power passed over them, and the heaven she longed for came very near to them'. When she had ended the hymn was sung

On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

The next member who recounted his religious happenings was a young man whose face, as the writer of the account expressed it, was 'lit up with the light of spiritual fire'. I need not go through all he said, but he told his audience that he had been converted in a field when his feelings moved him to break forth in sacred song. He desired to give his life to God's service, and to use his talents well. Then followed a brother who said that he loved the Church of God and all who belonged to it, and all its services, especially the class meeting; and he continued much in the same strain as the previous speakers.

The fifth who spoke was a sister who, like Martha of old, was never behind in doing anything she could for the little sanctuary; and, like Mary, she loved to listen, and to help to sing the hymns which were so dear to her. She desired to serve God and be a true Christian.

I shall give more fully what the next member told the assembled members, because he appears to have been the oldest of those present, and his words, which were very simple and telling, carried with them the true ring of sincerity; moreover, they were uttered in his own native vernacular, which made them much more telling than they would else have been, and showed that they were the true language of the heart. The old man rose with some difficulty and spoke thus:

'Whya, ah's varry glad 'at ah can cum this mornin' ti the hus o' the Lord. Praase Him for what He's deean for ma through anuther week. Ah thowt 'at ah wasn't gahin' ti be able ti cum this mornin'. Ah felt varry dowly yah bit; bud ah ax'd the Lord ti help ma, an' He

hes helped ma ti cum. Ah want ti tell ya' at ah's nut tired o' sarvin' Him. Bless Him ! Ah luv Him wiv all mi heart. Ah've had a lot of ups an' doons sen ah fo'st began ti sarve the Lord ; bud ah see noo 'at it's been all reet. It's hard wark sumtahms ti see hoo it is 'at all things worrk tigither for good ti them 'at luv 'an fear God ; bud ah beleave it is seea, an' neeabody 'll drahve ma offn't. Ah've been sarvin Him ower fifty year noo, an He's nivver faal'd ma yit, an' ah thinks when He's kept ma all this tahm he'll keep ma this t'uther lahtle bit. It weean't be lang noo, for ah can tell 'at this poor au'd body o' mahn keeps gittin warse ; bud it'll be all reet when tahm cums. Ah's gannin tiv a better wo'ld 'an this, an' ah sall see mi Maker, an' sit doon iv His Kingdom, an' sup wiv Him ; an' t' fecast is gahin ti be everlasting. Amen.'

Then followed a verse of Isaac Watts's well-known hymn,

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign.

By way of contrast the next who stood up was a young man who traversed practically the same ground as some of those who went before him, which I need not repeat.

The last to give his experience was one who had suffered many afflictions for a long time. As he expressed it, 'the fires had burned fiercely, but they had purified and not marred him, and his faith in God had been strengthened through it all.'

When all had said their say the class leader rose and made a few concluding remarks, saying that they had all felt the presence and power of God, while they had tarried together ; and finally he committed them to God's keeping.

The singing of another hymn terminated the meeting.

I have dwelt at some length upon this gathering because it seems to me to be a specially good example of such meetings, and also because the Primitive Methodists appear to have had a stronger hold upon the people of the East Riding than any other religious body.

One cannot doubt the sincerity of the faith and the expression of the religious feelings of these people on the occasion to which I have drawn attention. But one cannot help feeling also that in course of time their experiences as expressed by them week by week must of necessity become more or less conventional and perfunctory, though their simple and childlike faith is worthy of admiration.

We naturally enquire what it was which appealed so strongly to the people in these class meetings and other services of the Methodists and drew such large numbers to them. For one thing, they were able in these assemblies to give free expression to their feelings, and at times they gave vent to them in no half-hearted manner. Shouts of approval in such expressions as 'Glory' and 'Hallelujah' would arise at frequent intervals when the feelings of the congregation were at high pressure. Sometimes the noise in the little chapels was very great. I am reminded of an occasion when a clergyman was passing by a chapel where a great noise was going on inside. He entered the building and found a number of people praying together in loud strains. He called for silence at the top of his voice, but at first he could not be heard; ultimately, however, he obtained a hearing, and then asked them in a friendly way if they thought they could not pray a little more quietly, adding that the Almighty was not deaf, and reminding them that at the building of the temple at Jerusalem no sound of the workmen's tools was heard. To which the rejoinder was that that was perfectly true, but they were not building the temple, they were 'blasting the rocks'. Very probably there may have been some stony hearts in the assembly, but the methods employed seemed scarcely the most fitting ones for melting them. In one notable instance, at least, a still, small voice was more potent for good than wind, earthquake, or fire. One of the main causes that contributed to the spread of Methodism lay in the fact that their preachings and prayer meetings were not confined to their chapels; they held

their services in almost any place where they could get a footing. Sheds, barns, haylofts, workshops, all were brought into requisition as occasion demanded, and did duty for a 'place of worship'. Perhaps the most favourite place of resort on these occasions was some house, or even a small cottage. In winter it must have been extremely trying at times to hold their services under such conditions, for the places were generally packed with people, and as the windows were sometimes not made to open, the atmosphere inside became almost unbearable, and occasionally the air was so vitiated that the dip candles grew dim or refused altogether to burn. It must have been trying in the depth of winter even to the strongest constitutions suddenly to change from these highly heated abodes to an air outside some degrees below freezing-point.

There is something very attractive about a well-kept Yorkshire cottage, and for the most part they are scrupulously clean, and that always gives them an air of comfort and a strong sense of homeliness, so dear to every Englishman; but their capacity is only very limited, and when they are filled to excess all sense of comfort is destroyed. Whether at prayer meetings or in preaching what the people liked was plain and straight talk, language that went straight home, and hit the right nail on the head. Simple Anglo-Saxon or good Yorkshire dialect was what suited them best. That they could understand. Written sermons, or, as they called them, 'paper pellets' were distasteful to these homely Methodists. Their expressions were often of the most unconventional and familiar type.

In illustration of this I remember a man I knew something of in Hull once giving me an account of the remarkable language which he used in his devotions by a lad with whom he had associated in a farm-house in Holderness.

This lad, a son of the farmer, was just a trifle 'soft', as we say, though he was possessed of quite enough intelligence to carry on satisfactorily his work on the farm. He was a Methodist, while the rest of the family were Church folk.

Consequently he regarded his kinsfolk as people given over to idolatry, and he generally spoke of the church as 'Jerryboam's Cawf hoos'. He made a great profession of piety, especially on Sundays, and would pray aloud for nearly an hour before retiring to rest. His devotions were by no means wholly supplication, but consisted very largely of exhortation and exclamation, in fact he made these the occasions for giving vent to all his religious feelings. He would refer to his brothers as 'hogs' because they would occasionally frequent the public-house, and he would make mention of them in this wise: 'There's ya greeat hog i bed, an' anuther i toon; Lawd ha'e massy on 'em (bis). T' yan on 'em's i toon kedgin' his insahd wi mull'd yal an' whistle-jacket, an' t' uther's werrickin' an' gickenin' an' makkin all sooarts o' gam o' ma as he ligs an' bannocks i bed of a good Sunda neet, awahl it's biggest massy i'd wo'ld 'at t' au'd lad diss'nt cum an' flee awaay wiv 'im wick. Lawd shak sinners (ter). Shak'em reet ower hell (ter), give 'em a sniftther o' brimston an' tthreacle; bud deeant let 'em drop in. They've been rammin' an' knockin' at hell's front deear fit ti ram deear doon; bud Thoo's been massiful tiv 'em, an' kept 'em this sah� o' Jordan; bud they'll ower-run cunstuble inoo if they deeant mahnd. Lawd, shak 'em ower hell, awahl they rooar like a bull wiv a sair lug. Mak 'em beecal like pigs at ringin tahm. Swizzen their whiskers for 'em an' then they'll knaw what o' clock it is.'

This and much more would our hero give utterance to after this sort before he had done. He would specially denounce those who frequented 'Jerryboam's Cawf hoos', but he could only excuse them on the ground that they knew no better, and therefore that it was not worth while taking any further notice of them; but he foresaw the day when, as he put it, 'The hoos o' t'harrigoords s'all be towpled ower, an' kennils o' the unrighteous s'all cum doon wi a cluntther.' He further gave it as his opinion that the righteous would flourish like thistles, but that the

wicked would 'mawk like sheep'. Finally, he heard his wicked brother coming home from his carouse, and so he felt it was about time to 'lap up'. In speaking of his brother he said that 'his soul is as forwodden wi sin as oor cockloft is forwodden wi rattens an' mice'. He hoped that as a corrective, after some fresh 'eldin' had been put on the fiery furnace this hog of a brother might be 'shakked reet ower d'pit'. And so, after delivering himself of these charitable imprecations, we may presume that he fell into a peaceful slumber.

This, no doubt, is an exceptional case; but the lad's quaint and forcible expressions in the vernacular of the district were probably only exaggerated and distorted specimens of what he had been accustomed to hear elsewhere.

Our East Yorkshire dialect is always full of force, and when used in the pulpit by some of these Methodist local preachers it was extremely telling, and acted somewhat after the fashion of the sledge hammer upon the anvil. But at the same time there is also a homeliness and a tenderness about it, which makes it irresistible.

A lady friend of mine told me that she once went into a Methodist chapel at Melbourne in the East Riding, and was much struck by the plain, forcible way in which the local preacher appealed to his hearers. Describing the rebuilding of Jerusalem he said, 'They pulled off ther cooats, an' teeak up ther shuvvels, an' at it they went'; and all through the discourse his dialect was of the broadest description. She also told me of another 'local' who was met by a friend and asked where he had been preaching; and on learning the place the friend added 'An' what did ya give 'em?' 'Whya!' was the reply 'Ah just gav 'em t' three lads i t' fire.'

A friend who had a parish in one of the dales of Yorkshire was one day visiting an old man who had been long bed-ridden. He was yoked with a partner of the 'nattery' sort. The vicar had been reading to this sorely afflicted

parishioner and was about to offer up prayers for his recovery, as our Prayer Book directs, when the wife broke in, 'Aw, Mr. W—! pray that the Lord may tak him;' whereat the husband interposed, 'Naay, naay, Mrs.; ah may be here a bit yit.' To which she rejoined in a grumpy tone, 'Well, have it yer awn way, then.'

During my early boyhood we never had evening services in our churches. I am unable to say precisely when evening services became general; but not long after my father went to Nunburnholme, which he did in 1854, he tried the experiment in our church, but at first only during the summer months; and, if I remember rightly, he was about the first to introduce the change in that neighbourhood.

It was in this connexion that he had rather an amusing interview with one of the Methodist ministers at Pocklington.

There was a small Methodist chapel in our village where they had an evening service every Sunday. The leaders there were in no wise antagonistic towards the Church, and arranged their services so that they should not clash with those of the parish church. When my father introduced the evening service during the summer, the Methodists changed their time of service to the afternoon, and so things went on quite satisfactorily for some time. However, when the winter approached the Church service was again altered to the afternoon, and the Methodists fixed theirs for the evening. Similar changes were made in the following year; but before the winter came on the Methodist minister called upon my father and said that these constant changes put them to a good deal of inconvenience, and asked, if they in future fixed their service at a certain time, would Mr. Morris undertake to make no further changes; to which he replied that he was sorry he could not give any undertaking of that kind, and the minister was about to take his departure somewhat disappointed. But as the two were walking along the passage towards the front door the visitor noticed a number of stuffed birds on the

walls, and began to ask a few questions about them, and seeing that he was fond of natural history and birds in particular, they had quite a lengthened conversation together; and just before they parted company my father said 'Oh! Mr. P—, do not trouble any more about the time of your service, for I do not think we shall make any more changes.' And no further change ever was made.

In the early fifties Harvest Thanksgiving Services were quite unknown. I do not think we were then less grateful for the blessings of the harvest than they are in these days; but there were no special days set apart for giving expression to thankfulness for the ingathering of the fruits of the earth. In course of time these services became very popular, and people who seldom set foot in church on Sundays would always be present at a Harvest Thanksgiving. From the first the churches were 'decorated' on these occasions, though judging by their appearance, it would frequently be almost more correct to say they were desecrated. Sometimes on entering a church one might imagine oneself in a green-grocer's shop, such a profusion was there in all parts of the building of cabbages, turnips, carrots, potatoes, and so forth, with an admixture of corn and fruits of various kinds. These were placed in every conceivable coign of vantage, and nails would be driven into pieces of carved wood or stone work, to their disfigurement and damage. But in course of time these supposed adornments took a more tasteful and less harmful form.

After the introduction of Harvest Festivals the institution of the Harvest Home, which had been customary for ages, fell into decay. This is much to be regretted; for although there was no religious element in it, the Harvest Home was a happy social gathering and made for good feeling between employers and employed.

The manner of performing the occasional offices of the Church have changed greatly since I can remember. In the case of funerals, for instance, we do not see the lavish sums of money spent on them, often even on the

part of those that could ill afford it, that we did a generation or more ago. Among my earliest recollections is seeing my father on the Sunday following the funeral of some fairly well-to-do parishioner, wearing a broad black silk scarf over the shoulder and hanging down at the side. A pair of black kid gloves would also be sent, but these were not always worn in church. A scarf was also given to each of the bearers to fasten round his hat, and a pair of black kid gloves was sent to every one bidden to the funeral. By the way, the word *bid* was always used in this connexion, the friends were always 'bidden', never invited. The desire to do every honour and respect to the dead has been for ages deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, and this feeling is one which no one would wish to discourage, if only the manifestation of it could be kept within reasonable limits.

It was customary for the bearers to be men, women, or children according as the deceased was a man, woman, or child, though this was not an invariable rule; but almost without exception a hymn or a verse or two of some kind was sung very slowly by the bearers or others, if men, and taken up by some of the male voices among the followers. It is greatly to be regretted that this old custom has died out. The singing always began at the house, and was continued with very few breaks till the procession reached the churchyard gate, the verses being repeated several times when necessary, according to the distance that had to be traversed. The effect of this hymn-singing at funerals was often very solemn and touching, though at times discordant. I have never yet been able to discover the reason for the abandonment of this old custom. Possibly it may in part be due to the fact that there is now more singing by choirs in the church and at the graveside than there formerly was at funerals. It was a common practice for the leader of the singing to read out one or more lines of the verse before it was sung; this avoided any necessity for books; and in the olden days a majority of the poorer

classes would not have been able to read them if they had them.

In the case of the death of some influential and popular person the attendance at a funeral was very great, and might occasionally amount to a couple of hundred people, especially in some of the large and remote parishes of the North Riding. But in most cases considerable provision, or 'providance', as we say in our vernacular, had to be made at these funeral gatherings. In many cases the guests could not sit down in the house all at once, and so they had to be entertained by relays. At one part of the proceedings, I think it was at the end, wine and a particular kind of biscuit called 'funeral biscuits', or 'buryin' biscuits', were handed round on trays. These old customs at funerals are, no doubt, the survivals of the ancient 'arval' feasts; the same word being used in Scandinavia, and signifying literally heir-ale.

The expenditure of considerable sums of money at funerals was not confined to any one class of society; the poor in their way and in proportion would spend as much as the rich, though in the case of the former the chief part of the cost of a funeral would be covered by what was received from a burial club, to which they subscribed so much terminally which they called their 'buryin' brass'; and an excellent institution it was. They would perhaps get something like £10 when a death took place, which in those days was a very great help to them. At the funerals of the poor, as I remember them, the handkerchief always formed an important and prominent appendage to the mourner's attire. On entering the church they always sat in their places, and bent forwards with their handkerchiefs in close proximity to their faces. They never knelt, nor did they join in any of the responses. It would seem as if the great object of the mourners was to make the Service as gloomy as possible, and they appeared as those that sorrowed without hope. Happily the old paraphernalia connected with funerals have now been

done away with, and they are conducted in more seemly fashion, and more in accordance with one's ideas of what a Christian burial should be.

Frequently in the olden days people would speak of funerals and everything connected with them in what would appear to us a very unconcerned sort of way. They would say, of some one who had died, for instance, that he had 'gotten his bit o' tahn owered'; or after a funeral that so and so had been 'happ'd up', or 'sided', or 'putten oot o' t' rooad'; and frequently when the news of any one's death was told it was said that the deceased had 'gone'. Sometimes amusing mistakes occurred over this latter word. I remember once at Nunburnholme the news got abroad that a neighbouring clergyman had suddenly died; however, a day or two afterwards the Vicar was seen walking about in his usual health, the explanation of the false rumour being that he had merely 'gone' from home for a day or two.

Sometimes a burial would be carried out in a very unceremonious fashion. I was told many years ago of a certain old clerk called Jack Kirby of Givendale, or 'Gelden', as we sound it locally, whose wife had died, and was to be buried on a Saturday; but Jack wanted to go to Pocklington market on that day; and living, as he did, some distance from the Church, the corpse had to be taken on some vehicle or other. Jack had a donkey, but he required it in order to take him to Pocklington; and so, before he started he left word that they were to go to one Jimmie Newby and borrow a horse, and, as he expressed it, 'tak her doon on t' sled', and he would come back in the afternoon and 'hap her up'.

Another case I heard of quite recently of what seemed to be a piece of indifference or unconcern for the departed, but which, I am convinced, was not so in reality.

A miner in the West Riding was attending the funeral of a friend. The service had been conducted in the usual way, and when all was concluded the relations passed along

by the side of the open grave to pay their last token of respect for the departed ; and just as this miner passed the grave he stopped a moment, and was heard to say to his deceased friend, ' Well ! I'll say good afternoon, Jim.' There was evidently no lack of reverence in these words. All he meant to imply was that this parting was not a final one, and that he looked forward to meeting his friend again in another world. But the manner of delivering himself of his sentiments in this connexion was certainly original.

Another instance of this kind occurs to me. I was visiting an old Yorkshire farmer many years ago during his last illness. I was speaking to him on one occasion as seriously as I could about the critical state he was in ; all he said was, ' Aye ! ah s'all be poppin' off inoo.' He did not in the least wish to treat my remarks lightly ; it was merely his quaint way of saying that he thought he should not survive much longer.

I remember too an old man who was a great character whom I met on the road one day saying to me apparently in the most casual way imaginable when speaking of his failing health ' T' au'd man 'es ma onny tahm ' ; he meant it quite seriously.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SYKES FAMILY

FROM my earliest boyhood the honoured name of Sykes of Sledmere has been with me, as with every Yorkshireman, a household word. There is no name more closely identified with Yorkshire, and particularly the Wold country of the East Riding, than this. The very name itself smacks of our vernacular; for *syke* signifies a small stream or rill, such as one often sees issuing out of the edge of one of our Wolds, where the superincumbent clay meets the chalk. Very appropriately, therefore, this fact is recognized in the coat of arms of the Sykes family, which in heraldic terms is Arg., a chevron sa., between three Sykes, ppr.

One notable fact connected with this family is that for several generations in succession the head of the family has been remarkable in some way or other.

The baronetcy was created in the year 1783 in the person of the Rev. Mark Sykes, then Rector of Roos in Holderness; but he only held the dignity for a few months, and so scarcely comes into our reckoning.

He was succeeded by his eldest son Christopher, who married Elizabeth, daughter of William Tatton of Withenshaw, Cheshire. This baronet represented Beverley in Parliament from 1784 to 1790.

At the time when Sir Christopher inherited the Sledmere estate the Yorkshire Wolds presented a very different appearance from what they do to-day. There are probably few country districts in England which have changed more than this since the beginning of the last century.

The chief part of the Wolds was formerly like the Downs in the South of England, and consisted of sheep-

walks. You could then have ridden on the grass from Driffeld to Malton without difficulty. The only parts of the district which were cultivated were the lowlands and valleys. Barley and oats were the only kinds of grain produced on the Wolds, and barley bread and oat cake were the only kinds of bread ordinarily used by the inhabitants. But towards the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries the price of wheat had risen so much that new land was brought under wheat cultivation ; and so, after a time, the people took to using wheaten bread, and refused all other.

Rabbits were largely cultivated on the Wolds at this period, when there would be something like twenty warrens in the East Riding, covering about 10,000 acres. Some of the farms were almost wholly given up to rabbit breeding. Thus, for instance, at the Coldham Farm, which consisted of about 1,900 acres, only about 200 acres were then under the plough, all the rest being warren, though a certain number of sheep were also kept within the warren walls, but chiefly on one side of it, and away from the burrowing grounds. The warren fences were a wall of sods capped with furze or stiff straw, and sometimes palings were used.

It is probable that in ancient times no timber grew upon the Wolds ; had it been otherwise, the tract of country being so extensive, there would now almost certainly be some trace of it. There is, however, reason to suppose that a considerable part of the country was covered with thick brushwood, thorns, gorse, and hazels, because many such were to be seen till within comparatively recent times, and even now we find traces of them, but without trees.

Much might be said about the changes which have taken place in the appearance of the Wold country. To some of these I may be able to refer later. But I will here mention one, for which we are indebted to Sir Christopher Sykes, the second baronet.

He was probably the first successful planter of timber

on the Wolds. There had been attempts before his time, but they had failed, owing in all likelihood to the smallness and thinness of the plantations. But Sir Christopher went to work mainly in the right way, for he planted thickly and extensively, though perhaps he did not choose the right kinds. The best kinds of timber for the Wolds are larch, ash, and birch. But Sir Christopher did a wise thing in contracting for a nursery of over five hundred acres to be completed in ten years, though he planted too many Scotch firs. These trees used to do well for about twenty years, and then for some reason fell off; but they make a good shield for other trees. Timber growing on the Sledmere estate, which was begun in Sir Christopher's time, has in these later years proved a very valuable acquisition to the property.

The whole subject of forestry in this country has been woefully neglected in the past. Tens of thousands of acres of waste land of no value for growing crops would have grown valuable timber had it been properly attended to. When the Germans, after the Slesvig-Holstein War in 1864, tore nearly the whole of Slesvig from Denmark, which contained some of the richest land of the country, the Danes were at their wits' end to know what to do to recoup themselves in some measure for their loss. But they are a thrifty and enterprising people; and they turned their attention to timber growing in Jutland, a great part of which had till then grown nothing but heather. The question was, what was the best kind of timber to grow on such a soil? Accordingly, a Dane called Dalgas travelled to many parts of the world to discover the best kind of tree for the purpose. Ultimately he succeeded in finding one in South America, if I remember rightly; and after a time every available acre of land in Jutland was planted with this tree—some kind of pine.

Sir Christopher Sykes died in 1801, and was succeeded by his son Mark, who took the name of Masterman before his own on succeeding to the Settrington estates after his

marriage to a daughter of Mr. Henry Masterman of that place.

This, the third baronet, was a well-known patron of art and literature. He collected a very fine library at Sledmere House, as well as a gallery of priceless pictures, manuscripts, ivories, bronzes, and other works of art. He died without issue in 1823. After his death all his library was sold in London by auction, and realized about £10,000. His pictures were also similarly sold, one by Salvator Rosa realizing 2,100 guineas—a large sum for those days.

Besides being a virtuoso, Sir Mark Masterman-Sykes was a man of expensive tastes generally, being a traveller, an owner of race-horses and a pack of hounds, and, what was more costly than all, a gambler. To add to this he had also contested a very expensive election at York, so that when he died his estate, though a valuable one, was heavily encumbered.

He was succeeded by his younger brother Tatton, who remained unmarried till he had reached the age of fifty. The youngest brother, the Rev. Christopher Sykes, was married, but had a family of daughters only; and so the estate was entailed on the male issue of the two sisters of Sir Tatton, one of whom was married to a certain Mr. Foulis, and the other to Mr. Wilbraham Egerton of Tatton Park, Cheshire. The story goes that Sir Tatton urged his nephew Mark Foulis to marry, and suggested for a bride, Miss May Foulis, his cousin. But the young man replied that he had no desire for matrimony; Sir Tatton then said that he would wed her himself; and he forthwith rode off and proposed to the lady, married her, and by her became the father of two sons and six daughters.

Sir Tatton was an excellent man of business, and by careful management of the property he was able not only to pay off the heavy debt upon it incurred by his brother, but on his own death, forty years later, to leave savings to the amount of £500,000, the whole of which was in the funds.

This, the fourth baronet, was a typical old English squire, and was perhaps the most representative of that class that the East Riding of Yorkshire has ever produced ; indeed, his name was known all over England, and he was esteemed for his manliness, integrity, and benevolence. He was a sportsman to the backbone, a great lover, as well as a breeder, of horses ; a keen follower of hounds, himself hunting his brother's pack for years, and was master of them from his brother's death till 1852, when, at the age of eighty, he surrendered the pack to Lord Middleton, though the sporting old baronet continued to hunt till within a few weeks of his death in March, 1863.

When he retired from the mastership of the hounds the members of the hunt wished to present him with his portrait. This picture now hangs in Sledmere House. It was painted by Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy.¹ It is an admirable likeness. His fine tall figure, clad in the fashion of his early manhood, mounted on his favourite horse, and with an expression of benignity on his countenance, gives us a true idea of what the man was.

It was necessary for him to go to London to have this portrait painted. He never travelled by coach or railroad if he could possibly help it, he always rode on horseback ; this he did to distant parts, such, for instance, as Ayr in Scotland, or to South Wales, to ride in races ; and so, too, on this occasion he rode to London accompanied by his man, Tom Grayson, who carried a bundle of shirts and white neckcloths for his master. They rode about forty miles a day, making five halts, the first being Selby. They started betimes each morning, and went 'at a fadge'—a sort of jog trot all day ; for, as Sir Tatton said, 'Give 'em time, and they can go for ever.' They slept at inns ; and in the morning the old squire would give his soiled

¹ I was present in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford when the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Sir F. Grant at the Encaenia of 1870—the same occasion when Lord Salisbury was installed as Chancellor of the University.

shirt and neckcloth to the waiter or boots, and put on fresh ones. Sometimes, on shorter journeys, he would take no luggage whatever, and would borrow of his host such things as he needed.

He never mixed in general society, but delighted in going about among his own people, by whom he was idolized; the force of his character and charm of manner attracted him to people of every class.

He had a peculiar way of dealing with poachers. If by any chance one was brought up before him, we are told that he generally gave the offender something in money, and asked him, as a favour, not to do it again. The consequence was, strange though it may seem, that his preserves were always well stocked with game.

Needless to say, Sir Tatton was a splendid and fearless rider. He always galloped down the steep hills when hunting, when most people would dismount and lead their horses to the foot of the hill; but, as he used to say to them, 'four legs are better than two'. He was an extensive breeder of high-class horses, which were sold for hacks and hunters. In later years the Sledmere Stud was run on quite different lines, consisting of the choicest mares only.

Endless stories have been told of Sir Tatton, most of which I believe are perfectly true. In his younger days he was very skilful at the noble art of self-defence, and strong in the arm. On one occasion he entered a public-house, where others were present, and ordered a pint of ale, to which one of the company had the impudence to help himself; he then ordered another, which was similarly made away with; whereupon he shut the door, fastened the window, and, in the words of my Yorkshire informant, he 'brayed the lot'.

One day he disguised himself, and, accosting a drover who was driving some beasts along the road towards Sledmere, he asked him where he was taking them. On being told that they were for Sir Tatton, the baronet promised the drover he would 'help him up' if he would

give him half of what he got for driving the beasts ; and to this he agreed. Sir Tatton then went quickly home, and told his bailiff to give the drover a sovereign. He then slipped out at once, and overtaking the drover, enquired how he had fared ; to which he received answer that he had only got a shilling for his work. Of course Sir Tatton never employed him again. I remember being told this story by an old Yorkshireman, who, at the conclusion added very significantly, ' Ah laay he was " jealous " on him ! ' No doubt he was.

Pugilistic encounters were very much in Sir Tatton's way. He once got his father to go to London to see a great fight on some sort of stage. On reaching the appointed spot the father, to his surprise, saw his son appear as one of the combatants, whereupon he instantly took his departure.

There was nothing the old squire loved more than riding a race, either for himself or any one else, if they would put him up. Probably the longest distance he ever rode for this or any other purpose was from Sledmere to Aberdeen, to ride a horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntley ; and when the race was over he started off home, without even waiting to dine. The distance of the double journey must have been about 720 miles. He had extraordinary powers of endurance, and a wonderful constitution.

Every year Sir Tatton rode to York for the race week, and always put up at the ' Black Swan ' in Coney Street. This noted hostel was kept by a certain Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, who had been servants in the Sykes family. On one of these occasions Sir Tatton did not arrive at the appointed time, and as rooms were in great demand in the race week Mrs. Hussey thought she would be justified in letting the rooms to some one else. She had scarcely done so when Sir Tatton and his servant rode into the yard. Old Mrs. Hussey, in a great fluster, came up full of apologies, and said she would provide him with quite as good if not better rooms. But Sir Tatton merely looked at her and

said, 'Mrs. Hussey, you're a hussy'; and without another word he turned and rode back the four and twenty miles to Sledmere. But the fine old gentleman bore his intended host no sort of grudge in consequence; for on the following occasion of the races he appeared again at the 'Black Swan', and occupied his old rooms as though nothing had happened.

A certain Archdeacon once wished to marry a daughter of Sir Tatton. Fearing her father's displeasure, she induced her brother Christopher to ask his consent. Sir Tatton listened to the request in silence, and the only remark he made was, 'Who told her she wanted marrying?' This was final, and she was doomed to single blessedness.

As I said, he used to ride in races all over the country, no matter what the distance might be; his only limit was his horse's powers of endurance; and this he kept up till he was sixty. He once rode a match on Knavesmire, York, when his horse bolted, and could not be stopped until it had got some way into the city, when a message was sent to him to say that the other man had been thrown, whereupon Sir Tatton returned to the course and won the race.

'T'au'd Squire', as he was called, was fond of hard exercise, even if it sometimes took an unwonted form. One rough day in 1861, he being then eighty-nine, he came across a man breaking stones on the road. He insisted on taking the man's place, sending him on to Sledmere for refreshment, when he himself took off his coat, and used such energy with the hammer that he got very hot, the result of which was that he caught a chill, from which he never fairly recovered, though he lived on till he was about ninety-one. He was born at Wheldrake, August 22, 1772, and died March 21, 1863. He was buried in the churchyard at Sledmere.

Shortly after his death, by the terms of his will, all Sir Tatton's large stud was sold by auction. Such a sale had probably never before been seen in the East Riding. People attended not only from all parts of this country,

but from the ends of the earth. One of the principal buyers came from Australia; and in order that those from great distances might arrive in time, the sale was twice postponed. A Mr. Chirnside, who came from Australia, was a principal buyer. Altogether, either by public auction or private treaty, he took with him to Melbourne eight mares and foals, eleven yearlings, twenty-one young mares, one young sire, and six hunters. Others were bought for the Austrian Government, who paid 3,500 guineas for their purchases. Other purchasers came from Hungary, Prussia, and Belgium; in fact, so famous was the Sledmere stud, that it was said that the majority of the purchases went abroad.

It is difficult for us in these days to realize the closeness of the tie that existed between landlord and tenant on many of our great landed estates. I am inclined to think it was stronger in this part of the country, where the estates generally were larger, than in the south of England. The traditions, too, of the great feudal barons, such as the Percys, the Greystocks, the Dacres, the Howards, and others, ran strong in the north of England; and these old traditions lingered on more or less for a longer time than is generally supposed. Certainly in the case of the Sykes family the bond of union between landlord and tenant was very remarkable. The influence of a great family entered more into the lives of the people on the estate than anything else. Their influence, and, I may add, their influence for good, was often enormous. Twice every week Lady Sykes and her daughter would drive with postilions in scarlet and white liveries to some of the villages on the estate to see how the people fared, especially the sick and aged, and to supply them with anything they might need. The money spent upon the estate in building and improving churches, schools, farm-houses, and cottages was very great, and the property must have increased greatly in value during the long period of Sir Tatton's ownership.

It was a sad day for Sledmere and the district for miles

round when Lady Sykes died. I happen to have a letter written by our old nurse to one of my sisters immediately after Lady Sykes's death in 1861. This old servant's husband was then one of the village schoolmasters on the estate, and his wife acted as sewing mistress. She wrote on February 6, 1861; and Lady Sykes was to be buried on the following morning at eleven. It had been arranged that the schoolmasters should sing before the body in the procession from the house to the church, and also inside the sacred building, and the family had expressed the wish that the singing should be very slow, and that the hymns should be the same as those that were accustomed to be sung at the funerals of the poor people. The interment was to be made in a plain bricked grave. Twelve of the labourers were to act as bearers, 'eight for the body and four for the pole'. All the school children and the widows at Sledmere were put into mourning. Miss Sykes had sent the previous day to our old servant two black dresses, a shawl, gloves, and a handkerchief; and a bonnet was to follow that same night. No doubt similar gifts had been bestowed upon all the school teachers on the property. I merely mention these minute details in order to indicate the extreme thoughtfulness, kindness, and generosity which the Sykes family showed towards their tenantry and dependants. This was the kind of way they acted all through their lives.

At the time when Sir Tatton, the fourth baronet, died, which was about two years after the decease of his wife, his eldest son, who was also called Tatton, was travelling in the East—I think it was in Egypt. As it happened, a friend of mine was also travelling within a short distance of him, and to him was entrusted the task of breaking the news of his father's death. But, as a matter of fact, it would seem that the news needed no breaking, for when the bearer of the sad tidings approached the new inheritor of the Sledmere property, and gradually unfolded the news of his father's death, the only remark he made at each

stage of the announcement was, 'Oh! indeed!' Whether these brief interjections really represented the feelings of him who uttered them I will not pretend to say; but such, at least, was the fact.

After the funeral of old Sir Tatton, a Yorkshire farmer was heard to say that there might be many more Sir Tatton Sykeses, but that there would be only one Sir Tatton.

Sir Tatton, the fifth baronet, whom I knew very well, although sharing many of his father's tastes and proclivities, was in general character and disposition quite unlike him, being naturally very shy and retiring. He was a man of considerable ability, and a shrewd observer of men and things. He was like his father in this, namely, that he was singularly unconventional, and something of a 'character'. The son was much quieter in manner than the father, and very reserved. He took the greatest interest in architecture, and would often travel great distances to see famous cathedrals and churches; and in his study of architecture he showed remarkably good taste. I suppose that few men could have seen more of the world and its famous buildings than he had. I remarked to him on one occasion what a number of countries he appeared to have visited. 'I have, indeed,' he replied, laying great emphasis on the words. This, if I remember rightly, was shortly before undertaking a journey to Japan. He said he had then to be more careful of himself than of yore. He paid several visits to Palestine and India, twice he went to Mexico, and among other countries that he visited were China, Russia, Greece, Italy, America, with many more. He generally spent the summer in England, and the winter and early spring abroad. He had a cordial dislike to what is called 'society', though he would have been an interesting member of it had he chosen to mix in it. It is regrettable that he left no record of his many journeys, for he did not often follow the beaten track of tourists, but struck out on a line of his own, and very few things worth observing ever escaped his notice.

He never entered Parliament, and if he had he would certainly never have spoken, for he was never known to make a set speech anywhere.

The first of the long series of churches that he built was Wansford, then in the parish of Nafferton. This church was commenced soon after he inherited the property, and every year or two until his death saw the completion of some other church.

There is probably no one in this or any other generation who has spent so much money on church work as the late Sir Tatton Sykes, and his name in this connexion will be had in grateful memory for generations to come. I have thought it well here to place on record some of his munificent deeds. The following is, I believe, a complete summary of the churches built, rebuilt, restored, or beautified by Sir Tatton Sykes (fifth baronet) and his family :

Wansford (St. Mary). Built by Sir Tatton (5th Bart.) in 1868 from designs by Mr. Street. One of the stained-glass windows is in memory of Sir Tatton's mother.

Thixendale (St. Mary). Built by Sir Tatton in 1870.

Architect, Mr. Street. Organ chamber and organ added.

Fimber (St. Mary). Entirely rebuilt by Sir Tatton in 1871 on the site of the old church. Architect, Mr. Street.

Consecrated the same day as Thixendale.

Weaverthorpe (St. Andrew). Restored in 1872 by Sir Tatton. Architect, Mr. Street.

Kirkburn (St. Mary). Restored in 1856 by Sir Tatton (4th Bart.) under the direction of Mr. Pearson. From 1872 to 1880 the church was decorated and otherwise beautified by Sir Tatton (5th Bart.) under Mr. Street.

Kirby Grindalythe (St. Andrew). The entire body of the church was rebuilt by Sir Tatton, under Mr. Street, in 1875-8.

Helpethorpe (St. Peter). Entirely rebuilt by Sir Tatton from Mr. Street's design in 1875. In 1893 he added a north aisle designed by Mr. Temple Moore. In 1900 the church was re-seated.

West Lutton (St. Mary). Rebuilt by Sir Tatton on the site of the old church from Mr. Street's designs in 1875. In 1876 a graveyard and lychgate were added.

East Heslerton (St. Andrew). Built by Sir Tatton in 1877 from Mr. Street's designs. The figures representing the four Latin Fathers, by Redfern, were brought from Bristol.

Garton on the Wolds (St. Michael). Restoration begun in 1856 by Sir Tatton (4th Bart.). In 1872-80 the walls and roof were decorated by the 5th Baronet, the frescoes on the walls being designed by Mr. Street. In 1899 the church was re-seated from Mr. Temple Moore's designs.

Foston on the Wolds (St. Andrew). The church was re-seated in oak by Sir Tatton in 1886.

North Frodingham (St. Elgin). The tower was restored by Sir Tatton in 1892 from designs by Mr. Temple Moore.

Wetwang (St. Nicholas). Restored by Sir Tatton in 1901 from designs by Mr. Hodgson Fowler. An organ added in 1902; also lychgate, and churchyard enlarged later.

Bishop Wilton (St. Edith). Restored by Sir Tatton (4th Bart.) in 1859 under Mr. Pearson. Windows in memory of him and his wife inserted later by the family. In 1902 Sir Tatton (5th Bart.) re-seated and decorated the church, and added a floor of Italian mosaic, said to be a copy of the flooring in the Vatican: men were obtained from Italy to do this beautiful work.

Fridaythorpe (St. Mary). Restored by Sir Tatton in 1902 from designs by Mr. Hodgson Fowler. Stained-glass windows inserted in 1910.

Langtoft (St. Peter). Rebuilt in 1903 by Sir Tatton under the direction of Mr. Hodgson Fowler. Tower restored.

Sherburn (St. Hilda). Rebuilt by Sir Tatton in 1909-12. Plans made by Mr. Hodgson Fowler, but on his death carried out by Mr. Brierley of York. A clock was added in 1911.

Thwing (All Saints). Sir Tatton gave a pulpit, &c.

Malton (St. Michael). Sir Tatton gave the candelabra.

Sledmere (St. Mary). The body of the church was rebuilt and pewed by Sir Christopher Sykes in 1758, the tower being retained. In 1870 the pews were taken out and the west gallery removed, chairs being substituted by Sir Tatton Sykes (5th Bart.). In 1880 the walls were stencilled, and a screen added, surmounted by a Calvary group. An organ was given by Sir Tatton in 1882. In 1893 the whole body of the church was demolished, and between that date and 1898 a new chancel, nave, north and south aisles, and organ chamber were built, and the tower thoroughly restored. The Rood beam and Calvary group, which were part of the original plan, were replaced. All the windows have very beautiful stained glass, the east, south, and west windows being by Mr. Victor Milner; those on the north side are by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls. Mr. Temple Moore was the architect.

The amount that he spent altogether on church work was something very astonishing. It was quite recently that the Vicar of one of his Wold parishes informed me that Sir Tatton, on almost the last visit he paid to his beautiful church, told him that he had expended £1,500,000 on church work; 'probably more', he said, but he 'knew the sum was at least a million and a half'. Had the present economic state of the country existed in Sir Tatton's lifetime, the probability is that he would have expended some portion of this huge sum of money in improving the value of the benefices on his estate. In pre-war days a bachelor might have lived on £200 or so a year. The Vicar of the parish just referred to told me that the value of his living was about that sum; but that his income might be greatly increased if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would consent to re-invest the capital at a higher rate of interest, which might be done with perfect safety. Seeing that a large number of the clergy are now almost at starvation point, it seems strange that those in authority on the Commission should cling so persistently to their hide-bound rules.

Many of these churches, nearly all of which I have

visited, are of extreme beauty and interest ; but Sledmere, in the richness and profusion of its ornamentation, even to the smallest detail, eclipses them all. I was told on good authority that the cost of this building was £60,000 ; but probably it considerably exceeded that sum. There can be few, if any, modern village churches in England to surpass it.

Sir Tatton took great delight in visiting the churches he built during the summer months, and took notice of the smallest details. He was once at Wansford Church with the Vicar when he said he did not like nails in the walls. The Vicar was not aware of any ; but on looking carefully he saw one or two small nails quite high up.

I met him on one of these periodical visits to his churches when I was spending an afternoon with the then Vicar of Bishop Wilton, one of the most picturesque villages in the East Riding, and in pre-Reformation days the summer residence of the archbishops of York. He told me, which I never knew before, that my father was once tutor to his brother. He certainly had a good deal to do with Mr. Christopher Sykes at the time of the passing of the first Wild Birds Protection Act, which Mr. C. Sykes carried through the House of Commons, but if he acted in the other capacity, as it seems that possibly he did, it must have been in his early days at Nafferton.

Sir Tatton inherited the sporting instinct from his father ; but, as I mentioned above, the stud at Sledmere after the old Tatton's death was carried on altogether differently. The father was a great breeder of hunters ; the son was a great breeder of race-horses. But he never ran any horses ; nor did he ever bet. He was most successful as a breeder, but I cannot here enter at length into any details. But I may add that his yearlings, which were sold every year at Doncaster, generally fetched the highest prices. Although he paid 12,500 guineas for *La Flèche*, which by good judges of that day was considered the handsomest mare ever foaled, she must have paid him well

for one of her foals by Ladas was sold in 1901 for 5,200 guineas.

In his younger days Sir Tatton was an excellent shot ; but once a gun burst in his hands, and although happily he was not injured, he lost his nerve, and never used a gun afterwards. He was an extremely good judge of a short-horn, and at one time had a fine herd of them.

One of the last occasions when I saw Sir Tatton was at Sledmere. He had invited another friend and myself to luncheon ; it was on this occasion, if I remember rightly, that I saw the beautiful mare, *La Flèche*, in the paddock. In the afternoon he drove us down to Wetwang to see the church. On coming to a steep pitch on the road I observed that he let the reins go quite slack ; when we reached the foot of the hill I drew his attention to this, and he said he always did so, because he thought a horse had a much better chance of recovering itself when it stumbled, if the reins were slack rather than kept tight. I have no doubt he was right ; and this rather agrees with his father's practice of galloping down the Wold sides when hunting.

Sir Tatton was an excellent and considerate landlord, and spared no expense in keeping up to a high point of cultivation his extensive property of about 34,000 acres. If by any chance a farmer threw up his holding, and left it in a bad condition, Sir Tatton would take it into his own hands, and work it round until he could again ask a fair rent for it ; and in this he followed his father's example.

The story goes that the old Sir Tatton once had a farm thrown on his hands, when Lady Sykes persuaded him to let her take it over, and see what she could make of it. How long she held it I cannot say ; but at the end of a year she came to her husband in great triumph, saying that the farm had paid her very well : ' But, my dear,' said Sir Tatton, ' you have forgotten that you have paid me no rent.'

It must not be forgotten that the fifth baronet did an immense deal for education as well as for the churches on his estate. In this too he followed the example of his father.

Sir Tatton Sykes (4th Bart.) and Lady Sykes were pioneers in the cause of education throughout the Wold district of the East Riding in conjunction with the clergy, long before the authorities awoke to their responsibility in the matter. They established Dame Schools in some villages, and placed intelligent men or trained teachers in charge of others, bearing the whole cost. When they died the good work was carried on for their son, Sir Tatton, by Miss Sykes, and alone by him after she left Sledmere.

Not only did Sir Tatton (the 5th baronet) support these schools, but he erected splendid new buildings at Kirkburn, Fimber, Sledmere, Wansford, and Thixendale, and also improved those at Wetwang and Garton, and continued to find the funds for their support until schools were taken over by the new Local Education Authority.

The extreme modesty which he showed in all his works was one of the finest features in his character. He never spoke about what he had done; and when he had of necessity to perform some function, such as laying the foundation stone of a church, he seemed very glad when it was all over, and got out of the way as quickly as he could. He had a horror of anything approaching to self-advertisement—an evil sadly too prevalent in these days.

In his old age Sir Tatton suffered a great loss, namely, the destruction of Sledmere House by fire in the spring of 1911. It was an old Georgian building, and contained many valuable pictures, including some by Romney, much beautiful old furniture, miniatures, and other works of art, besides a large and valuable library. Fortunately, most of the contents of the house, with the library, were saved, and the whole of the value was covered by insurance, but many things perished which could not be replaced, and of the fabric little besides the bare walls was left standing. He bore it all bravely; but it was a pathetic sight, the bystanders said at the time, to see the aged Baronet sitting on the lawn, and watching the flames bursting through the windows of the house. But practical and hard-headed

Yorkshireman as he was, he was nothing daunted; and while the ashes were still hot, he consulted his son and the architect, and decided to rebuild the house as far as possible on the lines of the old one.

Sir Tatton had a keen eye for order and beauty, and nothing vexed him more than to see a farm in an untidy state, with hedges badly kept, and a big crop of thistles and weeds. He used to say that if a man could afford to grow a crop of thistles he could afford to pay more rent!

Strange to say, he disliked to see flowers growing in the cottage gardens; he thought that flowers required so much attention that the tenants could not possibly find time to keep them in a perfect state, and nothing less than perfection satisfied him; he would have, for instance, every dead flower and leaf carefully picked off, and all encumbrances removed. And so he always recommended his tenants to grow vegetables instead of flowers; consequently very few flowers were ever seen growing in the cottage gardens, for the people almost always liked to respect his wishes. Sir Tatton once met the old sexton of Wansford, and suggested to him that he should grow vegetables instead of flowers, to which the old man replied: 'Whya, Sir Tatton, if ya tak t' flooers you'll a'e ti tak mah au'd woman an' all!'

At the age of forty-eight Sir Tatton married the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. George A. Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P. for Whitehaven, by whom he had an only child, Mark, who succeeded him in the baronetcy and estates.

Sir Tatton died in London on May 4, 1913, and was buried at Sledmere.

The exigencies of space will prevent my doing anything like justice to the character and work of the sixth baronet, Sir Mark Sykes, whose brilliant career was cut short early in 1919. He was educated abroad and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was possessed of intellectual gifts of a very high order. He was elected M.P. for Central Hull as a Unionist in 1911. In 1903 he married Edith Violet, third

daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. He served in the South African War and was mentioned in despatches, and afterwards he took part in the Great War as Lieut.-Col. of the 5th Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment.

Sir Mark quite early in life developed strong literary tastes, which he exercised to good purpose. He was a great traveller, especially in the near East, in Turkey and Asia Minor, visiting remote places which very few Englishmen have ever seen, and he took every opportunity of making himself acquainted, as far as possible at first hand, with many of the intricacies and ramifications of what is known as the Eastern Question, and at the close of his career there were few, if any, whose opinion on that subject was more to be relied on than his.

His first publication, *Through Five Turkish Provinces*, was issued as early as 1900. This was followed by others, including *Dar-ul-Islam*; *Five Mansions of the House of Othman*, 1909; while his last and greatest work, *The Caliph's Last Heritage: a Short History of the Turkish Empire*, appeared only a few years before his death. This volume covers, as its title indicates, a very wide field. His diary must have been as difficult to compile as it is fascinating to read. A single passage will indicate its style :

'When you go into the Jazireh it is essential to divest yourself of all preconceived notions. Wipe John Stuart Mill, Omar Khayyam, Burke, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Bernard Shaw out of your mind; learn the Book of Job by heart for philosophy, the Book of Judges for politics, the *Arabian Nights* (Burton's translation) for ethics; ride by balance, not by grip, keep your girths loose, look out for rat-holes, be polite and dignified in your conversation, don't talk about the superiority of the European civilization, and you will learn a good deal. If you adopt any other line of conduct you will very likely get into serious trouble.'

In a review of this volume in the *Yorkshire Post*, the writer said: 'One despairs of indicating in a brief review a tithe of the important subjects or the relatively trivial

but always picturesque incidents mentioned in the story of these wonderful journeys.'

Sir Mark was a man of penetrating and far-seeing observation. Three or four years before the Great War broke out he foresaw the dangers which lay ahead of us, and he had an animated encounter with the War Office on a subject that interested him deeply.

He always had great admiration for the way in which our East Riding farm lads drove and managed their horses ; and he saw in them the making of an Army Service Corps ready to hand. He urged the authorities at the War Office to recognize officially a body of these lads which he had formed. For a long time the Government would not listen to his proposals. Ultimately, however, he got them to enrol the boys as a ' Waggoners Reserve Corps ', guaranteeing them £1 a year as a sort of ' fest-money '. Every year Sir Mark instituted driving competitions, and gave cups and prizes to the best drivers at agricultural shows and other times. They had the same course of instruction as for artillery driving.

When the War broke out the War Office was then only too ready to avail themselves of Sir Mark's foresight and organization. They called up the boys, a thousand in number, and within a fortnight they were in France.

Sir Mark took the deepest interest in these lads, visiting them in France, and doing everything he could to help and encourage them. They proved themselves most useful as drivers, and I venture to say that there was not a finer set of fellows in France than these thousand East Ridingers. Happily there were but few casualties among them. Later on some of them enlisted in the regular army.

There were few finer things in the War than this achievement of Sir Mark's in connexion with his Waggoners' Reserve. The boys were devoted to him as well as to their duty ; but, like every one else, they had to learn their duties.

An amusing story is told of one of these lads. His

commanding officer met him one day driving his wagon and horses, and asked him where he was going, when he made answer in his broad Yorkshire accents in the following words: 'Ah deeant know wheear ah 's gannin' teea; ah wer tell'd ti keep gannin'; ah've been gannin' for three weeks, an' ah 's gannin' yit!'

Many touching scenes occurred during the War with our Yorkshire lads. I heard of one of our East Riding boys who had been rather badly wounded, and was carefully attended to by doctors and nurses; and when they asked him how he was getting on, all they could get out of him was, 'Tak ma back ti Yorkshire; tak ma back ti Yorkshire'; and I verily believe that if he could there and then have been transported to his native Yorkshire air it would have done more for him than all the doctors and nurses put together.

All through the War Sir Mark worked to the utmost of his powers, and towards the end he greatly over-taxed his strength, so much so, indeed, that the doctors told him that unless he relaxed his energies serious consequences would follow. But nothing could hinder him in what he deemed his duty.

He was one of those who attended the Peace Conference in Paris; and while there he had a severe attack of influenza, which his over-taxed strength was unable to resist. His body was brought home and was buried at Sledmere. His death was an irreparable loss to this country. Had he lived we should have heard much more of him. The British Cabinet would have been fortunate if a man of his high character and calibre could have been persuaded to share its counsels. Such men are sorely needed at the present time, especially when the intricacies of the Eastern Question need such delicate handling.

There may be seen on the wall of the Private Chapel at Sledmere a memorial tablet to Sir Mark, bearing the following inscription:

Pray for the Soul of Mark Sykes sixth Baronet of Sledmere who was born 16 March 1879 and died 16 February 1919 fortified by the Holy Sacraments. He served in the South African War and was mentioned in dispatches. From 1911 till his death he was M.P. for Central Hull. During the Great War he served first as Lieut.-Col. in command of the 5th Battn. Yorkshire Regiment and then on the General Staff being detailed for duty in more than one theatre of war. He died at Paris when in attendance on the Peace Conference.

Of him it may truly be said that he sacrificed his life for his country.

Sledmere is rich in memorials of the fallen in war, and may well be proud of its heroes.

At the junction of the York and Malton roads near the church there stands a monument which is a reproduction by Mr. Temple Moore of the cross erected at Northampton by King Edward I in memory of his Queen Eleanor. This monument has now been used as a memorial to Sir Mark Sykes and the officers and men of the 5th Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment who fell in the Great War, two full panels and the remaining twelve half-panels being filled with brass effigies of the fallen men, as follows :

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Lieut.-Col. Sir Mark Sykes | 9. Lieut.-Col. J. Mortimer |
| 3. Sergt. T. Frankish | „ Capt. F. Woodcock |
| 4. Lce-Corp. H. Addison | „ Lce-Corp. H. Woodcock |
| 5. Capt. T. E. Duffy | 11. Capt. Ed. Bagshawe |
| „ Capt. T. C. Barker | 12. „ Wm. Holtby |
| „ Capt. D. N. Walker | „ „ David Cooper |
| „ Lieut. E. R. Spofforth | „ „ George Potts |
| „ Capt. T. G. Scott | 13. Pte. W. G. Barker |
| „ Capt. W. Vause | 14. Lce-Corp. H. G. Agar |
| 6. Lieut.-Col. J. A. R. Thompson | 15. Pte. David Scott |
| 7. Major Harold Brown | 16. Lce-Corp. Wm. Webster |
| 8. Lieut.-Col. F. W. Robson | |

The base of the monument on which the names are inscribed is octagonal, and the numbers preceding the names correspond with the numbers of the panels. Panel number 1 faces East.

The 'Waggoners' Reserve' monument, which stands at the Sledmere end of the Kirby Grindalythe lane, was entirely designed by the late Sir Mark Sykes. Of all the village war memorials that I have seen, this is to me by far the most interesting and original.

It consists of a central shaft, and is surrounded by four ornamental columns. The central shaft bears carvings in three tiers, representing scenes in the late War, viz. :

- (1) Driving competition.
- (2) At work—Leading the corn.
- (3) Joining the Waggoners' Reserve.
- (4) Back to Work—Delivering corn.
- (5) Receiving mobilization papers.
- (6) Saying Good-bye.
- (7) On the Sea.
- (8) Disembarking.
- (9) Germans burning and killing.
- (10) British and German method of fighting.
- (11) Munition waggons.
- (12) Germans on the run.

The following five stanzas, composed by Sir Mark, are inscribed on the monument :

These steans a noble tale do tell
Of what men did when war befell,
For in that 'Fourteen' Harvest Tide
The call for lads went far and wide
To help to free the world from wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

When from these Wolds twelve hundred men
Came forth from field and fold and pen
To stand against the law of Might,
To labour and to dee for Right,
And for to save the world from wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

These simple lads knew nowt of war ;
They only knew that God's own law,
Which Satan's will controls must fall,
Unless these men did heed the call
To gan to save the world from wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

Ere Britain's hosts were raised or planned,
The lads who formed this homely band
To Normandy had passed o'er sea,
Where some were maimed, and some did dee ;
And all to save the world from wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

Good lads and game, your Riding's pride,
These stones were set by this Road-side
The tale your children's bairns to tell
Of what ye did when war befell,
To help to save the world from wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

Round the cornice is the following inscription :

' Lieut.-Col. Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P., designed this Monument and set it up as a remembrance of the gallant Service rendered in the Great War 1914-1919 by the Waggoners' Reserve, a corps of 1,000 Drivers raised by him on the Yorkshire Wold Farms in the year 1912.'

The edifice erected over the well in the village of Sledmere, in memory of the second baronet, bears the following inscription :

' This edifice was erected by Sir Tatton Sykes, Baronet, to the memory of his father Sir Christopher Sykes, Baronet, who by assiduity and perseverance in building, planting, and enclosing on the Yorkshire Wolds, in the short space of thirty years, set such an example to other owners of land as has caused what was once a bleak and barren tract of country to become now one of the most productive and best cultivated districts in the county of York.'

A monument in the form of an obelisk was put up many years ago by the side of the road between Sledmere and

Driffield in memory of the fourth baronet. The inscription round the base of the monument runs thus :

‘Erected to the memory of Sir Tatton Sykes, Baronet, by those who loved him as a Friend and honoured him as a Landlord.’

Above this, on a string-course, are the words :

‘The memory of the just is blessed.’

This monument stands out conspicuously, and is a landmark for many miles over the Wold country.

CHAPTER XV

THE TICHBORNE CASE

THERE are times and seasons when England seems to go mad. It did so at the time of the great Tichborne case, which was the most remarkable trial that has ever taken place in this or any other country. The sensation it made was profound. There was an air of romance about it which at the outset attracted people's notice. As a matter of fact there were two trials; one before Chief Justice Bovill, in which the claimant to the estates sought to dispossess the young Sir Henry Tichborne of his property, making himself out to be Sir Roger Tichborne who was lost at sea in the ship *Bella*, which went down with all hands in the year 1854. The trial of this case, which began on May 11, 1871, lasted over a hundred days. The second trial for perjury was heard before Chief Justice Cockburn in 1873. This extended to 188 days. The two cases should have been disposed of in about as many hours as they took days.

The only member of the Tichborne family who did not believe in Sir Roger's death was his mother, who foolishly advertised for him indiscriminately. In 1865 a butcher in a small way of business in Australia assumed the title and claimed the estates. He then went by the name of Tom Castro, though his real name was Arthur Orton, the son of a butcher at Wapping. A greater, and more bare-faced, imposter than this man never lived. The most extraordinary part of the case was that two men more unlike each other than the true Sir Roger and the claimant there could not well be. Sir Roger was somewhat slim in body and of medium height; the claimant was nearly two inches taller, ungainly, and weighing considerably

over twenty stone. The hands and feet of the latter were an inch or two longer than Roger's. The shape of the ears were different. The character, tastes, manners, habits, and mental equipment of the two were as dissimilar as their bodily features. Sir Roger had been brought up in France and knew the language; later he had been educated at Stonyhurst. The claimant did not know a word of French, and was a perfect ignoramus in all higher knowledge. He could not remember his mother's Christian names, nor could he write his own.

Of course the claimant had to be coached up to act his part. Before leaving Australia he fell in with an old black servant named Bogle, who had lived in the Tichborne family, and the two came together to England; this man was one of the claimant's most important witnesses. When Bogle during the trial came to be cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins, which he was very severely, some highly amusing scenes occurred. One such scene was in connexion with certain tattoo marks which Roger had when he left home. Bogle swore that he had none; the fact being that the claimant had also had tattoo marks which were very different from Roger's, and so he had removed them. In reply to Hawkins's question, 'How do you know Roger had no tattoo marks?' Bogle replied that he had seen his arms on three occasions.

'When, where, and under what circumstances?' said Hawkins.

The witness said that Roger had on a pair of black trousers tied round the waist, and his shirt buttoned up.

'The sleeves, how were they?'

'Loose.'

'How came you to see his naked arms?'

'He was rubbing one of them like this.'

'What did he rub for?'

'I thought he'd got a flea.'

'Did you see it?'

'No, of course.'

'Where was it?'

'Just there.'

'What time was this?'

'Ten minutes past eleven.'

'That's the first occasion; come to the second.'

'Just the same,' said Bogle.

'Same time?'

'Yes.'

'Did he always put his hand inside his sleeve to rub?'

'I don't know.'

'But I want to know.'

'If your shirt was unbuttoned, Mr. Hawkins, and you was rubbin' your arm, you would draw up your sleeve.'

'Never mind what I should do; I want to know what you saw.'

'The same as before.'

'A flea?'

'I suppose.'

'But did you see him, Bogle.'

'I told you, Mr. Hawkins, I did not.'

'Excuse me, that was on the first occasion.'

'Well, this was the same.'

'Same flea?'

'I suppose.'

'Same time—ten minutes past eleven?'

'Yes.'

'Then all I can say is, he must have been a very punctual old flea.'

Such was the end of Bogle and his evidence on this important point.

Another man who played an important part in the trial was a Mr. Baigent of Winchester who was well versed in the Tichborne family history, and gave no little assistance to the claimant. I quite well remember seeing this man Baigent: he was a learned antiquary; and once when I was staying with a friend at Winchester some time before the trial, we paid a visit to Baigent for some reason

which I have now forgotten. I think he was an authority on heraldry.

The claimant went to Paris and made himself known to the old Lady Tichborne, Roger's mother, and on a dark January afternoon in an hotel bedroom she immediately averred that she 'recognized' him as her son. But if any one else had entered the room in a similar way she would no doubt have 'recognized' him, for she had a sort of craze on the point. This, however, the British public did not know at the time, and therefore this 'recognition' had an enormous effect upon them. The old lady, however, had swallowed the fact that this supposed son of hers did not know a word of French, though Sir Roger spoke it fluently.

The claimant, however, had got up his case sufficiently well from two men in Roger's old regiment, so that several of his fellow officers in the 6th Dragoons, besides most of the Hampshire villages, and even many members of county families were duped into a belief in this imposter. But the members of the Tichborne family in England unanimously rejected the idea of his identity with Roger. The old Lady Tichborne, however, went so far as to give the claimant £1,000 a year, and to entrust him with a number of diaries and letters written by Roger when in South America, which were, of course, an enormous help to him. Meanwhile the Tichborne family were given information which led to the discovery that Tom Castro was none other than Arthur Orton, who on arriving in England from Sydney in 1866 had first gone to Wapping to enquire about the survivors of his family. After the death of Lady Tichborne, and other untoward events, the claimant was placed in a difficult position, and in order to raise money to pay the cost of litigation, 'Tichborne bonds', as they were called, were issued. These were readily taken up by many victims of the imposture. During the trial no less than a hundred persons swore to the identity of the claimant. But in the end Sir John Coleridge

in a speech of unexampled length exposed the whole plot, and ultimately Serjeant Ballantine, who led for the claimant, elected to be non-suited.

Arthur Orton was then placed upon his trial for perjury, his counsel being one Edward Kenealy, and after being heard for 188 days he was found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude on the 28th of February, 1874.

After his liberation in 1884 he endeavoured, but without avail, to raise renewed interest in his case by lecturing in various towns in the kingdom.

Oddly enough, I travelled in the same train with him when he was returning from Newcastle from one of these lectures. When we got out at York station I was close to him and so was able to take a good look at him. He was a huge coarse-looking fellow, about as unlike what he had pretended to be as it was possible to conceive. He died in great obscurity in London in 1898.

A very remarkable story was told by Bishop Moorhouse, formerly Bishop of Melbourne, in connexion with the Tichborne case. It is recorded in Rickards's *Life of Zoe Thomson*. I venture here to give it. While still Bishop of Melbourne he met on board a liner a lady farmer whom he had known in Australia, Mrs. —. He said to her : 'The last time I saw you was when you were giving evidence in the Tichborne trial.' 'Ah !' she answered, 'if only they had allowed me to tell all I knew ! But I was warned only to answer the questions asked.' The bishop begged her to tell him the whole story, which was as follows : 'On my station I had two boundary riders—one a middle-aged man named Smith, the other a young fellow, evidently of a higher class, who was nicknamed "Gentleman Jim." This youth had several possessions which he greatly valued, a dressing case, a large emerald and diamond ring (a present from his mother, which he swore he would never part with) ; and also a pocket-book full of papers, which he carried in his pocket by day, and

was careful to put under his pillow at night. The butcher of the station, Arthur Orton, made great friends with Smith, and one day these two came to me and said, "We are all going to cross the bush to-morrow to find work on another station, and Jim is going with us." I said, "Surely you won't take that boy with you? He'll never stand such a journey." Smith replied, "He's so keen to go we can't disappoint him. He'll be all right."

A few days later I found the two men, Smith and Orton, in the bothy having tea. "What! you back already?" "Yes, it was such bad going that we gave it up." I asked, "Where is the boy?" Smith answered at once, "He wouldn't turn back, and said he would go on alone." "What!" I cried, "you surely did not desert him? he could never find his way alone!" Some months later Smith was back on the station for shearing-time, and as I went round the table serving the men's dinner, I suddenly saw Jim's ring on the man's finger, and made a grab at his hand before he could withdraw it. "Where did you get that ring?" I demanded. The man became pale and sullen, and answered, "Jim gave it to me when he left us in the bush." "Don't tell me," I said, "He always said he would never part with it as long as he lived. You must have stolen it."

'Mrs. — believed that Arthur Orton had got the pocket-book full of papers, which enabled him to get up his case. The bishop supposed that either he or Orton had murdered the young man in the bush; and he received a curious confirmation of this some time afterwards when travelling in that neighbourhood. There is a superstition in Australia that the spirit of a murdered man haunts the spot where he died. The driver of the bishop's buggy paused in the bush, pointing with his whip through the trees. "Gentleman Jim's ghost haunts that place," he said.' ¹

¹ *Zoe Thomson of Bishopthorpe and her Friends*, by E. C. Rickards, pp. 135-7.

CHAPTER XVI

THREE YORKSHIRE PARSONS

AMONG the clergy of the Diocese of York in my younger days there were few more interesting and original characters than the Rev. Francis W. Harper, for many years Vicar of Selby, and a Canon of York ; and, I may add, few men were more highly respected. He was a man of no great or imposing bodily presence, but he was possessed of an intellect of a high order, and was a fine classical scholar. He was most conscientious in everything he did, and was a devoted parish priest. He lived a life of the most simple and self-denying kind, and his generosity was unbounded, except by his limited means. He was a great educationalist, and took the liveliest interest in his schools, and especially in the religious upbringing of the children, visiting the schools every day, and catechizing the scholars. He had his own ideas on many subjects, and always had the courage of his convictions. Two subjects there were on which he held decidedly pronounced opinions, these were Temperance and Church Bazaars.

Though himself a most temperate man, he did not by any means hold with total abstinence : this caused him sometimes to be misunderstood ; and those who did not know his worth would sometimes say hard things of him.

His notions on the subject of temperance will at once be made clear by two quotations which he inserted on the cover of a sermon which was published after being delivered in York Minster. One of these quotations was from Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, where he says : ' There cannot at present be imagined a more sacred function for young Christian men than that of hosts or hospitallers supplying wholesome food and drink to all men : so that

as always at one end of a village there may be a holy Church and vicar, so at the other end of the village there may be a holy tavern and tapster, ministering the good creatures of God.' The other quotation was from Scott's *Marmion* :

And thus my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine.

On these principles Harper acted all through his life. He did his utmost to enlist to the Church's side all the licensed victuallers and publicans of the parish of Selby. He induced them all to sign a declaration to the effect that their smoke-rooms and other public rooms would be at all times open to the clergy, and that they would at all times welcome their visits as the visits of friends. Harper's great contention was that self-governing moderation is a far higher, far better, and more Christian state than tied-up abstinence. He said that the more excellent way of promoting habits of temperance was that we should wage war against the wrong use of food and drink by rejoicing in their right use, and that we should claim the vintner and victualler as belonging to God, and that they should not be regarded as public enemies.

He used to assert that the evils resulting from the use of wine and malt liquor were no necessary consequences ; but on the contrary, if used rightly, were among the best of God's gifts for the service of man. In one of his sermons he quoted what the eminent chemist, Liebig, said about the value of wine ; namely, that 'As a restorative or means of refreshment when the powers of life are exhausted, of giving animation and energy when man has to struggle with days of sorrow ; as a means of correction and compensation when misproportion exists in nutrition . . .

wine is surpassed by no product of nature or of art. . . . The quantity of wine consumed on the Rhine by persons of all ages without perceptible injury to their mental or bodily health, is hardly credible. Gout and calculous diseases are nowhere more rare than in the district of the Rhinegau, so highly favoured by nature. In no part of Germany do the apothecaries' establishments bring so low a price as in the rich cities on the Rhine, for there wine is the universal medicine for the healthy as well as the sick; it is considered as milk for the aged.' And, as the preacher added, wine and milk are found put together also by the prophet Isaiah.

I happened to be present at the Church Congress held in Sheffield somewhere in the end of the seventies. One of the subjects for discussion was temperance, and I shall never forget the speech Canon Harper made on that occasion. He ventilated his views on the subject fearlessly; and they were so contrary to the general feeling of the assembly that a great uproar ensued; so much so that the Archbishop (Thomson) who presided had to intervene and beg the audience to give the speaker a fair hearing, which they ultimately did. The worthy Canon maintained that when the great temperance movement was first started by the Nonconformists, the Church, instead of following in their wake, should have corrected them and have combated the evil on quite different lines. He called total abstinence 'a crutch for cripples'. He said that he thanked God for his good beer, and that when he came home heated by walk or fatigued by work, he found 'of all beverages a glass of Bass's beer the most refreshing'. At this there were shouts of derision, but the speaker heeded them not, and he said his say to the end of the allotted time.

I confess that in the main I agreed with his argument. Hating as any right-thinking man does the evils of intemperance, and knowing the terrible consequences to which it often leads, one can at the same time see no

special merit in total abstinence, teetotalism, prohibition, or anything else we may call it. The general teaching of Holy Scripture is quite out of harmony with it; it cannot be called a Christian virtue, though temperance certainly is. The extremists seem to regard total abstinence as a kind of religion or fetish; they look upon a man's drinking a glass of beer as something almost as bad as lying, or theft, or blasphemy; it would seem as though they thought this one commandment, 'Thou shalt drink no alcoholic beverage', should override all others. If a man finds that alcoholic drinks disagree with him he is a fool to touch them, even as he would be to take poison; but there is no particular virtue or merit in this. Many of those who are total abstainers appear to regard themselves as superior sort of people; and one sometimes sees them sporting a piece of blue ribbon on their coats, which not seldom leads to Phariseeism and conceit.

A Yorkshire farmer recently put into my hands the following lines on the wearing of the blue ribbon, which seem to me very much *ad rem*:

The ribbon of blue, the ribbon of blue,
And what, O Christian, is that to you?
Is it that all the world may see
How self-denying you can be?
Then why not wear a ribbon of black
To show that on sin you have turned your back?
Why not wear a ribbon of white
To show that you are a child of light?
Why not wear ribbons of every hue
To show that no evil clings to you?
Christian! Live Christ in every act,
Then you'll need no badge to proclaim the fact.

The whole question of temperance needs the most careful consideration. One's fear is that if the prohibitionists push their propaganda too far, a time may come when there will be a great reaction which will put the clock back alarmingly. My belief is that the evils of intemperance would not be so disastrous as they are if

the laws against the adulteration of alcoholic drinks were made more stringent. Those who adulterate food or drink of any kind with noxious and poisonous ingredients should be sent to prison with hard labour without the option of a fine.

I believe, too, that quite as many if not more people injure themselves by eating to excess as by drinking to excess, although the evil results manifest themselves in different ways. The whole subject of food is one which is very imperfectly understood. If only people would study to find out what foods suited them best, as well as the amount requisite to sustain them in health, doctors' bills would be reduced to a vanishing point. It stands to reason that the more food a man takes beyond what is necessary tends to wear out the tissues of the body; and food which cannot be properly assimilated does harm to the system instead of good. It is astonishing on how little food a man can not only keep himself alive, but also be in perfect health. Medical men are more and more realizing the importance of the question of food in its relation to hygiene, and they prescribe for their patients by dieting, more than by physicking them.

The great thing is to study one's own constitution and to find out what, and what quantity, suits it best. What suits one man is poison to another; and this applies with equal force to what we drink as well as to what we eat. Moderation is the best guide for us all in such matters. As Frederic Harrison truly said, 'Moderation in the enjoyment of life is a far higher state than penal abstinence. It is better to struggle even feebly against habits of self-indulgence than to become a total abstainer by the rules of the prison.' And as for example to others, a point frequently dwelt upon, the best example by far that can possibly be set, and the one most nearly in accordance with Christian principles, is that of self-governing moderation.

Before Canon Harper resigned the vicarage of Selby

a very considerable sum of money was raised by the parishioners which they presented to him to show their appreciation of his long and devoted services as a parish priest as well as of his high and truly consistent Christian character. He accepted the gift, but not for himself, limited though his private means were. He devoted it in the most self-sacrificing way to the enlargement and improvement of the day school of his parish, in the welfare of which he had always taken so deep an interest.

The other subject on which Canon Harper felt strongly was that of Church Bazaars. He considered it a very unworthy way of raising money for such a purpose as the restoration of a church. Nay, he went so far as to say that while earnest Church building is an act of adoration to God, Church building by bazaars and such-like means are frivolity and even an insult to God. He preached two remarkable sermons in York Minster on 2 Samuel xxiii. 16: 'Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord,' his object being to indicate the true spirit in which such a work as the restoration of some part of Selby Abbey, then proposed, should be undertaken. The sacrifice which David made in refusing to drink of the Bethlehem water which had been procured at so great a risk, and instead, pouring it out unto the Lord, was of the same nature as that which we ought to make in entering upon a work like that which they then had in contemplation. He drew a strong contrast between the way in which Hugo, the first Abbot of Selby, when the church was in building took his part in the work, daily toiling with his own hands like a common workman, carrying the materials for the building upon his shoulder like the rest of the labourers; and the way in which people raised money for church building in these days by bazaars and the like. The vicar's mind was exercised by the public announcement of the bazaar by its promoters. It ran thus: 'The Committee have made their arrangements with the full conviction, that if the public are well

catered for, they will not be slow in coming to the feast provided for them.' On this the vicar made comment in these words: "The Committee have full conviction"—firm faith, entire reliance—upon what? Upon human wisdom and magnanimity? upon human piety and adoration? upon human self-sacrifice and devotion? nay, but upon human love of being "well catered for"; upon human fondness for amusement; upon human appreciation of a day's pleasuring; upon human taste for an exhibition of marionettes, which "will be going every half hour;" and for "a fairy fortune-teller, working by electricity."

No doubt the good vicar of Selby preached to the same effect in his own parish church as he did in the great Minster at York; though of this I have no record, but it is doubtful, we fear, if even his oratorical powers could check or alter the spirit of the age, even as far as those who heard him were concerned, which will have its *quid pro quo* in this particular means of raising money for church objects. When men will not give money from the highest motives, we are almost driven to accept lower ones, humiliating though it is to make this confession.

When one thinks of the glorious fabrics that were built in this country at enormous labour, skill, self-sacrifice, and devotion, say in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as well as those in Norman times, churches like those of Selby Abbey, Fountains, Tewkesbury Abbey, St. Albans, or such matchless fanes as York and Beverley Minster, as well as hundreds more of varying size and dignity; when we think of the means of transit then as compared with that of the present day, and the distances from which in many cases the stone and other materials had to be brought, as well as the far inferior mechanical appliances which the builders of those early days had at their disposal as compared with what they have now, it does seem strange that in so many cases we now have so much difficulty in keeping those glorious churches raised by our forefathers even in decent repair; and that

even so, we are compelled to have recourse to such humiliating institutions as bazaars to raise the necessary funds for this comparatively small work. Well might Canon Harper lament the present-day methods of raising money for church work as compared with those of mediaeval times.

Another parson of whom I shall say a few words was educated at the same university and college as he was of whom I have just spoken.

The name of John Hymers, late Rector of Brandesburton, has been familiar to me nearly all my life. The story of his career has been often told, but it was so remarkable a one that a few words about him will not be out of place here.

His father was gardener at Alnwick Castle, and the boy showing signs of great intelligence, the Duke of Northumberland took an interest in him, and had him sent as an undergraduate to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he carried all before him as a mathematician, came out Second Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos, was elected Fellow, and afterwards made Tutor of his College. He was also very successful as a 'coach'. He took Holy Orders, and rather late in life was appointed to the valuable college living of Brandesburton in the East Riding. He never married, and he used to say that a bachelor ought to be able to live comfortably, as a clergyman, on £200 a year, which then, no doubt, would have been quite possible.

The life of a college tutor is not a good training for a parish priest, as Hymers discovered. But he had a good curate to assist him. The rector was of frugal habits, and an excellent man of business. He was also a man of ideas. He liked to make himself useful, and did good work as a justice of the peace.

His incumbency at Brandesburton extended to thirty-five years, and at the time of his death in 1887 he had amassed a fortune of about £200,000. He knew what

his own humble origin in life had been, and what a good education, aided by his own industry, had done for him; and, consequently, he conceived the truly splendid idea of devoting practically the whole of his property to found and endow a grammar school for 'the training of intelligence in whatever social rank of life it may be found amongst the vast and varied population of the town and port of Hull'.

Like a wise man Dr. Hymers made a will; but like an unwise one he did not first take legal advice. His will, which he made himself, was declared null and void. By the use of the words 'found and endow' he had contravened the provisions of the Statute of Mortmain, an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1279, and still in force, by which money could not be left to found and endow, what was said in this case to be, a religious institution. Happily, however, the younger brother of Hymers was a right-minded and generous man; and so, seeing clearly what his brother's wishes were, a compromise was made, and in course of time a sufficient sum of money was available for founding the institution now known as Hymers College, to the incalculable benefit of Hull and the neighbourhood. Had Hymers in his will said 'found or endow' instead of 'found and endow', his wishes could have been carried out thereby.

Dr. Hymers had considerable landed property, and was much interested in agriculture. He was shrewd in his business transactions, and had some shrewd tenants to deal with, as Yorkshiremen are wont to be, though he himself too was a native of the county. But though he was a Second Wrangler the Doctor sometimes came off second best when it came to a matter of bargaining with his tenants.

Among his tenantry was a very cute farmer whose name I know, but whom I will call B. This man's farm was rented rather highly, and he wanted his rent reduced; so he determined to approach his landlord on the subject.

One night B was conversing with a farmer friend about this, when the friend remarked, 'You ae'nt a good job on : it'll tak ya sum deecain.' 'Aw,' says B, 'ah'll soften his hard heart.'

On the appointed day B went to the rectory to pay his rent. After wishing each other good morning, the farmer announced his errand. 'Come into the study,' said the rector. He went in, and in somewhat doleful tones exclaimed : 'Ah'd a stthrage hard struggle ti git here, doctor.' 'Oh dear !' replied Hymers, 'What is it ?' 'Whya !' said B, 'Ah 'adn't mi rent, an' seea, ti mak it up, ah'd ti git Missis' bit o' butther money ti mak up rent. Noo, they're queer things is women, Docter. Mah wo'd, sha did call [abuse] ma ; an' sha'd plenty o' good wark ti let you aleean.' The rector listened to the sad tale his tenant had to tell ; but it did not move him, and not a word was said about any reduction of rent. However, B was determined not to be beaten ; and, as he expressed it to his friend, 'Ah thowt ah'd fittle for him next tahn.'

Six months passed by and another rent day arrived. Now, B had four children, each of whom possessed a money box. In these boxes were a vast number of pieces—pence, threepenny bits galore, sixpences, and other coins of the realm. It occurred to B to break open all the boxes and take out what was in them, which he did. Altogether they made up a nice little sum, which he put with his own money as part payment of the rent, and proceeded to the rectory as on the former occasion. He was admitted again to the study, and said to Hymers, 'Noo, Doctor ; you are a magistrate : ah committed a burglary afoor ah com here. Ah 'adn't mi rent, an' seea ah brak mi bairns' money boxes oppen, an' it's there ; you can coont it doon yersen ; *it's there !*' And there it certainly was. The doctor looked on in astonishment, went through the painful process of counting out this mass of small coinage, and found the sum correct to the last penny. This seem-

ingly fearful struggle that his tenant had had in order to pay his rent this time really did move Dr. Hymers's heart, and before the two parted he said to his tenant, 'Well! something must be done.' And so it was. The rent was reduced.

My third parson is one of another sort, but one worthy of the great county which produced him.

Among my oldest and most valued friends is the Rev. E. S. Carter, commonly known as 'Teddy' Carter; his father also, the late Rector of Slingsby, was well known to me, and I may say that the son is a chip of the old block. Both may be called typical Yorkshiremen, and both had a keen sense of humour. I think I never knew any man whose humour was so 'smitting' as we say in Yorkshire, that is, so infectious, as 'Teddy' Carter's. If one met him in the street you could see long before he accosted you that his countenance was beaming with light-heartedness, and when he met you there was always some joke or other to be told, it might be a bit of humour from the cricket field, or a touch of 'Yorkshire' fresh from the mint: he is a past-master in speaking our Doric, and like every true Yorkshireman he loves it dearly. From his earliest years at Malton, where he was born, the old talk was familiar to him; and without this early use to the vowel-sounds and niceties of expression it is, I am persuaded, wellnigh impossible to speak the language perfectly. It is, indeed, the same with every other tongue. Even in writing the dialect it is generally easy to distinguish a native from an outsider. In that much-belauded book *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, a book which unquestionably has great merits, I was able to discover almost immediately that the author was not a Yorkshireman, even though he had lived among, and mixed with, the country folk for five years over the forty.

'Teddy' Carter in his early days was what is commonly called an all-round man. He was a good scholar, a good musician, a first-rate oarsman, and cricketer; nor did

any of these things hinder him from being a good and conscientious parish priest. He was a scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, and was a 'double blue'; that is, he rowed in the Varsity Boat, and played in the Varsity Eleven.

At that time the only 'blues' at Oxford were those for rowing and cricket; we should then have held very cheaply a 'blue' for distinction in anything else. A man might play football, or billiards, or racquets, or anything else for the University, but that would not have entitled him to have been styled a 'blue'.

Carter's genial and vivacious humour always made him popular in the boat or on the cricket field, and added life to them. It was impossible to feel dull in his company. He had an endless number of good stories connected with the cricket field, a few of which, as examples of many more, with his permission I here give.

He began to play in cricket matches with the Langton Wold Club when a boy. Parson Trueman, whom I well remember, used to frequent these matches, whether as a player or umpire or merely an onlooker I am not sure. He was quite one of the old sporting sort; he was something of a character, and was familiarly known as the 'Kilham Priest'. He used to be a welcome guest at Birdsall House in the olden days, where I have met him. At the cricket luncheons he made use of the briefest 'grace' possible before and after meat. In the former case it was simply 'play', and in the latter 'over'.

The men of Sheffield are well known to be quick-witted; of this I have often had proof. Carter was once playing against the Australians at that place, and fielded alternately at cover point and square leg. For about twenty minutes not a single ball came to him. At last one came with a lovely hop, which he promptly returned; whereupon some one in the crowd called out 'Here endeth the First Lesson'. This witticism was quickly passed on amid much laughter from one to another till it went all round the enclosure.

Another little incident of a somewhat similar kind happened in a match on the Yorkshire Gentlemen's ground. Carter was fielding at point, when he returned the ball quickly to the wicket keeper from a very hard cut made by Tom Emmett, when one of the spectators shouted out 'By gow, if that there Teddy Carter maks as good a parson as he maks a cricketer they owt ti mak an Archbishop of him.'

The great cricketer George Freeman was playing in a match at Malton which Carter remembered. Freeman was batting, and by some misunderstanding he and his partner met in the centre of the pitch. The wicket keeper having had the ball returned to him flourished it over the bails, and said to Freeman, 'Why don't you run in, George?' As Freeman had no chance of getting to the wicket in time, he proceeded to walk off to the pavilion, which was at an angle behind the wicket. On looking round he saw that the wicket keeper had omitted to knock a bail off, whereupon he walked back and resumed his innings. 'But you're out,' said the wicket keeper. 'Oh no, Ned,' was the reply, 'you forgot to knock the bails off.' Freeman then went on with his innings, and scored over a hundred.

For two or three years Carter had a curacy at Ealing, and he and Tom Hearne between them founded the cricket club there. There was a match being played which Carter could not attend owing to his clerical duties. At lunch time Hearne sent a message pressing him to come, as their wickets were nearly all down for very few runs. He arrived at the field just as the ninth wicket fell. He was barely in time to go in, and when the last wicket fell he had made twenty-seven not out. Then he went on to bowl, and got nearly all the wickets; and his side won by fifteen runs. Two men of the Surrey team were on the defeated side, one of whom said to Tom Hearne, 'I tell thee what, Tom, the next time we come to play here we shall come on Sunday, and then that parson chap will be in Church!'

In some match where Carter was playing he bowled one

man with a twister round his legs ; ' By gow,' he exclaimed, ' how that ball did turn ! We'll get them turning balls off before we come again.' Another batsman was struck on the pad, and the ball went to Carter at short slip. An appeal was made for leg before wicket, and the batsman being hard of hearing innocently walked two or three yards away out of the ground to hear the umpire's decision. Carter then popped the ball into the wicket at his end and said, ' How is it for this end ? ' ' Out ' was the reply ! The unlucky batsman as he walked away naively remarked, ' I tell thee what, Mr. Carter, there 's a deal o' points to be watched i creckit ! ' He would feel ' sadly begone ', as we say, at such an ignominious ending of his innings.

One of the best Deans they ever had at York Minster was Dr. Duncombe. He did a great deal at his own charges for the Minster, and was rather a strict disciplinarian. At that time our friend Carter was one of the Vicars Choral, and when first he was appointed he was given to understand that the Dean did not much like his playing cricket. One Sunday morning, however, an incident happened which caused the Dean rather to modify his views on that point. In those days the collections were made with bags, having three wooden handles for convenience in being handed about, though they were very inconvenient for being placed on the alms dish, especially when it came to the last three or four. On this occasion the choir boys, who did the collecting, had placed the bags on the alms dish more carelessly than usual, with the result that, as Mr. Carter was handing it up to the Dean, the top bag fell off. With the cricketer's instinct Carter, holding the dish, which was very heavy, in his left hand, made a grab at the bag, and caught it before it reached the ground, placed it carefully on the plate, and gave it to the Dean. There was an audible titter from some of those who saw what had happened. On reaching the vestry after the service the Dean said with a smile, ' Well, Mr. Carter, I see there are some advantages in being able to play cricket.'

After a residence of over thirty years in York my old friend was appointed to the rectory of Thwing in the heart of the Wold country by the Lord Chancellor (Loreburn), better known as Robert Reid, who had formerly been in the Varsity eleven with Carter at Oxford. Thwing is difficult of access, and the change there from York, with all its attractions, must have been severely felt. But the new Rector soon infused new life into the place, though at first he found the farm labourers shy and reserved. One thing, however, was not strange to him, even from the first, and that was the racy folk-speech of his parishioners: in this he delighted. After he had been at Thwing some little time he sent me an account of a cricket match between the villages of Thwing and Langtoft. This is how he described the way in which the Langtoft captain, who won the toss, proceeded to place his men in the field: 'Mr. Parker (a gentleman farmer), thoo'd betther start t' boolin' at yon end: Billy! thoo mun langstop: Bob, thoo cum an' stand sumwheers aboot here; an' t' rest o' ya, just *spreed yersens oot i t' likeliest spots.*'

The Thwing Church organ must have been a sore trial to so musical a rector. It only had two stops that went right through, and a squeaking sesquialtera and fifteenth, which went half way. Well might the old clerk say of it, as he did to his rector one day, 'Sha weeant awlus gan, an' when sha weeant gan we a'e ti use t' monian.'

It appears that they had a band at Thwing, in which some of the performers were not quite at home with their parts. On one occasion they were practising for a concert when the second violin observed, 'Ah keeps lossing mi pleace, an' then ah losses mi coont. If ah diz it i t' concert ah s'll stop playin', bud ah s'll gan on movin' t' stick, an' folks'll be na wiser.' And the same performer, when the conductor said that a certain movement was *poco lento*, remarked 'It might be gate-posst for owt it meean's ti me.'

The old clerk at Thwing once remarked to the rector that 'Trade's varry slack; there's nowther weddin's nor

funerals, an' nowt deeain' i t' shop; but they'll mebbe wicken up efther Mart'mas.' And so it turned out, for after Martinmas the old man said to the rector, 'It's a bit on t' wicken is trade, Mr. Carter.'

It is remarkable how puzzled many of our old people were over words that are at all out of the way. A woman at Thwing when asked what her cow died of, said she didn't know 'for sartin, but thowt she heeard t' coo-doctor say it deed o' t' Land Tax (anthrax) '.

Some excellent specimens of Yorkshire dialect used in former years to be heard from witnesses in our Law Courts. One year Mr. Carter was present at the Assizes at York, when Judge Wright rebuked a fine old man from near Ripon for contradicting himself, the probability being that he did not understand half that was said. The old man excused himself in these words, 'Noo, you mun think on 'at ah can't awlus git reet ho'd o' yer fahin talk sumtahms. If you'll nubbut speeak plaan, then ah can mebbe undherstand ya.'

A Thwing man meeting a friend one day, the friend said to him, 'Hoo's Parson Carter gittin on?' 'Ah deeant knaw whau you meean.' 'Parson Carter? your parson.' 'We deeant call him Parson Carter here.' 'What do ya call him, then?' 'We calls him a gentleman.'

There used to be an inmate of the Blind School at York some years ago named Moses Sowersby whom I knew very well. He was a fine-looking man, and one of the best type of Yorkshiremen. He was a native of Wetwang in the East Riding; he had decided literary tastes, and published a small volume of poems called 'Recitations in the Folk-speech of East Yorkshire and other Poems'. It was a creditable production, and some of his best pieces used to remind me of Burns. I place Sowersby's poems quite in the front rank of our dialectical literature, of which there is sadly too little that is worth anything at all. In a letter I once had from him he happened to mention that he had just been reciting one of his poems called 'T' Parish

Cooncil ' to an old friend of his at Wetwang. When he had finished the old man naïvely exclaimed, ' Whya, mi lad ! Ah've heeard heeaps o' fooaks talk leyke that.' A greater compliment could not possibly have been paid the writer of the poem. I feel confident that if Sowersby could have met with more help and encouragement he would have made a name for himself.

CHAPTER XVII

VISITS TO DENMARK

WHEN I was preparing to write my book on our East Yorkshire Folk-speech, which was published in 1892, knowing the close affinity that existed between it and the Scandinavian dialects, I make a special study of some of them, especially those of Jutland. I had a good deal of correspondence at that time with Dr. H. F. Feilberg, whose name was well known to me as the author of the *Dictionary of Jutlandic Dialects* in four volumes, the most elaborate and complete work of the kind I have ever seen in any language. He had also written a great deal on peasant life and folk-lore. At that time he was the parish priest of Darum in West Jutland. He was a most conscientious clergyman, and deeply interested in the lives of the flock to whom he ministered, and was greatly beloved by all who were brought into contact with him. On the completion of the first volume of his great work, his country, recognizing its value, conferred on him the degree of Dr. Phil. *honoris causa*. After corresponding with him for some time he became much interested in the work in which I was engaged, and very kindly invited me to pay him a visit, an invitation which I was only too pleased to accept, not only because I should thus have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of such an interesting personality, and learning a great deal from him; but also because it would afford me a means of knowing something of the ways, habits, customs, and language of the Jutlanders.

I shall never forget the kindly greeting he gave me when we first met at Bramminge Station, not far from his home at Darum Præstegaard, or Vicarage, which was a fair-sized and comfortable house, with garden, something like

an old-fashioned English farm, or manor house. He spoke English extremely well, and his wife knew something of it also, and so I felt at home with them at once. It was delightful late summer weather all the time I was there, so that there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of the change of scene and life. We talked all day, took long walks, visited his parishioners, looked over their farmsteads, and feasted on their good things. They were one and all given to hospitality. Two things in which they specially excelled in the way of food were coffee and butter. They are all great coffee-drinkers, and never failed, as it seemed to me, to make it of the very best. And as for the butter, there is none to equal it. We can get good Danish butter in this country ; but we must not forget that it has to undergo a long journey before it reaches our breakfast table, and they have to put a certain quantity of salt in it for the English market ; but when you taste it fresh from one of their factories, you say, probably, that you have never tasted any butter equal to it. There was one of these co-operative factories—*Andels-Mejerier*, as they call them—in my friend's parish, which I visited, and went into the subject of butter-making carefully. I cannot here enter into the details at length ; but I may say that these factories are owned by the farmers and pay them well ; and they would do the same in this country if they were worked on the same economical principles.

Almost every one in Jutland keeps cows. In Darum, which contained over seven hundred inhabitants, there were only two householders who did not keep them ; and one exceptionally large farmer outside the parish, whose farm I visited, milked as many as 165 cows daily. All the cows are milked thrice a day, viz. about 5 a.m., 11.30, and late in the evening. The animals are similar in appearance to the short-horn breed that one sees in Yorkshire. They take extraordinary care of them, and if the weather were in the least chilly in the evening I frequently saw cloths on them.

They are the most industrious and thrifty people imaginable, and the women appeared to work on the farms about as hard as the men ; but at the same time they are very attentive to their household duties. Most of the sheep-shearing, which took place twice in the year, in May and towards the end of September, is done by women. A daily register of the weight of milk in pounds produced by each cow is kept. The quality of the butter never varies.

Very little wheat is grown in Jutland, the chief cereals being rye, barley, and oats. There is a good deal of wheat grown in the east of the country, and so it is used to some extent in Jutland. We generally had three kinds of bread on the table every day, a white bread, brown, and a dark rye bread ; but the people seemed to prefer the darker kinds.

At the time I am speaking of, pigs were not bred on a great scale ; but most of the people kept them, though bacon is not so largely used as an article of food as it is in this country ; but I believe that in recent years bacon factories have considerably increased in Denmark.

It is amazing to me that our English farmers have not adopted some of the thrifty and up-to-date methods of the Danish agriculturists ; though we have introduced the milk separators, which is a Danish invention.

But, as I said, my main object in visiting Denmark was to learn something of the language and the people, and incidentally of their customs and ecclesiastical usages.

I may mention that Darum was a favourable place for making these investigations, as it lay in a very remote part of the country ; in fact, I was told by some of the good people of the place that I was the only Englishman, as far as they knew, that had ever set foot in the village within living memory.

In order that I might learn something of the customs and ritual that prevailed in the churches of West Jutland I told my friend that I should much like to be present at some of their functions. As it happened, a baptism and a funeral took place while I was on my visit, both of which I

attended. I should here mention that the Barnedaab, as it is called, is something more than the actual Baptismal Service in Church, including, as the word does, the feasting which ensues at the house of the parents after the service is over.

The child in this case was the son of a well-to-do young farmer in the parish. There was considerable property in the family; but hitherto no son had been born to inherit the estate; and so, when this son appeared the rejoicing was great. I attended the service in the quaint little church hard by.

I cannot here describe all the details of the ceremony, though it was an impressive and picturesque one. At one point in the service nearly all the people stood up, and I did the same, but was told to remain seated. The service was long in itself, and made longer by no less than seven hymns, sung slowly and unaccompanied. The Degn (clerk) led the singing. Towards the end, each of the godfathers one by one, at short intervals, went up to the altar and placed his offering there for the priest. On enquiring after the service why I had to sit down when the others stood, I was told that it was customary for the godparents only to stand. Of these there were no less than forty-five; twenty-five godfathers and twenty godmothers.

I enquired of the young farmer afterwards if he did not find a difficulty in securing so many sponsors. He said he did not. He devoted a day to it, got on his horse, and rode round the country to his different friends who always readily consented. I told him that we in England often found some difficulty in obtaining three or four, which seemed greatly to surprise him. Knowing that I was staying at the Præstegaard he kindly invited me to the entertainment at his house that same evening. His place was some considerable distance off, and we had to drive there. The vehicle which conveyed us was indescribable. It was more like two or three gigs joined together, and placed in a row upon four wheels, than any single species of

carriage. It would have been comfortable enough but for the lack of springs. This deficiency, added to the badness of the road, made our journey anything but a smooth one. Two strong agricultural horses drew us along. We rolled and tossed about in parlous fashion, the deep sand of the road alone saving us from bruises. One of the party happily described it as a 'churning'.

At length we reached our destination. The house was a good-sized one, and the rooms were spacious. By the time we reached it a large number of the guests had already arrived and we were ushered into a room that was more than comfortably filled. The men were sitting and chatting round the tables, smoking long pipes, the bowls of which would contain three or four times as much as ordinary pipes.

Three rooms opening into one another were set apart for the entertainment of the guests. Presently we made our way into the furthest room, which was comparatively empty. It did not long remain so. Guests continued to arrive, till the number reached about a hundred and twenty. In the *spise-stue* (dining-room) the tables were laden with viands of various kinds, fantastically shaped cakes and confectionery predominating. As many as could, took their seats. Coffee was handed round, and the Barnedaab feast, or *Barselgilde*, as it is sometimes called, began in earnest. At first the conversation was subdued, but by degrees the flow of talk and laughter went on merrily.

The appetite of the Jutlander for coffee-drinking is enormous. The feast was long drawn out, but the occasion was, as I said, a great one, and the company were bent on making the most of it.

Presently clearings of throats were heard in the distance, and vocal music was started. The young men took part in solos and choruses and gave vent to their feelings in honour of the new-born son and heir. Oft repeated were the shouts and hurrahs, which were taken up by all present, betokening their congratulations on the happy event.

The young father and mother were radiant with smiles, and made their acknowledgements in appropriate Danish fashion. After about two hours a movement was made and I was informed that dancing was to take place, though there was clearly not sufficient space for this in the house.

We therefore turned our steps to the open court-yard and breathed once more the balmy air of a delightfully bright early September evening, a welcome relief after the heated atmosphere of the crowded *spise-stue*. A rectangular kind of tent, very well devised, had been fitted up in the square court-yard for the dancing. It was, in fact, a portable sort of ball-room which had been constructed by a young carpenter for such occasions, and let out for the modest sum of ten kroner (about eleven shillings). A fairly smooth boarded floor was thus provided, and at one end was a neatly contrived platform for a small band of musicians, which on this occasion consisted of fiddle, flute, and cornet. Banners and flags, among which, of course, the national Danish ensign or Dannebrog, was conspicuous, decorated the entire area. The Danish country folk are great dancers. Waltzes, Tyrolese waltzes, country dances, polkas, hopsas, with many other figures, the names of which I could not catch, were tripped to the strains of the Jydsk strings and pipe. It was a pretty scene. Old and young made up the company; nor were the elderly folk satisfied with being merely onlookers; they too in their turn took part in the dance. In slower measure, but with unwonted buoyancy, they twirled about, sometimes with their coevals when they fancied themselves young again, sometimes with their juniors.

Thus things went on till the small hours of the morning, many of the party not reaching their homes till four or five o'clock, while others only quitted the Barsedaa feast to begin their day's work without taking any rest whatever. I was told that in former days these Barsedaa festivities were not so orderly as they then were.

A great deal is made of these and similar feasting; they form the chief relaxation from work of the Danish people. I once asked a Dane what their principal amusements were; he replied that they had none; by which he meant they had no national games like cricket and football. I am speaking now of thirty years ago, and things may have changed since then. At that time the people were so engrossed in their agricultural pursuits that they could not have afforded leisure for sports and games during the day, so they took it out in these Barsedaa merry-makings, wedding festivities, and the like, which enlivened their evening hours.

The funeral I attended was that of a child of humble parents. They lived in a small house which I visited with Pastor Feilberg as the first part of the service is always held at the home of the deceased. The place appeared to be pretty full of people, about twenty in all, and the men were smoking, and, if I remember rightly, they were partaking of some substantial refreshment. The men were seated at one table and the women at another. Pastor Feilberg and myself took our seats together at one end of the room. Presently a glass of cherry brandy was brought for us, and afterwards a cup of coffee. After a time the body was carried outside the house, and Pastor Feilberg clad in *præsteskjole* (cassock) and *præstekrave* (collar or ruff) read prayers, and after a hymn which was started by the Cantor and joined in by the others, he gave a short address, and then we proceeded to the churchyard some little distance off, Pastor Feilberg, the Cantor, and I walking together, and the funeral party followed a few minutes later. The body was carried by four men. I do not recollect going inside the church; if we did, it was only for a brief space; and the committal prayers were said at the graveside somewhat after the manner of our English order. I noticed that while we were proceeding from the house to the church one of the mourners had apparently been smoking all the way an enormous pipe, which he only

took out of his mouth on entering the churchyard. On our approaching the church the bell was rung in the ordinary way, not tolled, and when the præst met the procession at the lych-gate the bearers took off their hats, and put them on again immediately. Another hymn was sung at the graveside, and finally the præst with his little spade threw the earth upon the body thrice saying the accustomed words each time, after which he shook hands with the chief mourners and the party left the churchyard.

While I was in Denmark I was much interested in learning all I could about their educational system, which at that time was far in advance of our own in England, and I dare say still is, especially in the matter of High Schools, which are there doing a remarkable work. The origin of these schools is due to the work of Grundtvig, the Danish poet, statesman, and divine who died in 1872. He was a great writer and preacher, as well as an ardent patriot. His preaching attracted large congregations. He brought out a Hymn Book which worked a great change in Danish church services. He introduced hymns of the national poets in place of those for the slower measures of the orthodox Lutherans.

The first of these High Schools was established as far back as 1844 at a place called Rødding. After the war of 1864 the movement developed rapidly. In the following year a new school was founded at Askov in West Jutland; with forty-two pupils in exceedingly poor and insufficient buildings. In 1866 the numbers had increased to seventy-one. So things went on, gradually developing in numbers and buildings, and by the time I paid a second visit to the country the school was in a most flourishing state. My friend Pastor Feilberg had then resigned his benefice at Darum, and taken up his abode at Askov, where he carried on his literary work with great vigour, and at the same time acted as lecturer in the High School.

The students were drawn mainly, though by no means exclusively, from the agricultural class, and it seemed to

me a very wonderful thing that at this one school as many as ninety young men and sixty girls should during the winter time leave their homes, and take up their abode at Askov in order that they might improve their minds, and gain a wider outlook on life; and I wondered to myself how many of our East Riding farm hands could have been induced, if opportunity had been presented them, to pursue such a course; and further, I could not help contrasting the wholly disproportionate results of our own costly and wasteful educational system here in England, as compared with those in Denmark. When we consider the cost and the results in each case, the contrast is amazing, and should put us to shame.

I paid several visits to the High School, and was delighted with all I saw. The discipline was judiciously exercised with the best results, lapses in morals being very rare indeed, and the wife of the Principal had great power and influence over the young girls. At the time of which I am speaking there were sixty-eight of these High Schools in the country, all told, the smallest having only from ten to twenty pupils; but these small schools were probably, proportionately, the most valuable of all, for they would naturally be in the most remote and thinly populated districts. This shows with what thoroughness the system was worked.

Among the subjects taught in the schools were: Bible Instruction, Mathematics, Physics, Zoology, Danish, English, History, Geography, Drawing, Music, Handcraft, with others. They had, moreover, an excellent system of Gymnastics similar to that in Sweden.

During my visit at Askov Pastor Feilberg asked me one day to accompany him to the school. He was then giving lectures on English. He wanted me to give his pupils a lesson in English pronunciation. I was only too pleased to fall in with his request. He had a class of about twenty young fellows from various parts of Jutland. I selected a passage of English prose and requested each pupil to

read it ; I then criticized their reading ; on the whole the results were very good, though of course they varied in different cases. I then read the passage myself slowly and distinctly, so that they might catch each vowel-sound. I had a little talk with some of the lads afterwards, and gave them some hints. One of them I found could not sound our English *a*. He always pronounced it like the Danish *æ*, which is equivalent to one of our Yorkshire vowel-sounds. I went over it with him a great number of times, and had all but given up the task as hopeless, when the thought suddenly struck me that the English *a* is a composite vowel, and is made up of the Danish vowels *æ* and *i*. I asked the young Dane to sound these two together quickly, and he got our *a* perfectly, at which he was mightily pleased.

I also paid a visit to the elementary or parochial school in Darum, which seemed to me to be quite a good one, and was conducted very much on the lines of one of our English elementary schools, but at very much less cost. I was pleased to find that religious instruction formed part of the curriculum, and that it was carefully given.

At that date, and it may still be so for anything I know to the contrary, every Danish schoolmaster on entering upon his office had to make a solemn declaration, of which the following is a translation : 'I, A. B., called to be a Schoolmaster in D. school district, do hereby promise and swear ; first, that I will faithfully fulfil my office, as well in Church as in School ; that with all honest diligence, and according to my best endeavours, I will teach the young entrusted to me as well in the Evangelical Christian religion, in accordance with the appointed manuals, as in all the subjects and branches wherein, according to State Regulations, I am bound to instruct ; and that I will always endeavour that the teaching may be a real benefit to the young people.

'Secondly, that I will watch earnestly and with loving care over morals, order, and good manners amongst the

young entrusted to me, as well generally, as also particularly, during School hours.

‘Thirdly, that I will myself continually strive to advance in knowledge and ability, and that I will by righteousness and carefulness in the business of my office, as well also by a Christian life, endeavour to set a good example to both young and old.

‘Finally, that I will do honour and be loyal to his Royal Majesty, as being my lawful liege and King, keep the laws of the nation, regulate myself according to the Royal ordinances, and show all due attention and obedience to my spiritual and temporal authorities. So help me God and His Holy Word.’

One wonders what would happen if all the elementary teachers of this country were requested to make some such declaration. What proportion of them would be willing to do so? And yet, if it could be done generally, it would no doubt in time have a beneficial effect upon the country at large, and solve a great many difficulties. There is not at the present time, as it seems to me, a superfluity of good morals, order, and good manners in these realms.

Every Sunday I was in Denmark I used to attend the services at the Lutheran Church, since there was no other to go to. I was greatly interested in their services and found no difficulty in entering into them. In their general character I should say that they were not unlike those of the Anglican Church about the beginning of the last century, though probably better attended. While I was in the country there was a great religious movement going on called the ‘Indre Mission’. This was somewhat similar to the revival that took place in the English Church at the end of the eighteenth century. This movement was due mainly to the work of a Danish pastor named Beck, and was of an ultra-Puritanical type, his followers holding very rigid views as to the part which should be taken in worldly pleasures and pursuits. The movement greatly exercised the minds of many of the Danish clergy, who, while they

did not wish to hold aloof from it altogether, did not in their hearts sympathize with the extreme and absurd notions of its prime movers.

Much is made both of Baptism and Confirmation in the Danish Church. The candidates for the latter are most carefully prepared, as a rule, by the pastors; the more so, perhaps, as they themselves confirm, and not the bishops. I cannot forget an address, part of which I heard given by the pastor of a church in the island of Fanø; it was a most impressive sight, and one which must have left an indelible mark upon the young people. I was not able to hear more of the service in that church; but I well remember one thing, which was the appearance of the organ in a gallery, which was either painted white, or white-washed, as are the churches themselves all through Jutland.

The bishops have not much to do, and their influence is in no way like that of the English bishops: they are regarded more as creatures of the State than as Fathers in God. They are seldom seen or heard of by the country folk. Of course, they ordain the pastors, although apostolical succession is not with them. It seems strange that while retaining in their churches nearly all the points of the Roman ritual they should be content to be without the only true authority to ordain others.

I paid several visits in the parish during my stay in Darum. One afternoon I had a walk with my friend to Lille Darum, and had tea at the house of a farmer named Jess. This visit gave me a good idea of Danish agricultural life.

Jess had fifteen head of cattle, which is the way they reckon the size of a man's farm; he had two horses, and a few sheep. Judging by appearances the farmer was very comfortably off. He and his wife joined us at tea, while the children stood round and waited on us. We had for our tea some good mutton, pigeons, poached eggs, honey, and of course, excellent bread, butter, and milk. The only

item which was not up to the mark was the tea itself, which was no doubt provided on the supposition than an Englishman invariably prefers tea to coffee. The manners of all the members of the family were quiet, easy, and unaffected. The farmer himself appeared somewhat stolid, but I was told that he was a man who did well whatever he undertook.

My first impression of Jess was that he looked like a fisherman; and on our way home Pastor Feilberg informed me that the man had formerly been a fisherman in the river not far off, and that he had made about 600 kroner (*c.* £35) a year by salmon-fishing; but that the fishermen near the mouth of the river, discovering this, had laid their nets, and so deprived Jess of this part of his livelihood. But he was a man of resource; so he then turned his hand to bee-keeping which answered very well; he had a *snes* (score) of good hives, which apparently were full of bees; and a large quantity of honey was the result. He had a newly-fashioned machine for separating the honey from the wax by centrifugal force, the honey being conveyed through a small pipe at the bottom of the machine. This honey he sold in the neighbourhood for 50 øre (*c.* 6½*d.*) a lb. Generally speaking, when a farmer of this description reaches sixty years or so he retires to a smaller house, and allows his eldest son to take the farm, who supplies the father with what he needs for his maintenance in money or kind; he also gives to each of his brothers and sisters the interest in their shares of the property: if one of them marries he or she can claim their whole share, in which case the eldest son probably borrows the money from a bank, or the share is still vested in the farm, and the interest thereon paid annually.

On this same day we also paid a visit to the village blacksmith, one of the old school, seventy-seven years of age, his wife being seventy-five, an interesting old couple. Their house was most quaint, with furniture to correspond. The wife did some spinning for me during my stay and

showed me some of her curious articles of furniture, among them one the name of which I have forgotten, nor can I describe it; but it was used in former days for putting live peat embers into before matches were invented. From these embers they lighted their pipes.

Seeing that there is no coal in Denmark the people burn nothing but peat, of which there seems to be an endless supply. During the whole of my time in the country I never saw a bit of coal in the houses, all of which, or nearly all, were heated by stoves, which in the coldest winters suffice to keep the rooms warm.

The smithy was not unlike an English one; but it used to be the custom for the farmers and others when they required any smith's work doing to bring their own iron, and work the big hammer themselves; they also never omitted to bring brandy with them for the blacksmith, who not unfrequently got more than was good for him.

Another day we called at the house of a 'gaardman' (yeoman farmer), who gave us a glass of *mjød* (mead) and conversed about America, enquiring how it was so many Irish went there, he evidently supposing that they enjoyed greater equality there. This farmer's *kone* showed us a very fine specimen of an infant's Christening dress, for which she had been offered twenty-five kroner (*c.* 27 shillings).

While walking one day with Pastor Feilberg I noticed on the wall of one of the houses a small archway blocked up, a little above the ground. He told me that there had once been a door there, but that there were now only two old houses in his parish which had these remains, but at one time every house had one. These openings in the walls were the vestiges of a very old custom, which was that when any one died in the house, after the funeral feast had been held, the body was passed through the opening in the wall, and was forthwith removed for interment, and while the people were at the church the hole in the wall was bricked up again, the idea being that the spirit of the dead person might not haunt the house. The Danish people

have or had an immense variety of quaint old customs and folk-lore, most of which Dr. Feilberg has described in his interesting volumes.

After leaving Darum, I spent some time in Elsinore, which is a charmingly situated little town overlooking the Sound where you can see most of the shipping of the world bound for the Baltic ports. While there, through friends I made the acquaintance of the Præst of the principal church, Pastor Berthelsen, a Jutlander who spoke with a strong Jutlandic accent, and slowly, so that I found him easy to understand both in his church (St. Olai's) and in his own house, where he offered me hospitality.

The order of morning service at St. Olai's church was as follows :

1. Introduction (similar to our Exhortation), and Lord's Prayer, read by the Degn, or clerk. 2. Hymn. 3. Hymn. 4. Gospel. 5. Hymn. 6. Extempore Prayer, or Verses of Holy Scripture. 7. Sermon. 8. Prayer for the Royal Family said by the Præst in the pulpit. 9. First Blessing from Pulpit. 10. Hymn. 11. Short Lction of Holy Scripture. 12. Hymn. 13. Second Blessing from the Altar, followed by a very effective Choral Amen. 14. Short prayer and Lord's Prayer, read by the Degn.

It will be seen from this that we had no less than five hymns ; and seeing that these were long and slowly sung the Service was decidedly protracted. This service corresponded to our Matins. I made special enquiry of Pastor Berthelsen if he ever had an afternoon or evening service ; he told me that he had one in the winter ; but in summer he could not get the people to attend.

The form for the publication of banns of marriage in the Danish churches seems to me preferable to our own. It runs thus, as nearly as I could make it out. ' The banns of marriage are published for the first (second, or third) time for the bachelor (widower) A. B. and the maid C. D. both of this parish. We wish these young people happiness in their intentions ; we wish that God may give them

grace and good success to begin and continue a Christ-like life together, to comfort one another, to honour God, and to set a good example to others. If there is any one who has any objection to make against this union, he must say so in time, or else hold his peace.'

I much regretted that I had not an opportunity of witnessing the marriage ceremony in the Lutheran church while I was in Denmark, which I should have found very interesting.

I had a friend, at Elsinore, a Danish artist named L. Holst, with whom I stayed. He had a delightful house and garden, and a large studio, which used to be visited by many notabilities. He produced little else besides sea pieces, and had painted a great many pictures for the Emperor of Russia, the King of Denmark, our own King Edward VII, and I know not who besides. These Royalties and their friends paid visits to his studio whenever they came to Elsinore, and were always much interested in Holst's pictures, as well they might be, for I know of no modern sea painter to equal him. It is remarkable how few English artists can paint the sea so as to look like water; it seldom looks natural and clear.

I was delighted with Elsinore, not that the town itself is in any way striking, but the view across the Sound, which in summer is of a deep blue, with the well-wooded Swedish coast and the fine granite headland of Kullen to the north, forms a charming picture, and the great number of ships passing to and fro adds life to the scene. The great architectural feature of the place is, of course, the old castle of Kronborg overlooking the sea. The present building with its quadrangle and four towers dates from the end of the sixteenth century, and forms a very picturesque object. It was amusing to find how many English travellers on Shakespeare's authority fondly imagined that Hamlet was connected with the place, whereas he is said to have lived in quite another region and many centuries before Kronborg was built. So frequent were the enquiries on the

part of tourists for Hamlet's grave at Kronborg, that the guides found it necessary to invent one, and a suitable spot was hit upon which has ever since been shown as 'Hamlet's grave'. The country between Elsinore and Copenhagen is almost like a continuous garden, with well-built houses nearly all the distance of about twenty miles.

I paid a visit to Fredensborg, which is only a few miles from Elsinore. Here is one of the royal palaces, though the house is one of quite moderate dimensions, dating from the early part of the eighteenth century. The palace is of no particular interest architecturally, but the park and gardens are very attractive, and there was a homeliness about the place which made it a delightfully quiet summer residence. Close to the palace was a fair-sized sort of villa, built in the Swiss style of architecture, if I remember rightly. This was given up as a convenient house for the Emperor of Russia in which to transact his business whenever he visited Fredensborg; and I was repeatedly told that there was no place which he enjoyed visiting more, and none where he felt safer than at Fredensborg. It was the early home too of our own beloved Queen Alexandra; and on this account it had a special interest.

Less than twenty miles from Copenhagen is Roskilde, which may be called the Canterbury of Denmark, and I made a special pilgrimage to it. The cathedral here is the largest ecclesiastical building in the country, and is the burying-place of most of the sovereigns of Denmark. It is built of red brick, and although the proportions of the buildings are good it did not specially impress me; and it had rather a bare and cold appearance. It dates from the latter part of the thirteenth century.

Of all the churches I visited I did not see one that really interested me. In the country places the fabrics are poor and modern looking, and one naturally enquires what has become of all the old churches? I can only suppose that in the Middle Ages many of them must have been built of wood, and so have gone into decay, or have suffered from fire.

There appeared to be no poverty in Denmark, and all the people are thrifty and industrious. I never saw a single beggar. I know of no country where the people are better educated. I was surprised to find how many of the people knew something of English, and not a few spoke it fluently. I enquired of my friends how it was that so many of their countrymen could speak English, and they said that theirs being such a small country, Danish would only carry them a very small way; all the same, it would serve them all through Norway, for Norwegian and Danish are practically two dialects of the same language, and Swedish is not widely separated from it. Of course, the key to them all is Icelandic.

I found all through Denmark, even in those pre-war days, a strong antipathy to Germany. This was not to be wondered at after the way the Danes were treated after the war of 1864, when such a large slice of their country was taken from them. My friend Pastor Feilberg's family suffered severely at that time. His father, who was also a præst, had a parish in Slesvig where the people spoke Danish, and comparatively few understood German. But when the war was over orders were given that in future all the church services were to be in German even though the great majority of the people did not understand the language, and rather than submit to such an indignity Feilberg's father resigned his benefice. The Germans at that time did all they could to force their language down the throats of the people in Slesvig. Every public office such as postal officials and custom-house officers was filled with Germans, and of course German was taught in all the schools. And not only so, but the people had to put up with all kinds of petty persecution. I remember hearing of a case of this kind some years ago in North Slesvig. If I remember rightly it was at the small town of Haderslev where a bookseller had exposed for sale a number of books on cookery in which there could be nothing of a political nature; but because these books had

on the cover a representation of the Dannebrog, the national flag of Denmark, the whole edition was confiscated by the German police authorities. Anything more puerile and contemptible can scarcely be imagined. Similar cases might be indefinitely multiplied. Happily since the Peace Settlement after 1918 the people of North Slesvig have at length regained the chief part of their possessions of which for over half a century they had been so unjustly deprived.

CHAPTER XVIII

OUR FOLK-SPEECH

ALL through my life I have been familiar with the language of the East Yorkshire folk. I have moreover made a somewhat prolonged study of it, and this has given me such an affection for the ancient traditional speech of the people of this part of England that it seems to be near one's very heart. No doubt this may well be the case with other dialects in various parts of England. Our great novelist Thomas Hardy, and the Dorset poet William Barnes, for instance, through their close acquaintance and study of the peasant life and speech in that western county have brought home to us the manners, customs, thoughts, and aspirations of those plain country folk, and made them speak to us in a way they never did before. We see them in their true light, and so love their homely ways the more. One longs that some Yorkshire Hardy and Yorkshire Barnes would arise, and do for our Woldsmen and Dalesmen what those two great writers did for the people of Dorset.

I feel, therefore, that I cannot bring these pages to an end without devoting a few of them to the subject of our East Yorkshire vernacular; though it is a difficult matter to compress what I should wish to say within such narrow limits.

If there is one thing more than any other that I would impress upon the reader it is that he should get rid of the prevailing notion that dialect is a corrupt or mutilated speech. Nothing can be further from the true state of the case. As a matter of fact a great deal of what would now be called Standard English has become much more corrupted than ever the dialect has been. In most cases we find that the dialectical form of a word is much older

than the literary form. In short, our dialect in the course of the centuries has changed very much less than the written language has done. I must add, however, that when I here and elsewhere make use of the word dialect, I mean the language that was freely spoken by our older people thirty or forty or more years ago; for in the present generation, owing to the great spread of education, and still more, perhaps, from rapid and frequent locomotion, the language of our East Yorkshire country folk has undergone greater changes than ever it has done before since the occupation of the Danelagh, or rather later, that is speaking roughly, let us say, since *c. A. D. 900*.

Evelyn in his famous *Diary* says under date August 18, 1654: 'Here (Beverley) a very old woman showed us the monuments, and being above 100 years old spoke the language of Queen Marie's daies in whose time she was born. She was widow of a Sexton who had belonged to the Church an hundred yeares.' My belief is, seeing that Evelyn was a south-countryman, and would be unacquainted with our dialect, that the language of this old sexton's widow would have been practically identical with the dialect as I have heard it spoken repeatedly in some districts of East Yorkshire in my early days. I would give a good deal if I could now have an hour or two's conversation with this old Beverley body.

Supposing John Evelyn's statement is correct, or nearly so, she must have been born very shortly before 1558. Shakespeare was without doubt born in 1564; so that these two would have been born within a very few years of each other. Now, if Shakespeare and the old Beverlonian could come to life again, and if each would give me the honour of even half an hour's conversation, I feel as certain as I can be about anything that I should find Shakespeare's language to be more widely different from the Standard English of to-day than that of the old sexton's widow from the dialect which I have so often heard fall from the lips of many East Ridingers in my youth.

Nay more, I am perfectly convinced that the vowel-sounds of tens of thousands of Yorkshiremen on this side of the county even at the present day are identically the same as those uttered by the country folk who were here in Chaucer's time or even earlier.

Our old East Yorkshire dialect is a perfect storehouse not only of interesting old words which have been handed down to us from pre-Conquest days, but also of grammatical usages and niceties of expression which make our language well worthy of study.

It used to be commonly supposed that the vocabulary of our country folk was a very limited one. I used to have this idea myself at one time; but it is a mistake. The vocabulary of one of our agricultural labourers used to be, and I dare say still is, a very large one. He would have in constant use hundreds of words of which most educated people would be quite ignorant. Take, for instance, the names of the various tools and agricultural implements which were in daily use with him. Few educated people would know the names for the different parts of a wagon or a cart: the saules, airbredes, snubbits, evvrons, shills, sway-bar, braces, end-door, joggle-stick, with many more. Or who would be able to give the proper designations of the component parts of a flail, viz. the hand-staff, capping, and swipple? The handstaff was never called the handle; and the threshers took great pride in having a good hand-staff, which was always made of ash. But I shall have more to say about these agricultural terms presently.

The dialect had its strict grammatical rules, and to misuse a word, or form of words, would indicate some contamination with the outside world, or some sort of education. Be it observed that I am now speaking of our folk-speech as it was half a century or more ago.

It is astonishing to find how many words and expressions have passed out of use since that time, and especially during the last five or six years. I had an instance of this brought home to me very forcibly less than two years

ago. I was particularly desirous of getting what we call a *skep*, which is the most useful form of garden basket I know; they are both strong and capacious. When I came to make enquiry for one I found to my amazement that scarcely any one knew even the meaning of the word—a word which must have been in continuous use in the East Riding for certainly over a thousand years; it is one of purely Scandinavian origin. It was many weeks before I could get my *skep*; and ultimately it had to be made specially for me. Before the War almost every householder that had a garden possessed one. The disappearance of the word was of course due to the disappearance of the thing, the reason for the passing of the *skep* being that since the War the basket-makers did not like making them because it involved a good deal of stooping. So that along with many greater losses the War has caused us this lesser one, namely, the loss of our *skeps*!

The most that I can do in speaking here of our ancient folk-talk is to draw attention to a few of its salient features and give a few illustrations of its homely usages.

One of its most common and striking peculiarities is what I may call the use of the genitive case by apposition. This compounding of words to form the possessive case is a usage of great antiquity. Thus we should say 'Frank hoose' (Frank's house), 'T' bo'd wing' (The bird's wing), 'It head' (Its head). We have a similar construction in Welsh; for instance, 'Troed y dyn' (The man's foot); 'Tŷ fy nhad' (My father's house); 'Ci Dafydd' (David's dog). We have an example of this in Shakespeare, when the Fool says in *Lear*, i. iv. 238-9, 'The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young.' A remarkable example of this same usage was sent me some years ago by a friend in the North Riding. An elderly man entered a shoemaker's shop in a Dales' town and said, 'Ah's cum ti ax if Peter Tom Willie Wife lass barn shoon be doon' (I have come to ask if Peter Tom's Willie's wife's daughter's child's shoes are done).

I have already alluded to the peculiar use of the definite article in our dialect, and of its entire omission in the district called Holderness, which lies at the extreme south-east corner of the East Riding. The late Dr. A. J. Ellis, who was certainly one of our greatest if not the greatest authority on English dialect sounds, could scarcely bring himself to believe in this latter peculiarity, though I believe he was ultimately convinced. But most certainly the fact stands even to this day. They would, for instance, say in the heart of Holderness, 'Wheer 's hoss?' (Where is the horse?); and 'Yan o' yows is badly' (One of the ewes is unwell).

With regard to the abbreviated definite article as it is used in all parts of East Yorkshire except Holderness, I may say that it is always sounded even in words beginning with a consonant. It might appear difficult to catch the sound in such a phrase as 'Gan ti t' beck', but when the article is made, as it were, to form part of the preceding word the sound becomes very distinct. But in such an expression as 'Send t' bairn ti me', the article is only faintly heard; but in this and in all similar cases the sound is always there, though it is sometimes difficult to catch, so light is the touch of the tongue to produce it. In certain combinations of words a succession of definite articles has a peculiar effect upon the ear. I remember having heard the following given as an instance of this: 'T' egg 'at t' hen laad 's i t' windther' (The egg that the hen laid is in the window). This would be sounded as if the whole were run into one long word thus: Teggaten-laadsitwindther.

There is another very peculiar and characteristic sound in our folk-speech formed by the letter *t* followed by *th*. We have an excellent example of this in the word 'Settherda' (Saturday). Strangers are invariably struck when they hear this combination of consonants. I was once speaking to a man who was a bookseller in one of our East Riding towns, and a well-read man too, besides being

a good Yorkshireman, when, in the course of our conversation, this word cropped up. He told me he had a friend in Manchester for whom the true Yorkshire sounding of it had a sort of fascination, and that it acted partly as an inducement to him to pay them a visit, so that he might have the pleasure of hearing the country folk pronounce the word. It would be no bad test of a man's capability to tongue our speech aright if he were suddenly asked to give our equivalent for 'I saw him on Saturday' (Ah seed him at Settherda). Or perhaps an equally good test would be our equivalent for 'Do you know anything about it?' (Dust thoo knaw owt about it?) It is impossible to indicate by ordinary writing what the true sounding of these vowels should be; we can only approximate it.

The fact is that it is a much more difficult thing to learn a dialect than a foreign language, not only as regards the pronunciation of the vowel-sounds and the treatment of certain consonants, but also because there are so many peculiar grammatical usages, so many turns and niceties of expression and fine shades of meaning that it is only those who are born to it who can speak it properly. Of course the natives of the country never think of these things; it all comes to them naturally. And of one thing I am perfectly certain, which is that the ordinary East Riding agricultural labourer of my early days would be much more precise and regular in the grammar of his mother tongue than even the best educated person would often be in Standard English. As Professor Joseph Wright of Oxford, himself a born Yorkshireman, and the most learned dialectician we have, once truly said when speaking on the richness and force of the dialect with which he was most familiar, the language of the ordinary farm labourer often 'enabled him to make distinctions which the literary language was not capable of expressing save by long paraphrases'. And I know, myself, of no folk-speech in the kingdom that is so rich and forceful as that

of East Yorkshire. This, I think, may be largely accounted for by the very large infusion of Scandinavian words and expressions into our dialect, and our almost total freedom from words of Latin origin. Beautiful and expressive as the Romance languages are, they never seem to me so telling and forceful as pure English. If you read a chapter of the Authorized Version of the Bible, and then the same chapter in, say, a French Bible, the latter, as far as mere language goes, always sounds thin and weak by comparison. Long use, associations, and tradition may have something to do with this; but I cannot help thinking that these alone are not sufficient to account for the difference.

It is remarkable how strongly attached to and what an affection country folk have for their own mother tongue. This is only natural.

Some years ago the Rev. Reginald Cayley, who came of an old Yorkshire family, wrote to me to say that he was then acting as a Military Chaplain at Aldershot; part of his duty was to visit the military prison. One day he had to deal with a case where a lad of seventeen of the Durham Light Infantry had been convicted for insulting a sergeant. Cayley soon discovered by his accent that the boy came from Weardale; and when he spoke to him in the Durham dialect, which he was able to do through having been for three years at Durham School, the boy burst into tears.

Some two or three years before that Reginald Cayley was in the United States, and was once sent for in a hurry some sixty or seventy miles to take duty in a parish in Ohio, the Rector of which was ill. The Rector's wife told him that the man in charge of the church was an Englishman, but talked so strangely that they could scarcely understand him. When he spoke there was no mistaking whence he came. So Cayley said in the broadest Durham he could command 'Eh! man; when were ya last i Weardale?' The lad rushed up to him, seized his hand, and said, 'Cum along an' ha'e a crack wi t' missis; ah

cum fra Sunderland.' Their delight, Cayley said, knew no bounds.

Strange though it may appear to those unfamiliar with it, there is a wondrous tenderness about the old Yorkshire folk-speech. It is the true language of the affections. In the course of my experience as a parish priest I have witnessed some touching scenes when visiting parishioners on the bed of sickness. On such occasions, perhaps more than on any other, the true inwardness of the language has been brought home to me.

A remarkable instance of this was told me many years ago by a friend who was a thorough Yorkshireman and spoke the tongue in all its purity. He was a scholarly man and had taken his degree at Cambridge. On the death of his father his only sister came to live with him. In her latter years she was a great invalid, and so remained till her death. My friend told me it was difficult to explain how tender the Yorkshire dialect was to them both. It was always, as he termed it, their 'pet talk'. If ever there was any little difference between them, which happened but very rarely, it all came right again by a word or two of the old familiar talk. And when at last she lay a-dying she would from time to time turn to her brother as he sat by her, outwardly calm, but inwardly heart-broken, and say a word or two after this sort, 'Mah lad, thoo'll sartlins fin' thisen a bit looansome bedoot ma, bud thoo maun't tak on ower mich.'

The *eea* vowel-sound is strongly pervading in our folk-talk, and more so, perhaps, in the East than in the North Riding. A large number of words come under this category; for instance, *great*, *head*, *dead*, *mean*, with many more. There can be no doubt that in many cases this form is one of great antiquity. In Chaucer's time probably nearly all such words were so sounded.

Many words also ending in *ough* are attracted to this *eea*-sound; for instance, *enough*, *plough*, *tough*, *bough* would be sounded *eneeaf*, *pleeaf*, *teeaf*, *beeaf*; but *plough*

and *bough* are also frequently sounded *pliew* and *biew*. The constant occurrence of this particular sound forms one of the most marked characteristics of the local folk-speech.

The treatment of the word *book* in our dialect is exceptional, and it would almost seem as if our people did not know how to pronounce the word, for I am familiar with no less than four variants of it, viz. *bōok*, *beeak*, *bewk*, and *boke* (approximately). I am unable to account for these peculiarities, except that I think it likely that the first and the last are thought rather more refined than the other two.

The true northern *u*-sound is heard to perfection in our vernacular. Generally speaking, it is sounded as in *full* in such words as *but*, *cut*, *dust*; but in *hus* (house) it is rather more extended; this is the true Scandinavian pronunciation which has been handed down to us from time immemorial. Other words like *brown*, *town*, *now* also retain this traditional sound. The *ow*-sound which is so common in the literary language is scarcely ever heard in the dialect.

There are, unfortunately, extremely few written records of our dialect before the seventeenth century; it would be highly interesting if we could compare the language of the East Ridinger in, say, 1450 with what it was in 1850. Could this be done we should find it practically the same, save that a certain number of words would have dropped out of use.

One of the earliest books I know which, although not written in our dialect, throws much light on the language of the Woldsmen as they spoke it in the year 1641, was written by a farmer called Best, who had a large farm near Driffild. The volume contains a great amount of information on agricultural matters, estate management, the mode of life of a country gentleman of that day, even down to his books, plate, and household linen; it gives a faithful account of the condition of the husbandman, his work, and his hire; as also a most detailed list

of the prices of corn, cattle, and household goods. Its chief interest, however, lies in its language, which abounds in curious words and expressions, the great majority of which would be quite familiar to many of our old folks even at the present day. It may be interesting to the reader if I here give a few of them with their meaning.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <i>To mak on it</i> (To be fond of it). | <i>Stand-heck</i> (A wooden stand for cattle to eat out of). |
| <i>Snood or Snod</i> (Smooth). | <i>We never sold none</i> (We never sold any). |
| <i>Sattle</i> (Settle). | <i>Heppen</i> (Smart, tidy, active). |
| <i>Rive</i> (To tear). | <i>Sittings</i> (Martinmas hirings ; from the Chief Constable sitting at the various places where the hirings were held). |
| <i>Faugh</i> (A fallow). | <i>Shelvings</i> (A movable frame for loading a cart). |
| <i>Nearhand</i> (Near). | <i>Lukers</i> (Those who weed corn). |
| <i>Poke</i> (Sack). | <i>Beeld</i> (Shelter). |
| <i>Shill</i> (To separate). | <i>Afore</i> (Before). |
| <i>Lap up</i> (To fold up). | <i>Sturdy</i> , pr. <i>Stoddy</i> (A disease in sheep). |
| <i>Our town</i> , pr. <i>Oor toon</i> (Our village). | <i>Thow</i> (Thaw). |
| <i>Puder platter</i> (Pewter platter). | <i>Get haunt of</i> (Get accustomed to). |
| <i>Boardened</i> (Boarded). | <i>Last end</i> (Last). |
| <i>Meat themselves</i> (Find their own food). | <i>Tied to come</i> (Obliged to come). |
| <i>Windrow</i> (A row of hay ready for carting). | <i>Gotten</i> (Got). |
| <i>Rated</i> (Discoloured by weather—said of corn). | <i>Draughts</i> (A team of horses). |
| <i>Force</i> (Hands—in hay and harvest time). | <i>Handkercher</i> (Handkerchief). |
| <i>Daytal men</i> (Day-labourers). | <i>Harrow bulls</i> (The beams of a harrow). |
| <i>Hay-leath</i> (Hay-barn). | <i>Cleame</i> (To stick). |
| <i>Team</i> (To unload). | <i>Flail handstaff</i> (The handle of a flail). |
| <i>Sharping</i> (Sharpening). | <i>Fog</i> (Aftermath). |
| <i>Sweath-balk</i> (Strip of grass made in mowing). | <i>Helm</i> (A shed). |
| <i>Lowse</i> (To unyoke). | <i>Skeel</i> (A milking pail). |
| <i>Sewe</i> (Sowed). | <i>Brant</i> (Steep). |
| <i>Host-house</i> , pr. <i>Wost-hoos</i> (An inn). | |
| <i>Oor folk</i> (The people belonging to our household or family). | |

The names, too, of the villages mentioned in the volume were evidently pronounced exactly as they are now, as may be seen from the spelling; for instance, Lowthrop (Lowthorpe), Fimmer (Fimber), Thissendale (Thixendale). I will here add a few place-names in addition to the above with their present-day local pronunciation. *Thorpe* at the end of a word is always sounded *Thrup* or *Trup*.

Beverley (Bev'la).	Newbald (Newba'd).
Bridlington (until comparatively few years ago this place-name was universally called Burlington, which in the dialect was shortened to Bolli'ton).	Malton (Mauton).
Burnby (Bo'nby).	Nunburnholme (Nunbo'n-num).
Escrick (Escrit).	Sigglesthorne (Seelstthron).
Fangfoss (Fankus).	Skirlaugh (Skella).
Givendale (Geldan).	Spaldington (Sparaton).
Goodmanham (Goodmadham).	Stokesley (Stowsla).
Londesborough (Lowns-borough).	Ulrome (Oorum).
	Weaverthorpe (Weart-thrup).
	Wetwang (Wetwan).
	Whitby (Whidby).

For any further information on the use of our vowel-sounds I must refer the reader to my volume *Yorkshire Folk-Talk*. There is, however, one point in our dialect about which I may here say a few words, namely, our use of the words *yah* and *yan*. Frequent mistakes are made in connexion with these words by those who try to speak or write our dialect. The usage may be thus explained. *Yah* is a numeral adjective, and always has a word in agreement with it. It makes no difference whether the word following is a vowel or consonant. Thus we should say *yah neet* (one night), or *yah ee* (one eye).

Yan is an indefinite pronoun as well as a numeral. Thus, for instance, it would be good Yorkshire to say *Yan mud as weel deea this* (One might as well do this), whereas *Yah mud*, &c., would be atrocious. A lad on going into a shop to buy a knife says to the shopman, *Ah mun a'e yan wi nobbut yah blaade* (I must have one with only one

blade); the interchange of the two words in this sentence would make it almost unintelligible. *Yan o'n 'em* (one of them) and *nobbut yan* (only one) are both correct. It would be right, as we observed, to say *nobbut yan*, but to say *nobbut yan coo* instead of *nobbut yah coo* (only one cow) would betray an ignorance of 'classical' Yorkshire.

It is well to notice these grammatical usages, because writers of novels and articles often make their characters speak rustic language which in reality no countryman would ever use, and which it distresses one to read. It is quite easy to be correct if only writers would take a little pains to be so.

There is a large class of words in our vernacular which differs but slightly from the corresponding ones in the literary language. These are not to be passed over lightly as if they were so many mispronunciations. The fact is that many of these dialectic forms are more correct than the literary one, and make clear to us the source from which they are derived. Many of these are among the most interesting words we have. Take, for example, the word *leck* (leak). This is the old, as it is also the present-day, sounding of the word *leak*, which is a purely Scandinavian one, and is found in Icelandic in *leka* (to drip), and in modern Danish as *lække* with the same meaning. In this form the word has come down to us all through the centuries, resisting all the influences of the Norman Conquest and the Church, and we have never adopted the more modern form *leak*. Or again, why do we call a gosling a *gesling*? This too, no doubt, is a tradition from very early times; and at this day it is the same in Danish, where the young of the goose are called *gjaeslinger*; but in the word *goose* we have, oddly enough, fallen into the pronunciation of the standard tongue.

But more interesting perhaps than either of these is our East Yorkshire sounding of the word *building*, which we call *beelding*; and a *beeld* is a shelter of any kind from wind and weather; it need not consist of bricks and

mortar; more often than not a *beeld* stands in the form of trees or hedges which act as a shelter to the traveller or to cattle from wind and rain. What the derivation of this word may be is uncertain; but in it we seem to have the true idea of what a building is; that is to say, that it is not only a dwelling-place, for there are many buildings which are not human habitations, but every building is a shelter or protection or defence of some kind.

In connexion with this word it may be interesting to note in passing that when I was examining the Nunburnholme Manor Court rolls some years ago, I came across a case of amercement in the year 1634 of one of the villagers for, as the record had it, 'felling of thornes of upon build bushes'. The meaning of this was at first sight not apparent; it became clearer, however, when written more correctly thus: 'for felling of thorns off upon beeld bushes'. Householders in the parish had the right of cutting thorns in a certain part of common land, and a number of these had evidently been left standing so as to afford shelter for the cattle; from these bushes the offender had cut branches, and so had incurred the penalty of a fine. Such at least was the only interpretation I could put upon the entry.

These and similar old manorial and other records of a much earlier date, even when written in mediaeval Latin, often throw light upon points of interest dialectically. Some old charters pertaining to the next parish to Nunburnholme, for example, proved to me beyond all manner of doubt that several local names were pronounced about the year 1280 exactly as they are now in the traditional speech, and among them the word *Wold*, which then, as now, is sounded *Wa'ud*.

We have instances in our dialect of many old words which having fallen out of use in their general application retain their usage in a single connexion. One such is the 'word *fare* in the phrase 'She fares o' cauvin', which is said of a cow when she is near the time of calving.

Or, again, take the word *weeks*, meaning corners (of the mouth). This word is only used now in this connexion. It is apparently the same word as the Danish *vig*, meaning a creek or bay, an indentation in the land. We have the same word in *Vikings*. The component parts of this word are Vik-ings, not Vi-kings, as some would suppose. They were the dwellers by the creeks and bays of certain parts of Scandinavia.

Our folk-speech is worthy of study, and a close acquaintance with it greatly enriches our knowledge of the English language.

In the olden days, that is to say, two or three generations ago, when people seldom moved far from their own homes, the inhabitants of our Yorkshire dales lived a life quite apart from the rest of the world, and the language of the people of some of these remote parts of the country had certain features of their own; so that it was often possible to tell by the use of some words or expressions from what particular dale a man came. I remember Reginald Cayley once telling me that in the Moorland district between Scarborough, Whitby, and Pickering there were many words surviving which were obsolete elsewhere. He said further that he had heard his grandfather (Sir George Cayley, who died in 1857, aged 86) say that in his younger days when he used to shoot grouse up at Saltersgate he could scarcely understand the language of the people there, though not fifteen miles from his own home. He also sent me a few instances of words that had survived in those parts; e. g. *Sha's clapp'd*, *they've clapp'd*—the special term in that district for game squatting. *Grain* is the common word for the branching of a tree; but there it was used for the narrow gills branching off from the main dale. *Purr* was the word for the great kitchen poker. *Stang*, which commonly means a *pole*, was then used sometimes for a ladder; though *stee* would be the more usual word. *Stye* was a ladder, or a double stile placed ladderwise in contradistinction to *stee*, a common single stile. Many more such instances might be given.

I once asked an Irishman who came to live in the North Riding to make note of any words or phrases that struck him as peculiar. He sent me a whole string of them. I cannot give them all ; but among them were the following : the frequent use of the past tense in *en*, as *setten*, *letten*, *putten*, *stooden*, *brussen* (burst), &c. ; 'Waiting *on* him', for waiting *for* him ; 'Thank you for telling *of* me', for telling me ; 'He *lapt up* going', for gave up going ; *Learn* for teach (as in the Psalms) ; *Menseful* for neat, becoming ; with many more. It is always interesting to know how our language strikes 'foreigners'.

Among the most interesting examples of our terminology are those which are used in connexion with agriculture. This is only what might be expected in a purely agricultural district.

Some time ago there came into my possession a manuscript volume of no little interest, casting, as it did, an illuminating side-light upon the everyday life and speech of one of our small East Riding villages at the dawn of the last century. The volume in question forms an account book of one Francis Vause, carpenter, of Nunburnholme. His name had been familiar to me from boyhood, although he had been dead a few years when my father went to the parish.

This man was no ordinary tradesman, but carried on a very extensive business, and was noted far and wide for the excellence of his work. His specialities were carts, wagons, and ploughs. These and other agricultural implements he made in large numbers for the farmers and gentry of his own and the surrounding parishes, and frequently his implements and tools found their way to places as distant as Beverley, Easingwold, and Pontefract.

Vause was born in 1778. He was a well educated man according to the fashion of those days. He wrote an excellent hand, and his orthography generally corresponded with his penmanship, though occasionally his spelling was at fault ; but this gave it a special value and interest

as throwing light upon the dialectical usages with which he was familiar. Could a volume similar to this be found dating, say, from the days of Queen Elizabeth or earlier, it would prove a mine of very valuable information.

We may add that Vause was not only a most industrious and skilful tradesman ; he was also a man of public spirit, acting from time to time as Overseer of the Poor, and Constable of his parish, and performing other useful offices. He was also something of a herbalist.

To go through this closely written manuscript of 328 pages in detail and connote its contents would be to write a volume. The most that I can here do is to make a few typical extracts, and point out their dialectical and other points of interest.

The first entry dates from January 25, 1812, over 110 years ago, that is, before the days of railways. Our first extract shall be from his account of ploughs made in that year. Under this head we read :

John Harrison, Bishop Wilton, new plow and slipe,
£1 : 1 : 0.

Ammond Richardson, new plow, 18s.

Rich^d Brigham, Plow making, old slipe, 18s.

Joseph Pexton, New Plow and painting, 18s.

Wm. Thompson, Single Horse plow and painting, 14s.

Rich^d Brigham, Plow mending, rust putting on, 3d.

„ „ New plow, wood moleboard, 18s.

I adopt Vause's spelling in all extracts I have made. In this year, which was no more than an average one, he made forty-five ploughs. Later on his prices were slightly raised. In those days iron ploughs would be unknown ; all would be of wood.

Vause's carts and wagons were of extraordinarily good workmanship, lasting literally for a generation or more. Tradition tells us that carts of his make could be recognized at a distance by the peculiar 'click' of the wheels on the axletree, betokening exactly the right amount of 'play' requisite—a sound which on a frosty morning every

countryman knows so well and loves to hear. He was also specially skilful in 'hecking' wagon sides. He made his wheels with a great amount of 'dish', which is said to relieve jolts and to be cleaner on heavy soils. Some of his wagons were in use even till within a comparatively few years ago. He evidently took an honest pride in his work as every good workman should. He made a stand of cobblestones in his yard to show off his new carts and wagons. This can still be seen.

In the extracts given below the prices are added in most cases. These I give for the sake of comparison with present-day prices for similar work. Under date of the year 1815 we have the following items :

Sacks marking and paint, 2s. 6d.

Washing Dolley mending foot, and nail, 6d.

Sheep heck and troughs.

Cart sill putting on, 5s.

Bedstead making, 1s. 6d. 7 Latts and putting on, 2s. 10d.

Cart body, shelvings, paint, nails, and name-board, £5 : 11 : 6d.

Wheelbarrow tronel making and painting, 6s.

Lead bowl pin, 4d. Strickle, 1s. Creckit, 1s.

Plow moleboard, 5s. Shear, 9d. Door Thrashhold.

Ladder making 25 steps and painting, 6s. 8d.

Pairing-spade shaft. Scyth shaft scareing, 6d.

It would take me too far afield to explain all the technical and other words in these accounts. I can but notice a few of them as examples.

The *tronel* of a wheelbarrow is not a common word ; presumably it is the wheel. *Creckit* is a three- or four-legged low stool. The game of Cricket is always called *crekit* in the dialect ; e. g. in 1827 we have the entry : ' Mr. Dyson 2 Creckit bats 1s.' Cart *sills* or *skills* are the shafts.

The mention of a paring-spade is interesting, for at that date these tools were much used in the district, partly for bringing the Wold land under cultivation, and

partly for turf for fencing. Paring and burning of sods was the common process when the Wolds were being cultivated, the ashes being spread, and the land afterwards ploughed.

A few more extracts will probably prove of interest.

' Plow heading, dirt board and spindle, 3s. Plow rusting. Cart saol mending, 1s. Clew water board mending, 2s. Toller ends, 1s. 3d. each. 1 day at cole and stee mending, 2s. 2 Pigg yokes mending, 2s. Waggon key and pike stower, 4d. Strong heel-tree and putting on, 1s. 9d. 2 stritch sticks, 8d. Spinning wheel mending, 3d. Swiple and hand-staff, 1s. Sythe shaft scaping, 3d. Rail for winter-hedge, 4d. Sile brigs mending, 6d. Wain fork shaft, 1s. 6d. Shoemaker slate frame, 6d. 1 day at Helm makeing. Caveing rake mending head teeth and bow, 6d. Work at Chamber floor and nails, 6d. Spout for Brew-house and frame, 6s. 10d. Sythe nib and heel lopping. Endoor sliver bottom and lath, 1s. 9d. Hind Bush and putting on, 1s. 10d. 2 Provender tubs, 5s. 6d. Gate mending spell and daggar. Oile and litrage, 1s. 4d. Ox pole makeing, 2s. 3d. Shepherd mell makeing, 8d. Work at Tray irons altering, 1s. 2 Knives hefting. Craddle, 1s. 3d. Flint lass crutch, 1s. Battledoor making, 1s. Work at gate sneck. Sawing wood for singing Loft, 10s.'

A few comments may here be necessary for those who are unfamiliar with the terms used. The *head* of a wooden plough was the end in front, over which an iron sock was fixed. The mole-board and dirt-board were synonymous terms. The *soles* of a cart are the four pieces of oak running along the length of the framework of the body. A *clew* or *clow* is the narrow passage through which the waste water of a mill or lock runs, and which is regulated by a water-board.

Cole, pronounced *caul*, is a coop for hens, geese, &c.

Yoke. More trouble was caused in olden days by people's animals breaking into their neighbour's premises than almost anything else; and therefore pigs, geese, &c., were only suffered in the lanes with a yoke on the neck, under a pain of the Manor Court; hence the frequent mention of yokes in these accounts.

Waggon key and pike stower. A pike stower was the iron bar or standard fixed in the arbreed of a cart for strengthening the sides.

Heel-tree of a wagon is the bar or beam on which the swingle-tree is hung, by means of which the wheel horses pull.

Stritch-stick. The wooden bar connecting the traces of the leading horse in a cart. This word is not to be confounded with *strick-stick*, which was a round stick for throwing off the superficial excess in measuring corn. When corn stood at a very high figure the measuring had to be done with care, and the strick-stick was rolled or stroked over the surface of the measureful of corn so that the amount might be adjusted with the greatest accuracy.

Twice over. This is quite in accordance with dialectical usage, viz. once over, twice over; not simply once, twice, &c.

Scythe shaft scaping. This probably means fitting the shaft to receive the blade and nibs.

Winter-hedge. A clothes-horse.

Sile brigs. Two pieces of wood united by two cross bars and placed across the milk bowl for the *sile* or milk-strainer to rest upon when the milk is poured through it from the pail.

Caveing rake. A short rake with long wide teeth of wood, commonly six in number, and used along with the foot. There are three other kinds of rake mentioned, viz. the ordinary hay rake, a gathering rake, and a swaithe rake.

Sliver. A splinter of wood, especially the cross-piece in the top and bottom of a cart heck-board or end-door.

Bush. The metal casing of the *Naff*, in which the axle of a wheel works.

Spells. The horizontal bars of a gate, the *dagger* being the perpendicular bar in the middle, and the *hartree* the strong upright bar to which the hinges are fixed.

Dolly. A tub for washing, made like a low barrel, and furnished with a rod and handle terminating at the lower end with four wooden prongs fitted into a flat piece of wood, called a *clash*.

Craddle. This is not a child's cradle, but an appliance attached to a scythe consisting of three prongs. It was commonly used in mowing oats, unless the crop was a very heavy one, when a *bow* would be used.

Flint lass crutch. A characteristic Yorkshire expression meaning a crutch made for the daughter or servant of a man called Flint.

It is noteworthy that the word *evvron* does not occur in this account book. The word is in use in the East Riding at this day. The *evvrns* of a cart are the two pieces of hardwood, one at each side on the top to carry the arbreed top bolts and side-board sockets, and the arrangement for fastening the end-door. The rate of servants' wages in those days was extremely low; e. g. in 1822 we find the entry: 'Harriet Holgate came on 24th Oct^r at 6*d.* per week.' Again, in 1832: 'Hired Ann Rose for £5.'

The following entry would be a crux to many. '1826 Feb. 11. Why begun at Mr. Pipes' H. Barnstraw at 1*s.* per week.' This no doubt refers to a young heifer put out into a neighbouring farmer's fold-yard to feed on his barnstraw at the price named.

Taken as a whole this village carpenter's account book forms a storehouse of varied information. The great events in the annals of our country are known to all; but history tells us nothing about the small details of domestic country life; it is this which gives this volume a special interest. The everyday life of the country-folk a hundred years ago, if not exciting, was characteristic and racy of the soil; and it is probable that there was more happiness and contentment among our husbandmen then than there is now. The British workman of the present day might, it seems to me, take a lesson or two from this village carpenter with advantage. If all labourers

and craftsmen of to-day did their work *con amore* and not grudgingly we should be a long way on the road towards the settlement of many economic problems. There is nothing degrading in work, as some would seem to think ; it is the most honourable thing a man can do—something to take a pride in, and not to be half ashamed of. As a good old Yorkshirewoman once said :

Let 's deea wer wark an' deea wer best,
For that 's the way ti arn a rist ;
Bud if wa rist ower oft an' lang,
Beeath wark an us 'll seean gan wrang.

Our purest dialect is, alas ! now driven into the holes and corners of the country. These I regard as almost sacred places. In spite of its seeming ruggedness, the old tongue has a tenderness which those who are born to it only know, and can never resist. It is still in many cases the true language of the heart. Its familiar tones and cadences have been heard through many centuries in times of joy and happiness, as well as in days of darkness and sorrow ; they have sealed the steadfastness of true lovers ; they have lent music to the innocent prattle of children's voices ; they have carried a mother's welcome to the soldier or sailor lad returned safe and sound from the din of the battle-field or the perils of the deep to the threshold of his old home once more ; they have brought consolation and cheering hope to many a sick bed, and have in countless cases been treasured in the memory as the last words of the dying.

CHAPTER XIX

COMPARISONS

IN comparing the present with early Victorian days, there are one or two changes which have been brought about which seem to stand out pre-eminently. Among these are the status of women, the conditions of labour and the industrial world, the restlessness of the present age, and the increased time devoted to games and sport.

In the early days of the women's movement I was too young to feel much interest in it, though I well remember the names of Miss Lydia Becker and Miss Helen Taylor, who were among its earliest leaders, and later that of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who was a very frequent correspondent of my father's in connexion with the campaign which was made against vivisection, which resulted in restrictions being put upon that, to me, horrible practice.

In my youth there were scarcely any avenues open for the exercise of female energy among the educated classes ; one of these few was nursing, though even in that department there was nothing approaching the number of lady nurses that there are now. The idea of educated ladies going into business or trade, or taking secretaryships and clerkships, was almost an unheard-of thing. The running of shops and businesses in London by ladies, which is common enough now, would have been thought *infra dig.* in the fifties and sixties. But in this, and in many other ways, we have become much more commercial than we were. People in these days do not do things for nothing in the way they did formerly. There is not the same amount of active good nature to be found as there was. But women do not confine their energies to trade and business ; we have now women entering into practically

every department of public life ; we have our women councillors and Poor Law guardians, and women doctors and lawyers, magistrates, and members of Parliament ; and all this appears to work fairly satisfactorily ; the only danger is lest women should lose their womanliness, and so unfit themselves for performing those family duties which they alone can do properly. The young ladies of the early Victorian period stayed much more at home and indoors than they do at the present time, and they did not go in for violent exercise as the modern girls do who play, apparently, all the games that men do, even up to polo. Exercise is good for the human frame if it is not overdone, and the modern girls are better developed and more healthy-looking than their predecessors, though they lack their finer beauty ; and the sun-burnt necks we now see detract considerably from their appearance ; this exposure of the neck may possibly harden them from catching sore throats, though of this I feel doubtful. The high-heeled boots worn now by ladies must hinder them from walking comfortably and properly. An old woman among my parishioners at Nunburnholme once walked all the way from York to her home (17 miles) in pattens—a feat such as I have never before or since heard of ; I doubt very much if she could have done the same equally well in high-heeled boots.

Girls nowadays are more free and easy with the opposite sex than their grandmothers were ; in this respect the pendulum has taken a long swing, and the happy mean has not yet been attained.

Mothers probably take a greater interest in their children's bodily and intellectual tastes and interests than they did a generation or two ago, but they have not the same influence and power for good over them that they once had, and in a vast number of cases all parental control is gone, which is a thoroughly bad sign, and bodes ill for the future if the evil is not stayed ; indeed, all discipline is in a slack state as compared with what it was in my

boyhood. The manners, too, of children have sadly deteriorated. One does not hear the words 'please' and 'thank you' as often as one should. Deference and respect for people older than themselves appear to be quite an unheard-of attitude of mind to the modern child. There is a great decline of manners even in grown-up people; at best there is but bare civility; and as for that courtesy of manner which our fore-elders practised, it is now nowhere to be found, except here and there with elderly people. And where there is a lack of respect in things human, there is commonly found a lack of reverence for things sacred.

Our schools are to some extent to blame for this. Young people get the absurd idea that politeness and respect are marks of servility instead of being signs of a Christian lady or gentleman. People lose nothing, but gain a great deal wherever they are or whatever their calling in life may be, by being polite and courteous. The preposterous and mischievous nonsense in supposing that one man is as good as another is at the root of the evil.

The literary garbage which young boys and girls read in the way of evening papers, cheap novels, and the like, do not tend to improve them intellectually or morally; although, on the other hand, it is readily admitted that in our High Schools and other educational institutions the minds of the young people are directed to better and healthier channels and, on the whole, girls' secular education is far superior to what it was formerly.

One of the later developments of female 'progress' is the smoking habit. In my youthful years, with very rare exceptions, the only females who smoked were old hags, and no one grudged these poor people this small indulgence and comfort, for comfort it certainly was to such-like old folks. But to see young ladies of the present day smoking is quite another matter, even though they only smoke cigarettes. The old folks thoroughly enjoyed their clay pipes and strong tobacco. In the early part of my clerical

life I used to meet with such cases. I remember an old parishioner, about ninety years of age, who was an inveterate smoker. She lived alone and was bedridden, and in order to prevent any risk of setting fire to the bed, she used to have a large tray in front of her, over which she puffed away at her pipe. This she enjoyed, but I very much doubt if one young lady in ten really enjoys the cigarettes she smokes. They do not look as if they did. They twirl them about fantastically, blow at them, and admire the curling wreaths as they ascend. The fact is that they aim at everything men do, and what is more, they have achieved most things ; but the results do not appear to be altogether healthy or admirable. It seems to me as unbecoming for a woman to be masculine as it is for a man to be effeminate.

There can be no doubt that boys and girls develop more quickly than they did, and the more so even comparatively recently : possibly the War may have had something to do with this ; but the whole trend of modern education is probably the chief contributing factor. The War had a sobering effect, and made both young and up-grown people more thoughtful than they were before. A girl, say, of sixteen is now quite 'grown up', and takes interest in things which one of twenty would scarcely have done in earlier days. There is more self-assertiveness and ostentation on the part of juveniles than ever there was before.

The schoolboy of to-day is a very different creature from what he was in mid-Victorian days. They are much older for their years, more mature, both mentally and physically ; though they may be more thoughtful, they are certainly no cleverer than their predecessors, and although they are fairly light-hearted, one does not see the same buoyancy of spirit and joyousness among boys that we did in my youth, even though we lived in a serener atmosphere and steadier times. Even the British sailor is not the jolly Jack Tar of my boyhood.

* As regards dress, we know that fashions change ; and no matter how ugly and unbecoming they may be, young

ladies will follow them ; and at this time they are about at the acme of hideousness. There is a garment now worn which, I believe, goes by the name of a ' jumper ', which looks something like a short sack with arms to it. But nothing looks well on bodies which are twisted somewhat in the shape of the letter ' S ', which is the form of figure now affected.

But I must be candid, and I freely admit that the brighter colours worn at the present day are in pleasing contrast to the more dingy hues of Victorian days ; and we are now free from crinolines, which were an intolerable nuisance. Referring for a moment to what I recently read of Mrs. Kendal's pleadings for a return to mid-Victorianism, she observed that women now do outrageous things which they would not have dreamt of doing in Jane Austen's days. At that time if they received an offer of marriage, they promptly fainted. Later they said, ' Ask Mamma '. To-day the form of response would be ' All right, old bean ' ; but, as the speaker truly stated, ' Very often the young woman who said " All right, old bean ", said a little later, " All wrong, Mamma ; take me back " '. The enormous increase in the number of divorces to-day as compared with that of fifty years ago does not speak well for the morals of the country. In the main, I entirely agreed with Mrs. Kendal's timely criticisms.

Another striking contrast between this age and the mid-Victorian is the absurdly exaggerated importance which is now given to games and sports, and especially to football, golf, and tennis ; in fact, the first of these has ceased to be a game at all ; it has now become a business, over which a vast quantity of betting and gambling goes on. The amount of space devoted to these so-called games in our newspapers is astonishing, and is out of proportion to their importance ; it would really almost seem as if such things were what the people of this country mainly lived for. It is doubtful if the Roman people of old were more captivated by their *Ludi Circenses* than are the English of to-day

by their sports and games. Women go in for vigorous games in a way they never did before. The habit is overdone, and I believe that many ladies injure themselves by over-exertion at games. Happily cricket, the greatest and finest of all our national games, still holds its own in public favour.

The restlessness of the present time is one of its most marked features. What with railways, motor-cars, motor-cycles, bicycles, motor char-a-bancs, to which we shall before long have to add aeroplanes of various kinds for passengers, we seem to be in a state of perpetual noise and motion; and telegraphs, telephones, wireless telegraphy, all contribute to the restlessness of the age. People now are hardly able to walk any distance; if I tell my young friends that I have walked seven or eight miles, they will scarcely credit it. There is no repose in these days; every one seems to be working or playing at high pressure. They have no time for anything except sports and games, which with many is the main business of life. There is no time for purely friendly intercourse; people now make any number of casual acquaintances, but very few steadfast friends. With many, no doubt, the increased cost of living and the servant difficulty compels them to do many things to-day which they would never have dreamt of doing a generation ago or even less, and so they have less time for the cultivation of friendships. One frequently hears of the daughters in what were formerly quite well-to-do families having to act as housemaids and cooks in their own homes, and doing all kinds of menial work. There is now, apparently, no time for neighbours in the country to make calls in the way they used to do; the young people meet at tennis and all manner of games, and so their talk is mainly of such things. The art of conversation appears to be wellnigh lost; it is superseded by talk and chatter. Subjects of a serious nature are not discussed.

* As for letter-writing, that has long since quite gone out of fashion. The utmost that correspondents do now is to

write scrappy notes in a very illegible hand ; even the paper on which they write is only what is called note-paper. Letter-paper would now be a difficult thing to find in any shop in the kingdom. Even in my boyhood note-paper was commonly used, though I remember seeing many of the old-fashioned letters arrive at my father's by post, and these were really imposing in their appearance ; for not only were they written on paper more than double the size of that of an ordinary note, but the handwriting was generally something worth looking at for its grace and symmetry. These letters were never enclosed in envelopes, but neatly folded, tucked in, and wafered or sealed with sealing-wax, and often with a very beautifully cut seal ; and if correspondents wished to be specially smart, they used gilt-edged letter-paper. To receive a letter of this kind on a winter morning from a friend at a distance gave our fore-elders much more pleasure to read than a dozen of the scrappy scrawls and scribblings which we have to put up with now. In this matter, at least, the early Victorians had the advantage. The comparatively modern post-card encourages brevity, though there is much to be said in its favour ; and it makes no pretence of being a letter.

The extraordinary rage for pictures of all kinds is another of the features of the present age. I do not mean only in the form of cinema shows ; but if papers and periodicals are to sell, they must be profusely illustrated. Photography and applied science have given great facilities for producing pictures and illustrations of many kinds, and very wonderful and beautiful they often are, though they have killed the wood-engraver's art. But one grows weary of seeing the same kind of thing over and over again, such as a tennis player in some agonizing attitude, or a scrimmage at football, when each looks exactly like its predecessor ; or people of no particular interest as they were seen at some wedding, or party in the country, or agricultural show, and what not. This craving for pictures is a phase, I had almost said a disease, of modern fashion, of which at the moment

there seems no sign of abatement. It appears to me to savour of childishness.

The ambition, I might say the yearning, for titles, honours, and distinctions of every conceivable kind has received an enormous impetus during the present generation. One is perfectly bewildered by the multiplicity and variety of letters which appear after men's names in these days. It might be useful if some one would publish a vocabulary telling us what these things mean. In the great majority of cases one has not the remotest idea what these letters stand for. They can be of little or no real value, and in these mercenary days it would seem as if there was a price for almost any honour. If we go on at this rate, the distinction will be for those who have no titles or letters before or after their names !

In the matter of eating and drinking a great change has come over the community within my recollection. Dinners were much earlier a generation or two ago than they are now. Seven o'clock would be a common hour for dinner, whereas now it almost takes the place of the old hour for supper. Earlier in the last century it was usual for people to dine in the afternoon ; I believe my grandfather always dined at four ; but this may have been a survival from his time in the Navy. Luncheon used to be a very light meal with some ; a sandwich or two, or bread and cheese, and a glass of beer ; or a glass of sherry and biscuits would often suffice. Dinner used to be the only really substantial meal of the day. The increase of subsidiary meals is a feature of the present generation. Such a thing as afternoon tea in my youth was quite unheard of, and the substantial luncheons that one meets with in these days to a large extent take the place of dinner. There has been an enormous increase in the consumption of tea, especially by ladies, since I can remember. In my boyhood if I had been offered a cup of tea in one's bedroom before rising, which is now so common, I should have imagined that I was unwell. To this day I have never been able to take to this habit.

The great reduction in the price of tea is an enormous boon to the working classes. Five shillings a pound was a common price formerly, and the poor had to be very sparing in the use of it, and so their tea had to be drunk very weak. I remember one of my sisters going into a cottage and seeing an old woman pouring out some very weak tea, and on my sister remarking on it the old lady rather indignantly replied, 'Why! it's cum'd thruff two spoots!'

Of course people made a substantial meal in the middle of the day if they did not dine late; but now many eat practically two dinners every day, which is not good for their digestions. As a rule, a great deal more meat is eaten than is necessary to keep one in good health. One of the best and cheapest meals I ever had was one day when I was walking in Herefordshire. It was hot weather, and I was returning by train to Hereford; but as there was a considerable time to wait, I took advantage of the opportunity to have luncheon at a wayside inn close to the station. The landlady said she was sorry there was no meat in the house, but she would do the best she could. The table was covered with a scrupulously clean cloth, and thereon was set a loaf of bread, a large piece of cheese, some excellent butter, a very good plain home-made cake, and a jug of delicious Herefordshire cider; everything, though plain, was of the best; though possibly the walk and the hot weather may have had something to do with it, I can say that I never enjoyed a meal more. In reply to my question, 'What have I to pay you?' the answer was, 'Sixpence, Sir.' But there was no profiteering in those happy days.

Until I attained almost to manhood practically the only wines one ever saw were port and sherry—red and white as we used to call them. When one made a call on a friend in the afternoon, the common custom was to regale the caller with cake and wine. The cake would be a rich one, and the wine, of course, port or sherry or both.

To show how the times have changed, I remember my

father telling me of an amusing incident in this connexion. He was at Bromsgrove School, and the head master, Dr. Topham, was a very easy-going old gentleman and kind withal. One afternoon he drove out some distance to call on a friend, and took two or three of the boys with him, of whom my father was one. Soon after they entered the house the accustomed cake and wine were brought into the room. They had not been there long before the friend was called out of the room on some matter of business. No sooner was his back turned than the head master, taking advantage of the opportunity, said to his pupils, 'Now, boys, fill up your glasses while the old gentleman is out!' Imagine the Head Master of Eton saying that to-day.

Occasionally, if one was dining with a well-to-do friend, a bottle of Burgundy or some choice claret would be broached. But it was not until about 1860, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the duty was taken off the French and Rhine wines, so that we were able to get these excellent light wines at quite a moderate figure; and there can be no doubt that the use of these wholesome beverages contributed in no small degree to the more temperate habits of the later Victorian period.

The whole subject of labour, industry, and domestic service has undergone a revolution in my time. I can well remember the early days of trade unionism, of which great movement Sheffield was one of the main centres, in which place the workmen began by cutting the straps of the machinery as a means of drawing attention to their grievances, which, no doubt, were great and reasonable. Wages and prices were alike low at that period.

In order to show at how small a cost cutlery could be produced somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth-century, I may mention a little incident in which I was concerned. I was staying with a friend in Sheffield who happened to know some of the heads of one of the most famous cutlery firms in that place. I went one day with

my friend to look over their establishment. They had been making an immense quantity of cheap razors of a particular type for export to the Colonies, if I remember rightly. As a special favour they allowed me to buy one at strictly cost price, which amounted to sixpence ! The razor was roughly finished ; the end was cut instead of being neatly rounded off, but the steel was as good and well tempered as that of a razor for which you would now have to pay 7s. 6d. I have had this razor in almost constant use, along with others, ever since, and I could not wish for a better.

The whole attitude of the working classes towards labour has completely changed from what it was. Instead of work being looked upon as something honourable and elevating in itself, it is now too often regarded as degrading and humiliating, something to be avoided as far as possible. There is nothing elevating or honourable in voluntary idleness, though it is a common delusion to suppose that having nothing to do is the highest state of existence ; that is supposed to be the gentlemanly state. I remember asking a working man about some one whose occupation I did not know ; ' Oh ! ' he replied, ' he is quite a gentleman ; he has nothing to do.' It seems a pity that in our schools children are not taught a better definition of the word ' gentleman ' than this. Those who are willing to work but cannot find it, of whom there are now such an immense number, are greatly to be commiserated. I believe that there are tens of thousands in this country at the present moment who not only are willing to work, but would take an honest pride in it if they had the chance ; but they are hampered by so many rules and restrictions that there seems no scope for individuality in work or character or anything else. Everything is now done by rule. We see the same tendency in our educational system, to which I have already referred.

It is difficult for us now to realize what agricultural work was in the olden days. This will give some idea of it. At a farm I know very well on the Wolds, consisting of over

1,000 acres, fourteen men were employed ; and they had in all about twenty in family. This was in early Victorian days. They kept only two female servants, one an experienced woman, the other a strong girl, who had to milk five or six cows every day and assist in the harvest-field and other out-door work, her wage being from £5 to £6 a year. They had to wash all the men's clothing at the farm-house. The quantity of food consumed was enormous. They would bake forty 'standing pies' together once or twice a week ; these were made of meat in winter, fat mutton being commonly used, and fruit in summer. Eight stone of flour and one stone of bacon would be used, and a sheep killed every week. Work would begin at 6 a.m. with ploughing, and they did not 'loose out' till 4 p.m. 'Down-dinner' was eaten at noon at the plough-tail ; this meal was carried in a cloth in the lads' pockets. At a busy time women would come to work from the neighbouring village (three miles) ; they only received a shilling a day, and had to 'meat' themselves. Wold lads made longer days than the low-country lads. They would be up at 4 a.m., and would often be threshing with the horse machine two hours before breakfast. These horse machines used to have six or eight horses. On washing days the women would often be up at 1 a.m.

When I was at Newton on Ouse one of my parishioners told me that when she was twenty she received £7 a year in farm service, and that after she was married she got 8*d.* a day for raking up 'wicks' in the fields, for which they used special wicking rakes. She said that one of the women asked the farmer that their wage might be increased to 10*d.* a day ; he replied with an empty threat that before he would give them any more he would fetch them from America ; but after waiting a week their wage was advanced to 10*d.* a day.

In spite of all the varied sources of amusement in the present day, I am convinced that there was more real contentment, happiness, and even joyousness in those

far-off days among the poorer classes than there is now. Their tastes then were simple, and easily gratified; but they were none the less satisfying on that account. Now and again the fun of the young folks would take rather an original form, especially at Martinmas time, which was the great festival for the farm servants to change their situations, or 'spots', as they were always called; though other occasions for the play of sheer animal spirits were never far to seek.

One notable instance of this I remember hearing about from a place called Staithes on the Yorkshire coast. It happened that a certain driver of a hearse was returning from a funeral at Hinderwell, where the Staithes inhabitants are buried, and on the way he stopped at a public-house in the next village to refresh himself. This was in the days before the railway from Whitby to Staithes was opened, and it was the custom for the Staithes lasses to walk all the way from that place to Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay—a distance of some fifteen miles to the latter—to get the bait required for fishing; and going for the purpose to the 'flither' Scar, as it was called. When he came out of the inn and mounted his hearse, which was one of those glass-sided affairs, he was accosted by nine stalwart Staithes girls who were on the road to get bait. 'Noo, honey,' they cried, 'thoo mun gie us a rahd.' 'Naay, naay,' replied the driver, 'Ah can nobbut tak tweea o' ya uppo t' box besahd ma.' 'Aw, bud wa *mun* 'ev a rahd, honey; we'll git insahd if ya'll nobbut tak us.' 'Whya then,' said the driver, 'if ya'll git insahd wa can mebbe mannish; bud it'll be a queer do.' However, two of them mounted the box, while the other seven got inside with much laughter and fun, one saying to the other, 'Noo, Sall, shall (slide) thi legs on a bit, an let oor Mary git in'; 'Mak waay, Jane'; 'Noo, Bess, thoo maunt fick about, or ah s'all mebbe gan thruff t' glass'; and so forth. And then the driver fastened them in with a parting warning not to shove their legs through the sides. 'Nivver

fear, honey, nivver fear,' they cried. 'An' when wa gat started,' he said, 'they sang leyke nightingales; an' all t' folks i Lyth an' Sandsend gauved (stared) at us as wa went by, an' didn't know what ti mak on't. But when ah got ti t' White Hoos (an inn near Whitby) ah stopped an' said, "Noo lasses ya mun all git oot, for ah dosn't (durst not) dhrahve inti t'toon wi ya." ' Accordingly, they all dismounted, and each of them, said the driver, 'shakk'd han's wi ma, an' said, "Thenksta, honey, we'll nut forgit tha" ' ; nor did they; for a day or two afterwards they clubbed together and brought their benefactor a good part of a stone of sweets; and for years afterwards they literally vied with one another in showing hospitality to their old friend whenever he set foot in Staithes. He was always besieged with requests by these lasses to partake of some meal or other at their homes. Their gratitude knew no bounds; and the ride in the hearse always afforded a fruitful topic for lively talk.

Another case of old-time farm service comes to my mind, namely, of one who was once a parishioner of mine. She had had no schooling whatever. She went out to service when she was twelve as a nurse-maid. She was well fed, and her mistress gave her old frocks and other garments; but for the first year she had 'no brass'. She had to fetch up the cows every morning between five and six. The other girl was described as a 'great strapping lass', who had to milk twenty cows every day; this she was said to have accomplished in a little over an hour. There was, of course, a quantity of dairy work to be done, such as 'siling' the milk, churning, &c. For breakfast they would have boiled milk, apple pie, bacon or beef, at 6 a.m.; and on Sundays they would have roast beef, puddings, pies, and good apple or suet dumplings. Here again they had to do all the washing for the men. Sometimes in the winter the ice-'shackles' would be hanging on the edges of their petticoats while they were washing the potatoes. The only time when they got any sort of relaxation was on the

Saturday afternoons. For dress they would have a frock of blue poplin with short sleeves, and two little frills round the arm; and 'wunsey' aprons for work. They would have a smart print dress with longer sleeves for Sundays, but all would be made 'plain'. They would wear their hair 'boxed up' with a comb, and 'wapped round'. They would often have to do work in the turnip-field, 'topping and tailing' the turnips; and many other things besides. As my old friend expressed it, 'There was a deal o' slaps an' muck i them days, an' nut sike fine deed i t'hooses as there is noo.' They would have no carpets in the houses at that time of day; and as for pianos, they were unheard of.

In earlier days the conditions of farm service were even rougher. I was told of a resident of Tibthorpe who remembered early in the last century seeing a table the thick wooden top of which had round holes two inches deep and about the size of a dinner plate cut in it. Into these the broth and meat were poured and eaten with wooden spoons. The table had to be washed after every meal with hot water and soda. About that date, or rather earlier, they had no knives and forks provided; they had to find their own. They commonly carried shut-up forks in their pockets.

It is remarkable at what an early age children were sent to work in those days, and so gained little or no scholarship. This was practically a necessity where there were large families. I remember a case of this kind when I was Rector of Nunburnholme. The mother could only keep a certain number of children at home; and so, whenever a child was born, the eldest of those at home had to go out into service; or, as she tersely put it, 'Ah oots 'em as ah in's 'em.'

Machinery has quite changed the appearance of our fields at the time of hay and corn harvest. When the grass was ready for cutting in the olden days, the farmer was proud of setting four or five 'leys' to work in his meadow with the foreman leading the way, and the oldest 'daytal

man' bringing up the rear, generally some way behind, and ready for a whet or a sup. Mowing grass with scythes was hard work, and it would be difficult to find men to do such work now. The harvest-field presented an animated scene before reaping machines were invented. Men, women, and children were to be seen, mowers, gatherers, binders, and band-makers. It was a picturesque sight. And when the fields were cleared, women used to come with their children every day to glean the corn that was left, which they carried home in huge bundles tied up in sheets on their heads; and when flour was so dear, these gleanings were of great value to the poor people, and went a long way towards keeping them and their families through the winter, or for fattening a pig till about Christmas.

A great change has come over the treatment of child-life since I can remember. Not only had children to work hard very often, but they were frequently subjected to harshness and cruelty. I recollect seeing little boys going about with sweeps, commonly their fathers, who sent these poor children up the chimneys. It was a good thing when this cruel practice was made illegal. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has in these latter years done a splendid work. Humane principles generally now prevail in a way they never did before, not only as regards children but also with reference to the brute creation.

The laws of sanitation and health receive much more attention than they used to do. Frequently one used to see open drains along the village streets which were the frequent cause of fevers and all manner of diseases. The houses, too, are much better ventilated. In many of the cottages which I had to visit in my early clerical days it was impossible to open the windows, so that the only ventilation was through the doors and chimneys.

The more temperate habits of the people at the present time are in pleasing contrast to the hard drinking that too commonly prevailed half a century ago among all classes of the community.

There is not the same amount of freedom that existed formerly. We live under greater restrictions. There is now a perfect army of inspectors and officials of various kinds, and the increase of bureaucracy is very noticeable. A good deal of grandmotherly legislation has been passed which we could very well do without; and officialdom generally might be reduced with advantage. It all involves a fearful waste of money. Taste in the furnishing and decoration of houses has within my recollection enormously increased. Anything more hideous than the furniture of my boyhood can scarcely be conceived. We have to thank Mr. Ruskin for a good deal of the change that has come over the country in this respect. But improved taste appears in many directions, and in none more than in the domain of music. Musical art has developed enormously since my boyhood, and a more intelligent interest is taken in music generally. At evening parties in my early days it was usual to invite some of the ladies to play on the pianoforte; but it was seldom that one heard anything worth listening to; while it was the rarest thing in the world that one ever heard a male performer on these occasions. Ladies did not take to playing the violin or violoncello till long after my boyhood, though in the early Victorian days one frequently saw a harp in big houses; but I do not think that the performances on that instrument ever amounted to much. Church music generally has greatly improved in recent years, though often, even in country churches, the choir is unduly magnified and is regarded as an end in itself rather than a means of leading the congregation in singing. In cathedrals, of course, and in certain other places the case is different. There the people are not supposed to join audibly in the music, which, notwithstanding, has a religious effect upon the hearers. I have heard of a certain don of Magdalen College, Oxford, many years ago, who joined so audibly in the singing that at last the President had to request him to desist. 'What?' he exclaimed, 'may I not raise my voice

in the House of God? 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but this is Magdalen College Chapel.' On the whole, after comparing one thing with another, and in spite of the many conveniences, facilities in travelling, and other advantages, I can say without hesitation that I feel thankful that the main part of my life has been spent in the days of Queen Victoria.

CHAPTER XX

MISCELLANEOUS

My friend the late Rev. James Mason, whose father was for many years Vicar of Sherburn, near Malton, used to tell me many quaint stories characteristic of the early Victorian days in that part of the country. There were old people in that parish who used invariably to speak of and address his brother and himself as Sir John and Sir James. To them he was quite as much Sir James as Sir Thomas Legard was Sir Thomas; or Sir Tatton Sykes, Sir Tatton. This form of address had, no doubt, been handed down from early days when the title 'Sir' had probably no necessary connexion with Knighthood or Baronetage, and belonged really to the priest or parson, in which connexion we commonly find it in old wills.

Mason once gave me an account of an old man who kept geese at a place called Gembling, and was evidently a typical Yorkshireman. He had an old gander which he wanted to sell. Accordingly, he had it killed and dressed for the market. It is said that an old goose dressed looks better than a young one as regards the skin, and there are no tears in the pulling: in this case at least it was so.

A person marketing asked the old man if the goose was a young one; to which the reply was, 'If it's a year au'd it's twenty.' The purchase was made. But the following week the woman came in a fury, and roundly abused the old man for telling her that the goose was a young one. 'Ah tell'd tha nowt o' t' sooart. Ah tell'd tha 'at if it was a year au'd it was twenty; an' he's been maastther o' Gem'lin Green for ower twenty year.'

Many years ago the wife of the Vicar of Sherburn was staying in a Yorkshire house where one of the footmen had

been taken very ill ; in fact, he was going off in a rapid consumption, and confined to his bed. One of his old companions from a distance came to enquire after him, and was allowed to go up into his room. He was wishful to give his old friend an idea of his danger and was either himself shy of saying what he thought, or desired to put it as gently as he could to the patient ; so he toned it down thus : ' Ah'll tell thee what, Jaames ; it's aboot tahm thoo was leukin inti sum beuks ! '

It was in this same house that there was a kitchen-maid who had a swain on whose sincerity and personal attachment some others of the establishment had ventured to express a doubt. They told her that he only came for what he could get ; that it was all cupboard love. She said she would soon know. So next time the youth came she took him into the larder, blew out the candle, and said, ' Noo help thisen ti what thoo leykes best.' ' Whya ! ah can't see nowt,' said the unfortunate swain. ' Aw ! then thoo can't fin' what thoo leykes best bedoot seein'.' What more was said nobody knew ; but he went out with great noise, sore ears, reduced hair, and never appeared again.

It is amusing to find how our Yorkshire expressions or way of putting things often lead people astray who are not accustomed to them. An instance of this I heard of only quite recently. A woman called at her doctor's house at S—— one day in great distress saying that her husband had ' lost his knows ', and would he come at once. The doctor naturally thought that the unfortunate man had met with some serious accident ; and after hurriedly collecting the surgical instruments he thought he should require, he started off with the woman to the patient's house. When he got into the bedroom he was surprised to see his patient with a singularly prominent nose, and he asked the woman what she meant by telling him her husband had lost his nose ; but it soon appeared that this was only her way of saying that her husband had fallen into a state of unconsciousness !

Archbishop Harcourt was said to have been no bad judge of a horse. If there is any diocese where this faculty should be a necessary qualification for occupying a seat on the episcopal bench, I presume it would be the diocese of York. The following horsey story was once told me in connexion with that primate.

Situated in the North Riding is a certain village called T——, the Rector of which at the time we speak of was a Mr. W——, who was a great lover of horses, and had a widespread reputation as a judge of those animals. It happened that a neighbouring clergyman was rather a notorious busy-body; and, desiring to curry favour with the Archbishop, he called at the palace at Bishopthorpe one day to lay information before his Grace that Mr. W—— had entered a horse at Whitby races. 'You don't mean to say so,' exclaimed the Archbishop, with well-feigned astonishment. 'I do indeed,' said his informant. 'But,' rejoined the Archbishop hopefully, 'you have doubtless only heard this said of him, and the probabilities are that there may be no truth in the report.' 'On the contrary,' replied the parson, 'I am sorry to say I myself know it for a fact that he has done so.' 'But,' yet again apologized the Archbishop, 'the case may be thus. You know that Mr. W—— is fond of horses, and has some very valuable ones; and sometimes a gentleman may enter a horse merely for the purpose of testing its capabilities, and without any thought of competing for the stakes; and this may easily be the case in the matter you report of Mr. W——.' 'I am only grieved to say,' added the complainant, 'that Mr. W——'s conduct will not bear that interpretation.'

'What!' exclaimed the Archbishop, 'do you mean to tell me that Mr. W—— has entered a horse to run for the stakes.' 'Yes! your Grace.' 'You are quite certain of this, Sir.' 'Yes! your Grace, quite certain.' 'Very well, then,' said the Archbishop, 'I'll bet you a guinea he wins. I know Mr. W—— is such a judge of a horse, and he has such blood in his stables, that if he has entered a horse to

win, and means to win, he will win. There now, I'll bet you a guinea on it !'

Though, in the main, this most reverend Primate was right in snubbing one who wanted merely to bid for favour by tale-bearing, his mode of doing so was scarcely what we should look for in our spiritual fathers of to-day ! But *tempora mutantur*. I remember a clerical friend once telling me that long after the incident just recorded, his father sold a horse, which was too high-spirited for their quiet purposes, to a certain archdeacon, who ran it at the Whitby races. But whether he did so with a view to winning the stakes, or merely, as Archbishop Harcourt put it, of 'testing the capabilities' of the animal, I never enquired.

One of the characters of a Wold village which I know very well was a certain Lizzie J—— who had been married three times. In describing her husbands to the vicar's wife one day she said, 'My fo'st was a good un ; and my second wasn't sa bad ; bud that feeal'—pointing to her third who was sitting over the fire—'ah deeant know whativver was in mah heead ti marry him.' The same woman was telling the vicar's daughter that her sister had died, and she had walked all the way to 'Rullinton' to catch the train to go to see her ; but just when she got in sight of the station she saw the train, and she said, 'Ah up wi my umbrella, an' ah says, "Stop train" ; bud sha teeak na nooatice.' So she missed the train, and when asked later on if she got in time to see her sister before she died, she said, 'Naw ! bless ya bairn, she went oot leyke a cann'l lit at beeath ends.'

Some of the Yorkshire squires of the olden days were men of a peculiar and crotchety type, and the workings of their moral code would not always bear a close investigation. They were practically to a man sportsmen, and frequently great gamblers. But occasionally they had some particular hobby which brought them into notice. The odd ways of one such that I used to hear about comes to my mind. He was a queer old character, and one of his

hobbies was the manufacture of flying machines. In this he was evidently before his time; and were he now living, he would probably give himself credit for making the first move towards the invention of aeroplanes.

His great object in life was the invention of a flying machine. After a great deal of scientific thought and manual labour he produced his machine. But the old gentleman had not quite sufficient confidence in its success to make the first trial himself; and so he took his butler up to the top of the hall of his house and told him to fly. Unfortunately, he did not fly, but came down and broke his leg. The butler was put to bed, and the squire retired to his laboratory. By the time the butler was all right again the squire had rectified his machine, and again called his servant and told him that he had discovered exactly where the mechanical fault lay, and that he would now be able to fly admirably. 'Begging your pardon, Sir,' said John, 'no more flying. I am ready to serve you and the family faithfully in every respect, bar flying.'

This squire's wife was the most peculiar old lady in all the neighbourhood. She was bed-ridden, and my friend, who has now been dead many years, once had the honour of being introduced to her presence. She used to be propped up in bed, and smoke a short black clay pipe. Her grandchildren used to catch rats and skin them to make tobacco pouches for her. She used to swear like a trooper, and play cards on Sunday.

This same old squire would often entertain his friends at dinner, and sometimes he would break out into violent fits of passion. When no one else was dining at the Hall, he used to send over to the Vicarage for the parson, who always came and dined with him.

One evening when they were sitting over their wine a more than usually violent paroxysm seized the host. He got up from the table, and reached down a sword from the wall, and said, 'Jacques,' (the parson's name) 'I believe I could take off your head at one blow.' The vicar kept

himself perfectly cool, and assured the squire that if he did so he would find nothing of any value inside it; but, he added, 'I have heard that the great test of skill in swordsmanship is that a man should be able to snuff a candle with a sword.' The squire thought this a capital idea, and he went at all the candles furiously one after another and left the hall in total darkness; the vicar vanished suddenly, as well as the lights; and never again dined with the squire alone.

It was sometimes amusing to find how our old and uneducated folk in former days used to misinterpret words to which they were not accustomed in their homely phraseology. A former Vicar of St. Maurice's, York, whom I knew very well, had occasion to visit one of his parishioners who had undergone two operations. The vicar some time afterwards called to see her; and on enquiring after her health, she said, 'Well, Mr. L——, ah've nivver been t' saam woman 'at ah was sen ah went thruff them two *paust mortems*!'

Some years ago the vicar of one of our Wold parishes whom I knew intimately had occasion to visit one of his parishioners who was ill; he also happened to be very deaf, and was a member of the Methodist body. Being aware of his infirmity, the vicar raised his voice, and spoke as clearly as he could.

When he had finished he said to the old man, 'John, did you hear what I said?'

'Not a wo'd,' was the reply. 'Bud,' he added, 'it disn't matter becos ah was convarted lang sen; an' ah'll tell ya all aboot it an' all. It was at a camp meeting at Foxhooals. It was i August, an' it wer varry wahrm; and ah gat all iv a sweat, an' ah teeak mi cooat off, and ah set misen doon iv a chair, an' ah said ah wadn't shift fra t'spot awhahl it cum; an' last of all it cum; an' ah'll tell ya hoo it cum; it cum'd all up mah leg, an' ah've been a saav'd man ivver sen!'

In another parish which I know there was said to have

been a Methodist local preacher of some repute, though it would appear that in his discourses he occasionally got a bit confused. A parish clerk in the neighbourhood, hearing of the fame of this preacher, thought he would like to hear him; so one day he went to the place where he was to hold forth. On the clerk's return the vicar asked him what he thought of the preacher; 'Ah reckons nowt tiv 'im. He preech'd aboot Noah an' t' Ark; an' he gat Lot insahd t' Ark; an' efttther a bit he bethowt hissen 'at he wasn't there; an' he tried t' get t' au'd fellah oot; an' it was a job an' all; bah gaw, noo he did traal 'im aboot!'

The changes that have come over all agricultural work since my boyhood are little short of revolutionary. Better education, the use of machinery, shorter hours, higher wages, have been the main contributory causes of this altered state of things. In the olden days the farmers' wives and daughters would do work willingly which in these softer times they would not dream of doing. I remember, for instance, hearing of a farmer's wife near Scarborough expatiating on the handiness of her daughters in yoking the horses, and describing with glee and pride their 'gittin' inti t' crib ti put t' barfins on'.

The old 'mell supper', which was given by the farmers to their men when the harvest was completed, has now been given up. The last I heard of it, now many years ago, was from a place in the North Riding. Instead of the supper, each man was given a shilling. There was a curious custom when the 'mell'—the last sheaf—was placed on the stack. The foreman mounted the stack, and standing on the mell sheaf on the very apex of it, he shouted, or half sang and shouted, this 'nominy':

Bless the day that Christ was boorn,
 We've gotten t' mell o' Mr. X——'s coorn.
 It's varry weel cutten, an' varry weel tied;
 It's led, an' forrk'd, an' i t' stack it's lied.
 Then bless the day that Christ was boorn,
 We've gotten t' mell o' Mr. X——'s coorn.

Aa-a-a-men!

This was followed by repeated 'Hurrays'. (In Yorkshire we always say Hurray, never Hurrah.)

After this the man descends from the stack; then the mell pint of beer was drunk by each man, and the day's work ended. From this same place there was also in later days a simpler ceremony at the beginning of harvest, when the foreman stood on the reaper, and said something of this kind: 'Noo, men, we're boun' ti start, let's pray for a reet good tahm, Aa-a-men.' And something was said to the effect that they must be thankful for what they have got when all is cut, but not yet led.

In the days when wheat was selling at a guinea a bushel many of the people, and not only the very poor, had to put up with barley bread, barley pies, and barley dumplings. The meal used to come from the mill not only, as it was called, 'undressed', but in the very crudest condition, and impossible to be used until it was 'temsed', that is to say, passed through a sieve commonly made of tiffany. I was once told by a friend of a man who used to work in his grandfather's garden, that on one occasion the curate's wife being a little ashamed of the 'scran', or poor meal provided for this labourer, went into the kitchen to make her apologies. The man assured her that there was no kind of need to do so, and said that he had never been 'set fast' over a bit of eating but once in his life, and that was when the lass had made the (barley) bread and forgotten to temse the meal.

There was a peculiar old custom in vogue in my boyhood called 'ringing the reckon', the origin of which I have never been able to discover. The reckon is the iron bar suspended from the beam or bar across the upper part of the old-fashioned open fire-places, on which the pots are hung. Ringing the reckon meant drawing the poker backwards and forwards several times over the hanging pot-hooks, of which there were generally many. This was done commemorative of some startling event, usually with a sense of humour, and often derisively. An old correspondent once gave me a

good illustration of its use. A certain man called 'Cappy' Horsley was going to be married; he had once been an admirer of one of my friend's servants. The servants are looking out of the kitchen window: the wedding procession passes along to the church. 'There they gan,' says one of the girls, 'there's thy au'd Cappy, Fanny!' Fanny, with as much scorn in her countenance as she can get compressed into it, says, 'Then ah mun ring t' reck'n,' and she takes the poker and clatters it up and down the pot-hooks. Or a very unlikely wedding or a very unexpected birth is announced by some woman to a few cronies, when they naturally exclaim, 'Whya! ah's seear we s'all a'e ti ring t' reck'n.'

The clergy of the Anglican Church often have trying duties to perform without any thought of consideration, much less of thanks or favours, from those to whom they minister; and so when any token of gratitude manifests itself it comes as a surprise. We can imagine then the astonishment of a curate I once heard of from a friend, who had been visiting an old almshouse-man and praying with him for some time. When he had finished, the old man went to a cupboard and brought out a black bottle. He uncorked it and offered it to the curate, saying, 'Noo, parson, thoo's wrought hard: a drop o' gin 'll do ya no harm!'

I was once told of the vicar of a certain Yorkshire parish who one day when he was out walking met one of the lads of the parish 'leading' a load of manure, which if not muck is called 'manner'. As the lad did not in passing make his usual salute, the vicar stopped him and said, 'Where did you get your manners from?' to which the boy naively replied, 'Fra t' fau'd garth (fold-yard).' If the vicar had used the word 'behaviour' the lad would have understood him at once.

The use of the word *hug* in our vernacular is peculiar; it means to carry; and it is sometimes applied to things small as well as great. My friend James Mason gave me

this good illustration of its use. He was travelling by train, and fell in with an old man. He asked him if he had a match. He replied: 'Naw! ah a'e n't. Ah nivver smeuks misen, an' seea ah nivver 'ugs neean.' Mason added when telling me this, 'We were friends at once!' By the way, we have three variants of the word smoke in our dialect—smook, smeeak, and smeuk. It is remarkable what faith the old people used to put in their almanacks. One of these was compiled by a man called Smith, by which they laid great store. I was once speaking to an old man about the weather, when he promptly quoted Smith, saying: 'T' Almanack says we s'all a'e thunner at Sunda, bud wi fine infidels (intervals) during t' week.' Smith was a bold man, inasmuch as he used to predict the weather for each day in the year. But he generally got over this hopeless task by making very safe oracular prognostications which might mean almost anything. For instance, he would say of the first three days of January, that they are 'likely to be somewhat changeable, though tolerably fine for the season', and that on the next three we were to have 'a threatening atmosphere with restless winds and winterly weather'. Again we read: '22nd to 23rd still subject to fog or frost, with changes; 24th to 26th much the same, with changes.' Then again, if we turn to the summer we meet with the same oracular forecasts. Thus, for instance, for July 2nd and 3rd we were to have 'sudden atmospheric changes with distant thunder'. From what particular point the thunder was distant did not appear. But the real gems of Smith's sapiency used to lie in his 'monthly observations'. This is a fair example from that source: 'The present year like many of its predecessors will, I apprehend, be fraught with many wonderful if not singular events. From stellar influences I judge that the first quarter will be a period of much sickness, dull trade, financial difficulty, shipwrecks, fires, and accidents in coal mines and elsewhere of a very serious nature.' But to crown all, our astronomer once observed, though now many

years ago, that 'the influences of Jupiter in the ruling sign of Ireland may temporarily, but not lastingly, benefit the sons of Erin who are still in the back-ground!' How one wishes that at the present time Jupiter or any other of the heavenly bodies could do something to compose the existing state of things in Ireland! I have repeatedly purchased a copy of this Almanack, from which I derived a considerable amount of entertainment.

Our Yorkshire folk are generally quick in detecting any weak point or failing in a man's character.

The following is an amusing and very characteristic description of a certain rector in the North Riding, who, though quite a wealthy man, was inclined to be decidedly close-fisted. He used to visit his sick parishioners with praiseworthy regularity and attention, and this is how one of them described these attentions: 'He wad keep rammin' stuff at ma when ah couldn't tak 't, an' as seen as ivver ah could tak 't he gav ower.' I knew the said rector very well, and I can quite believe in the truth of the patient's observation.

A correspondent from the North Riding who was keenly appreciative of the Yorkshireman's characteristics, one of which, as every one knows, is his love of horses, told me, now many years ago, that one of his ponies had been lame for a few days. He was sitting with the old village carpenter outside his house. They were smoking, and had not spoken for a few moments, when Jack the stable-help brought the sound pony to the water trough. They watched the drinking in silence, and as soon as the animal had been taken in, the old man turned abruptly to my friend and remarked, 'Is Jack t'uther onny better tidaay?' Though brief, the remark was very typical of a Yorkshireman.

It was this same friend who informed me of a little incident which well illustrates the Yorkshireman's innate caution. He was making arrangements at Richmond with a man out of Swaledale to come to York to give evidence

at the Assizes. The man's brother, who was standing near, took my friend aside and whispered in his ear very confidentially, 'Noo thoo mun leek eftther him; he's raather waffly.'

I once had sent to me this play on the words 'Bob' and 'pokes'.

(1) 'Your Bob owes oor Bob a bob, an' if your Bob dizn't gi'e oor Bob t' bob 'at your Bob owes oor Bob, oor Bob's boun ti gi'e your Bob a bob on t' nooase.'

(2) 'Pleease, ah've cum'd ti see if your folks 'll len' oor folks your flooer-pooaks, acoz if your folks 'll len' our folks your flooer-pooaks, ah'll gan yam an' tell oor folks 'at your folks 'll len' oor folks your flooer-pooaks.'

The following is a very old East Riding nursery rhyme, or baby song, which may be still in use for aught I know:

Three blinnd horses,
Three blinnd mares,
Three blinnd fiddlers
All up stairs:

Sike a bonny gannin' on as ah nivver did see,
Sike a bonny gannin' on as ah nivver did see.

I believe that many of our nursery rhymes and sayings are centuries old, and are handed down from one generation to another.

In almost every village there is some poor lad who is a bit 'daft', or not quite 'all there'. One such there was at a village near Driffield. On one occasion he was commissioned from an outlying farm to go into the village and fetch a quart of allegar (vinegar). As he was apt to forget the nature of his commissions, the farmer's wife, after having repeated the word to him over and over again, instructed him never to cease saying over the word allegar till he got to the shop. As neither he nor the allegar turned up, after a lapse of time some alarm was felt, and a search was made. At length he was found lying on the flat of his back in a deep but dryish ditch saying, 'Allegar, allegar, allegar.'

In the village of Sherburn there was another half-witted

lad, who was alternately the butt, the messenger, or the pet of the inhabitants. He was once sent to the village shop for a pound of tallow dip candles. Alas! he returned empty-handed, and for a long time was dumb to all demands for an explanation. At length, being adjured with the question, 'What 'es ta deean wi t' cann'ls, thoo gauvison?' shouted at him again and again in higher key and louder voice, he replied, 'Ah 's itten (eaten) 'em, an' ah swaal'd (scattered) beeans ower t' avver leear deear (oat-barn door).' The beeans (bones) were, of course, the wicks.

A former Rector of West Rounton used to tell me some amusing stories of his parishioners and others, one of which I remember. He once spoke to one of his people who never came to church, and earnestly entreated him to turn over a new leaf and attend his parish church. 'Whya!' said the man, 'ah gans as offn's as you do.' 'How can that be?' replied the rector, 'I go there two or three times every Sunday, and at other times as well,' to which the rejoinder came, 'Aye, bud ah gans as offn's as you, because you gans as offn's as you're foorced, an' ah deea t' seeam.'

A Yorkshireman is generally capable of holding his own when under fire from a bantering assailant. A good instance of this I once heard of from the village of Nafferton. A certain well-to-do inhabitant of that place was sitting in the churchyard about six o'clock one summer morning enjoying the fresh sunny air, when a labourer passed by on his way to work, and thus addressed him, 'What! Mr. R——, you *are* up i good tahm for a man 'at 's independent! What ivver maade ya git up at this tahm o' daay?' Says Mr. R—— 'Ah 's laatin (looking for) a man 'at can mahnd his awn bisniss ti give him a daay's wark.'

When I was Vicar of Newton on Ouse, I frequently went to see my friend and neighbour, the Vicar of Nun Monkton. In order to reach that place one had to cross the Ouse by a ferry. The old ferryman was a thorough Yorkshireman, and therefore a character. I invariably had a 'crack' with him as we were crossing the river. One

day I noticed a rowing boat moored on the opposite side, and its name 'Psyche' was painted on the stern. As the boat was kept there for some weeks, all kinds of queer surmises were made as to what this puzzling word could be. No one could pronounce it, and of course no one knew what it meant. Shortly after this I happened again to be crossing the river, and I said to the ferryman, 'Well, Coates; have not they made out that word yet?' to which, with a bright twinkle in his eye, he replied that they had not. I then enquired what sort of attempts they had made to read the writing and make known the interpretation thereof. 'Whya!' he replied, 'sum on 'em maks physic on 't. Bud, as ah tells 'em, it's neean physic, because if it wer physic, what mun yan deea wi t' P?'

Speaking of physic reminds me of another story I once heard in connexion with that word. The clergyman of a certain parish, the name of which I have forgotten, was taking the duty one morning in his church when a sudden faintness or indisposition of some kind came over him, and he felt that he could not possibly continue the service without breaking down. And so he had to apologize to the congregation for abruptly bringing the service to a close, which he did by saying that he was 'physically incapable of proceeding'. Meeting one of his female parishioners a few days afterwards, she addressed him thus: 'Aw! Mr. B., we all felt varry sorry for ya last Sunda; bud ya know, Sir, we all on us a'e ti tak physic sumtahms!'

The consultations and arguing of Yorkshire juries in the olden days must often have been veritable hot-beds of our good vernacular. One wishes sometimes that their language could have been taken down by shorthand. I remember a legal friend once telling of a Yorkshire jury who were engaged in hot debate on a case, when one conscientious jurymen delivered himself thus (and no doubt with a yawn), 'Whya! ah's onny-waays, ah wants ti be gannin' yam.'

Many years ago an old man used to come to Fylingdales,

where he was known as 'Scarborough Jack'; probably he was not quite 'all there'; at any rate he went from house to house for alms, and, like many of these vagrants in olden days, was welcomed at several as being part of the established order of things. One day he went to such a house where he had always before been sure of a meal, but since his last visit the occupant had died, and a new face met him at the door, where he had a very ungracious reception. Driven away empty, he relieved his feelings by writing on the door of an outhouse the following:

Good and gracious did live here,
Bud noo she 's gone, the Lord knows wheer !
Prahd an' poverty 's cum'd in her steed,
An' 'll give poor Jack nowther beef nor breed.

The religion of the dales-folk in the olden days was of a very real and simple kind. A friend of mine once had to attend officially the funeral of an old and much respected farmer, when he met, as he told me, with some of the real old sort, and among other things heard an expression which was new to him. Speaking of the weather and the crops, and of Providence as ordering such matters, an old woman said, 'It's iv a good man's hands.' This was at once echoed by another, 'Aye, it's iv a good man's hands,' showing that the phrase was proverbial and well known. The expression was rather striking, and, as my friend observed, it would make an apt comment on many a well-known text of Scripture.

The following was told me by my old friend George Buchanan, who for many years practised as a solicitor in Whitby, as his father had before him; he was an extremely well-read man, and was full of antiquarian lore; he was brimming over with humour, and was a devoted admirer and student of our dialect. He was, moreover, Coroner for the Whitby district. I shall never forget the very touching account which he sent me of the inquest which he held on those who lost their lives through the wreck of the steamship *Rohilla*, during the War, which stranded just off Whitby

in rough and foggy weather. It was one of the most tragic events of the war. The vessel had a number of nurses on board, and was a kind of hospital ship, if I remember rightly. The captain, who was in no wise to blame, stuck to his post to the very last, and his conduct was worthy of the best traditions of the British sailor. Happily he was saved, and he told my friend after the inquest that in the course of his life he had not often been brought to tears, but on this occasion in giving his evidence he fairly broke down, as also did the Coroner himself. But what I was going to relate is of a very different character.

At Goathland near Whitby in old days there was a parish clerk, whose house and land lay close to the church, and could be seen from the windows. The singers, as usual at that time, sat in a gallery, and the man who led the choir occasionally acted as substitute for the clerk, if the latter were away. One Sunday a violent thunderstorm came on during the Service, and the rain came down in torrents. The clerk had a mare which had recently foaled, and it was out in a field close to the church. Anxious to save it from taking cold, he interrupted the service by crying aloud to the gallery, 'Ah saay, John, wilt tha cum doon an' clerk a bit whahl ah gan an' git t' meer an' faul in?' It is difficult for us in these days to imagine such an interruption in the service. But an interruption of a different character happened when I was Vicar of Newton on Ouse. I was preaching one afternoon in the parish church when I noticed a boy in the congregation misbehaving himself. I made rather a pause; but the boy did not notice or heed my hint. Presently our old churchwarden, who was a rough-and-ready Yorkshireman, suddenly rose from his seat, seized his long wand of office and with it gave the boy such a whack over the shoulders that the blow resounded all over the church. This prompt action had a salutary effect, and we were never again troubled in that way.

Mr. Frank Pattison once told me the following, which is

characteristic of the Yorkshireman, whose love of horses is proverbial. A traveller with a strong turn for archaeology was in a well-known town in the North Riding. Rising early, he took a short walk before breakfast. Finding an ostler grooming a horse in the yard of an inn, he spoke to him. In the course of conversation he asked him what were the principal places of interest in the neighbourhood. After a few moments' consideration the man led the enquiring archaeologist into a paddock adjoining the inn-yard, and pointing to an ash-tree said, 'Under yon tree was faul'd "Voltigeur", t' winner o' t' Leger.'

From Mr. Pattison I heard another incident which also savours of the county. His brother-in-law who was curate of a North Riding village church had just married a couple. After the ceremony was concluded, and, I presume, just after the fees had been paid, the bridegroom addressed the bride thus; 'Bess, lass, thoo's costin' ma a vast o' brass'; to which the bride meekly replied, 'Aye! Joe, lad; bud ah's worth 't; there's a heeap o' good stuff i ma.'

It was from the same source that I learnt a little episode which well illustrates a Yorkshire housewife's close-fistedness. The wife of a well-known farmer living in the parish of H—— in the North Riding had the village tailor and his journeyman at her house to do certain work in the shape of repairs to the garments of her husband and two sons. According to the custom of the district they attended at her house, working for a stipulated wage per day and their 'meat', that is breakfast, dinner, and tea. It was during the first week of November and about 4.30 p.m. that this frugal lady said to the two tailors, 'Noo, my lads, ye mun hev yer teas 'atwixt leet an' dark ti saave t' cann'l.' Accordingly, tea was laid, and the tailors suspended their operations to partake of the afternoon meal provided. Knowing the parsimonious character of their employer, they purposely ate up all the butter that was on the table and the whole of the sugar, and then resumed their work.

When the good lady came to put away the tea things she was astonished to find that all the butter and the whole of the sugar had been consumed. 'Wheear's mi pund o' butther, an' wheear's all t' seeager?' she exclaimed. The tailors very composedly remarked that it was so dark that they could not see to help themselves properly and carefully, and they supposed they must have eaten it all. 'Aw! deary me,' said Mrs. F. in horrified tones, 'ah's mair oot 'an if ah'd litten t' cann'l!'

The Rector of H——, who was an excellent preacher and noted for straight and hard hitting in his discourses, had delivered one Sunday a more than ordinarily pointed one which went direct home to some of his congregation. As the people passed out of church two very hard-headed farmers began thus to criticize the sermon. The one was a stubborn, very narrow-minded 'Bible Christian', as he described himself; the other was a canting old hypocrite with a decided leaning towards ranting. The following conversation took place. No. 2 speaks: 'John, ah saay, t' au'd parson wer aiming at Jim Bowe iv his sarmon this mornin'. It mun a'e bin Jim he had iv his mind. No. 1 replies, 'Gan thi waays yam, George, gan thi waays yam, mun, neean o' thi thank God ah's nut as other men Christianity; gan thi waays yam, mun, an' put it to (apply it to yourself) what t' aud maastther said.' As this was said in the hearing of the people, George walked on somewhat abashed, and with some of the conceit taken out of him.

The vicar of a parish near York whom I knew intimately, not feeling very well one Sunday, got the squire's son to read the lessons for him. The vicar's wife, calling on an old parishioner a few days afterwards, remarked that she was glad to see her in church the previous Sunday. 'Aye! Mrs. G.,' replied the old lady, 'ah nivver misses as lang as ah can stir oot; an' ah thowt it wer varry deeacent o' t' young man to help Mr. G. as he was poorly; an' ah says ti mysen, t' young man fraames sa weel it's a pity bud what Mr. G. had a letten him preeach an' all.' 'But,' interposed

Mrs. G., 'he could not do that because he is a layman.' 'Laamun,' said Betty, 'what, ah laay he warn't si laam bud what he could a'e hobbled inti t' pulpit.'

Many years ago there was a famous old doctor at Whitby who thoroughly deserved his reputation, for he was a man of great parts and decision. All the country swore by 't' au'd Doctther', and of course 'Scarborough Jack' and he were well acquainted. One day when the doctor was riding out from Whitby on the Scarborough road he met Jack walking towards Whitby, and said, 'Well, Jack, how are you? What's fresh with you?' Jack said, 'Why doctther ah's middlin'; hoo's yersen? Ah've met a hundherd doctthers cumin' fra Whidby ti-daay.' Says the doctor, 'Nay, nay, Jack, that's over many; how do you make that out?' 'Why,' said Jack, 'ah met (naming another doctor) an' he's nowt; an' then ah met (another name) an' he's nowt, an' noo ah've met yan, an' you're yan, an' folks awlus tell'd ma 'at yan an' tweea nowts stood for a hundherd.'

Although our Yorkshire folk of the old school were thoroughly familiar with the geography of their own immediate surroundings, they commonly had the vaguest ideas of the position of places outside it. I remember asking a man once about the locality of some well-known place, and he could not describe it more definitely than by saying that it was 'sumwheers up agaan Roosha'. And on another occasion I was speaking to a man who was working in my garden about a friend who had been ordered abroad for his health and was well known to the labourer; I asked him if he knew where he had gone to. He told me he could not remember the name of the place, but he knew that it was somewhere 'at the back side of Africa'.

CHAPTER XXI

LITERARY ODDMENTS

SIR FREDERICK OUSELEY had for many years made a collection of literary odds and ends of an amusing character. Many of these he had gained first hand from his own personal experience; others had been sent to him from time to time by some of his many friends who knew his liking for such curiosities. To the best of my knowledge these 'titbits' are original; if, however, any of them have been already before the public, I must ask the reader's indulgence. A certain number of them came under my own experience, others came to me from friends, and so were incorporated in the collection; but the contributors of the vast majority of the items are quite unknown to me.

One of the best in the collection was a rendering in Latin verse by the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Atlay) of an advertisement which appeared in an American paper. The Bishop, who was a first-rate scholar, sent Sir Frederick a copy of his verses. I here give the original and translation:

'If you want a really fine, unsophisticated family Pill, try Dr. Rumbolt's liver-encouraging, kidney-persuading, silent Perambulator, 27 in a box. This Pill is as mild as a pet lamb, and as searching as a small-tooth comb. It don't go fooling about, but attends strictly to business, and is as certain for the middle of the night as an alarum clock.'

Translation

Si forte aegrotis quaeras quae detur alumnis

Egregiae pilulam simplicitatis,—adest.

Haec iecur instigat, stimulos haec renibus addit,

Ambulat arcanas haec taciturna vias.

Disce repertorem : medicus Rumboltius audit,
 Ter septem et senas pyxis aperta dabit.
 Par agno pilula est : tenero quid mitius agno,
 Si quis amor dominae deliciaeque fuit ?
 Attamen haec eadem latebras penetralibus imas
 Mordacis bixi more modoque petit.
 Non unquam stultos tentat temeraria cursus,
 Sed studio semper res agit ipsa suas.
 Aes index certam crepitat non rectius horam
 Quam iubet haec media surgere nocte toro.

Written by Dr. Whewell to a lady who asked him to write upon nothing :

You O a O and I O thee,
 O O no O but O O me ;
 O let thy O no O be,
 But give back O O I O thee.

Genuine note from the jailer's wife at Galway to the ladies' maids at Lord Ashtown's, Woodlawn :

'Mrs. F.'s compliments waate on the ladies of Woodlawn, if the maid like to sees Sergant Slack hanged, she will be glad of their company tomorrow to breakfast, and will attend the ladies to the gallows. She will take care the esqution shall be differ'd till the ladies comes.'

On the marriage of Captain Foote with Miss Patten :

With a Patten for wife
 Through the rough roads of life,
 May you safely and happily jog ;
 May the ring never break,
 Nor the tie be found weak,
 Nor the Foote find the Patten a clog.

Copy of a note sent to a parish clerk in Gloucestershire :

'Mister. My wief is ded, an wants to be barrid, dig a grieve for her, an she will cam an be barrid tomorrow at wourner clock : you no were to dig it, close bi mi otheir wief, but let it be dip.'

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson frequently used the following formula when writers sent him their books: 'Very many thanks. I assure you I shall lose no time in perusing your work.'

Two answers given to a Diocesan Inspector in Cheshire:

1. What is a false god?

An idle maid with hands.

2. What are sins of omission?

Sins we ought to have done, and didn't.

Examination of boys at Oxford:

The Highlanders are a race that are not very clean in their habits. They speak a language called garlic. They keep Newfoundland dogs for finding people in the snow.

A Worcester Diocesan Inspector, desirous of eliciting from some schoolchildren a text about kindness, after several vain attempts, tried to prompt them by beginning a quotation for them to finish. The following was the result:

Inspector. 'Be kindly affectioned one to . . .'

Children. 'Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!'

The Earl of Powis, among his many generous acts, had given substantial aid to the Rev. C. F. Lowder's very poor district of St. Peter's, London Docks. He went to the laying of the stone of the church there, and just as the ceremony was about to begin, a bottle was handed by some one to Mr. Lowder. He could not make it out, and consulted Lord Powis, who at last ingeniously suggested that, as it looked like oil, it was probably intended for the anointing of the stone. So they agreed to pour it on the stone then and there. The smell which arose was dreadful; but the service began, and very few had noticed the bottle. In the evening an old woman, a former parishioner, came up to Mr. Lowder and asked after his rheumatism, and she hoped he had got the bottle, and on his saying, 'Oh! yes, it reached me quite safely,' she explained that it was

a wonderful cure for rheumatism, which she had manufactured herself.

Letter from a native Indian to his master to tell him that the wind had blown out a window-shutter into the garden :

Honoured Master !

Yesternight arrive a great hurricane. Valve of lesser aperture not properly fasten. First make great trepidation and concussion, and then precipitate into precinct. No peace in house since valve adjourn. Send for carpenter make reunite.

Master's humble letter-writer.

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A Preston boy read to H.M. Inspector Pope's lines, in which occurs, 'Content to breathe his native air'. 'What', asked the inspector, 'is meant by "his native air"?' The intelligent boy promptly replied, 'The air of his own 'ed.'

After one of his lectures in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, Sir Frederick Ouseley received the following letter from the organ-blowers :

Revd Sir,

We blowed for your lecture. Is we to be paid, and is you to pay us ?

Yours

THE BLOWISTS.

From an American paper :

An Eastern man advertises for 'a boy to open oysters with a reference'. We don't believe it can be done.

From a relative to Bishop Lonsdale :

Irish Cleric. May I present your Lordship with a copy of this sermon ?

Bp. Lonsdale. Thank you. What is the subject ?

Irish Cleric. Justification by faith.

Bp. Lonsdale. Rather a difficult subject, Mr. —.

Irish Cleric. Yes, my Lord ; but you will find it quite easy when you have read my discourse.

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, would eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with. Being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish which was new to her, she politely replied (evidently thinking she was expressing herself in admirable English), 'No, I thank you, I eat only my acquaintances.'

Mrs. A. 'Poor Mr. — has had to leave his parish again for his health.'

Mrs. B. 'Indeed! Has he a locum tenens?'

Mrs. A. 'No! it's the old complaint.'

Definition of metaphysics:

It is to know how to say nothing in such a way as that it cannot be perceived that nothing has been said. Perhaps the old definition one used to hear is the better, which says, Metaphysics are like a blind man in a dark room, looking for a black cat which is not there.

Qu. What is mind? Ans. No matter.

Qu. What is matter? Ans. Never mind.

The following answers have been given to me at various times when examining schoolchildren, asking them the meaning of the word 'Catholic':

(a) 'A race of people believing that there is no God.'

(b) 'The Church of Europe.'

(c) 'Universal, or open to the public.'

(d) 'A worshipper of Christ and the Virgin Mary: a High Churchman.'

(e) 'Catholic means those who believe in ancient and old sayings.'

The Child's Juvenal

At a sale of books a certain wheelwright of Appleton, near Oxford, bought a 'lot' of Classics, his reason for the investment being that among the lot was a copy of Juvenal; for, as he said, the name made him think that there was something good inside it for the young!

Answers given to a Diocesan Inspector of Schools :

Q. What had Zacharias to do ?

A. He burnt insects in the Temple.

Q. For what did Esau sell his birthright ?

A. For a mess of red Gentiles.

Q. What do you mean by pottage ?

A. A place where they make pots.

From Ludlow School (given by Dr. Sparrow) :

How long was Jonah in the whale's belly ?

Three days.

How long besides ?

Forty nights.

Me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

The gluey love of my Glycera frightens me.

Mention a comedy of Shakespeare.

The taming of the mole.

Who was Herod's son ? Herodotus.

What is a dependent sentence ?

One that hangs on by its clause.

At an Oxford Middle Class examination a man explained 'Horresco referens' by translating it parenthetically ('referring to one Horrescus').

'Curate' was thus explained by a Culham man :

'It comes from a word meaning *to run* : Curate is therefore an active clergyman who helps a superior in a parish.'

From Radley College :

'Il porte des bas de fil.'

(Translated) 'He wears his daughter's stockings.'

A St. Columba boy being asked about Esau, confused him with Aesop, and replied as follows :

'Esau was a hairy man who wrote fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of potash.'

On a former organist of New College, Oxford, named Meredith :

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who liv'd a merry life, and died a Meredeth.

Epitaph (place unrecorded) :

Here lies Sally Smith.

Her 's gone away.

Her would if her could, but her could not stay.

Two sore legs, and a baddish cough,

But 'twas the legs as carried her off.

From a Flintshire churchyard—on two wives :

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,

Who was a good wife, and never vexed one.

22nd Dec. 1812.

I can't say that of her at the next stone.

In Kirby-Moorside Church :

' Here lyeth the body of my Lady Brooke who while she lived was a good woman, a very good mother, and an exceedingly good wife. Her soul, etc. She died 12th July, 1600.'

At a church near Kidderminster a monument was erected in the churchyard—'To the memory of A. B.,' &c., and in the corner was added the incongruous and absurd form following: 'With the compliments of the Family', the explanation being that in order that no mistake might be made as to the name, age, &c., of the deceased, one of the ordinary funeral cards had been sent to the stonemason, who proved to be such a blind copyist that he gave on the stone the complimentary formula which frequently accompanies such documents. The mistake caused so much comment and amusement that after a few weeks the ridiculous words were carefully erased.

The following is probably the shortest epitaph on record :
' Thorpe's corpse.'

At St. Mary's, Nottingham :

Here lies Mrs. Buff, who had money enough ;

She laid it up in store :

And when she died she shut her eyes,

And never spoke no more.

(She was a fortune teller.)

In Pewsey churchyard, Wiltshire :

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious ; also she painted in water-colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first-cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

In Hayes churchyard :

She was,—but words are wanting to say what ;

Think what a wife should be, and she was that.

On a dyer :

Here lies a man who dyed of wool great store ;

One day he died himself, so dyed no more.

From Selby churchyard, Yorkshire :

Here lieth interred the body of John Johnson, Master Mariner, late of Selby, who died March 1st Anno 1737. Aetatis suae 61.

Tho Boreas with his blust'ring blasts

Has tost me to and fro,

Yet by the handy work of God

I'm here enclos'd below ;

And in this silent tomb I lie,

With many of our Fleet,

Until the day that I set sail

My Admiral Christ to meet.

In a Welsh churchyard :

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan

Who blew the bellows of our church organ :

Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling :
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Tho' he gave our old organist many a blast.

No puffer was he,
Tho' a capital blower,
He could fill double G,
And now lies a note lower.

On an organist—York Minster :

Musicus et logicus Wynol hic jacet ecce Johanne ;
Organa namque loqui fecerat ille quasi.

On Mr. Aire—St. Giles', Cripplegate, London :

Under this stone of marble faire
Lies the body entombed of Gervase Aire ;
He dy'd not of an ague-fit,
Nor surfeited of too much wit ;
Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath.

At St. Michael's, Crooked Lane :

Here lyeth wrapt in clay
The body of William Wray ;
I have no more to say.

In Great Walford churchyard :

Here old John Randal lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Liv'd threescore years and ten,
Such vertue was in ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive ;
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive.
He died January 5th, 1698.

At Llanbeblig, Carnarvonshire :

‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Here lies the remains of Thomas Chambers, Dancing Master.
Whose gentle address and assiduity in teaching
Recommended him to all that had the Pleasure of his
acquaintance.

He died June 18th, 1765, aged 31.’

The following notice appeared in a shop window of a
tailor at Cork :

‘Wanted two apprentices who will be treated as one of the
family.’

Epigram on a dean who wrote about dogs :

Câne Decane cānis ; sed ne cāne, cāne Decane,

De cāne ; de cānis, cāne Decane, cāne.

A Tunbridge Wells music-seller once was asked for
Mozart’s Symphony to *Femima*, probably meaning that in
G. minor.

A Sussex paper, criticizing a performance of *St. Paul*,
called special attention to the chorus—‘How lonely are
the Passengers !’

When Archbishop Longley was Bishop of Durham, he
one day was obliged to absent himself from the Prayers in
his Chapel, and asked an old clergyman who was there to
read the Prayers. It happened that the First Lesson was
Judges v, and in reading verse 17 the poor old clergyman,
mindful of the presence of Mrs. and Miss Longley, modestly
altered the last word, and read—‘Asher continued on the
sea-shore, and abode in his *garments*.’

Newspaper Reporters

The Earl of Carnarvon at a banquet, in proposing the
health of the Clergy, said that ‘In these days clergymen
were expected to have the learning and wisdom of Jeremy
Taylor’. His Lordship was next day reported to have said
‘In these days clergymen were expected to have the
learning and wisdom of a journeyman tailor’!

Clergyman to his servant :

‘ Betty, just run across and ask how old Mrs. Jones is.’

Returns with answer :

‘ Please, Sir, Mr. Jones is thirty-five. They don’t like to ask the Missis how old she be.’

Churchwarden’s bill :

For mending the commandments,	} 17s. 6d.
Altering the belief, and	
Making a new Lord’s Prayer.	

A sexton near Oxford had received five shillings a year to keep a grave tidy, but neglected it.

Indignant Widow. ‘ I’ve given you 5s. a year this last eighteen years, and you have done nothing to the grave all this time ! ’

Sexton. ‘ Oh! mum, I comes to ’em all in rotation.’

Widow. ‘ You’ve been a long time, eighteen years, coming to my husband ! ’

Sexton. ‘ Well, mum, I does ’em all in rotation.’

Widow, furiously. ‘ I’ll tell you what ; if I were a few years younger, I’d put your head where your rotation is ! ’

Placard put up in South Ireland at the time when the mutilation of cattle prevailed :

‘ Any man or woman allowing their cow to injure this field of oats will have his or her tail cut off, as the case may be.’

Evidently the word ‘ cow’s ’ had been omitted before the word ‘ tail ’.

Head of a college to an undergraduate who asked leave to attend the funeral of a ‘ connexion ’ (near the time of ‘ the Derby ’) :

‘ You may go, Mr. . . . , but I could wish it had been a nearer relative.’

Bachelor, to his servant boy :

‘ Now then, you understand, this is the sherry for after dinner, and this is an inferior sherry for dinner.’

Boy, to guests : ‘ Hock, sir ? or inferior sherry ? ’

French Dictum

Il n'y a pour l'homme que trois évènements : naître, vivre, et mourir. Il ne se sent pas naître, il souffre à mourir, et il oublie à vivre.

Translation

There was a poor man who had three wishes, to be born, to live, and to die. He was not able to be born, he suffered death, and failed to live.

From Oxford :

Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpae.

Or the moles, when caught, dug their beds with their eyes.

Fabulosus lambit Hydaspes.

Hydaspes, a fabulous writer, touches lightly upon.

At pius Aeneas per noctem plurima volvens.

But the pious Aeneas flying very far in the course of the night.

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues.

The delights of our ancestors were unmitigated filth.

School translation :

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros.

Hector had caught three hundred Trojan mice.

On a menu card :

Riz de veau à la financière.

The smile of the calf at the female banker.

Domestico vulnere ictus, filium anno ante natum amisit.

Having been bitten by a tame fox, he lost his son the year before he was born.

There seems to have been in former years a strong tendency on the part of members of municipal bodies to make ludicrous lapses when speaking in public. The following are cases in point :

When the new museum was opened at Oxford, there was a great soirée given in the Radcliffe, at which Lord Derby and many distinguished people were present. Old Towle

was mayor ; and in making a speech in praise of Dr. Acland, he wound up his laudatory remarks by declaring that in his opinion there could be no doubt that ' If Dr. Acland had lived in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, they would have been the three greatest men ever known '.

At a meeting of the Town Council of Hereford many years ago, one of the speakers made a speech of four words only, very much to the point, though every word was bad English. It ran thus : ' Us gents thinks different.'

An Oxford alderman, who had just returned from London, observed to Mr. Parratt (then organist of Magdalen College), that the last time he had heard the anthem they had just been singing in Magdalen Chapel, it was performed at St. Paul's Cathedral as an *entrée*. (Probably he meant *Introit*, but the aldermanic instinct was too strong.)

Answer of a candidate for Holy Orders at Hereford :

Transiit vir de mundo. He turned out a man of the world.

Answer given in the Oxford Examination Schools :

Examiner. ' Why did the children of Israel make a golden calf ? '

Examinee, after thinking a long time in vain, suddenly brightens up and answers, ' Because they found they hadn't enough gold to make a cow with ! '

From an Intermediate Examination (Ireland) :

A madrigal is a species of writing greatly used during the Middle Ages by itinerant musicians. The plan is that the Bass takes up what the Treble had in a former Bar.

Madrigal is a kind of waltz. Earliest writers, Beethoven, Mozart, and Bellini.

Madrigal is a kind of scale. Much music was formerly written in this scale.

Madrigal is a sort of dance, very solemn, and introduced from Africa.

Madrigal is a song in which the parts take one another up.

Madrigal was a part to be sung small, and then note for note.

Madrigals were often composed without words, but the song-madrigals were more thought of than the wordless ones.

At an examination in music conducted by Sir F. Ouseley :

Q. What is the use of a flat ?

A. Whenever you see a flat you must take care to play a little more to the left.

On another occasion the following remarkable account was given of Mozart :

‘Mozart was an Egyptian by extraction, he lived throughout the last century, and his habitat was Central Europe.’

Answer given by an Irish boy in an examination in music conducted by Sir F. Ouseley :

Q. What is a scale ?

A. A scale is a series of notes, in which every note is higher than all the rest.

By another boy at the same examination :

A scale is an exercise for loosening the joints of your fingers.

Other definitions of a scale given to Sir F. Ouseley are the following :

1. A scale is a number of tones and semitones mixed together to form.

2. A scale is an octave, or a succession of notes by twos.

3. A scale is a succession of single notes played alternately.

4. A scale is a lot of notes running up and down the stave.

5. A scale is a succession of notes forming an air.

6. A scale is a succession of notes between five tones and two semitones.

7. A scale is the name given to the five lines in music.

8. A scale is a succession of notes. Generally it consists of two octaves, up and down.

9. A scale is any number of notes following each other.

10. A scale is a number of notes preceding one another orderly.

11. A scale is a lot of tones and semitones in concord.

12. A scale is a collection of notes to form music.

13. A scale is a running up of notes, either ascending or descending.

14. A scale is a number of adjacent notes which produce a chord when they are all sounded.

15. A scale is a secession of certain notes.

16. A scale is formed of rotating notes in succession.

Answers given by pupil teachers to one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools :

History. Q. Give some account of Julius Caesar.

A. He was a Roman. He was born B. C. He was a very ambitious man. He invaded Britain. His principal object in invading Britain was to establish the Papacy.

Q. Give some account of Charles I.

A. He was tried and condemned to death, and was executed in front of Whitehall; he was about to address the people, but the executioner prevented him by a speedy drop.

Domestic Economy

Q. Name some cooling and refreshing drinks for invalids.

A. Rhubarb and magnesia; and senna tea.

Huntspill Sunday School :

Clergyman. And what sort of a woman was Jezebel—good or bad?

Little girl. Oh! please, sir, a bad un; she painted her face!

A boy in Castle Ashby school, being asked the meaning of 'given to hospitality', said 'being ill'.

Q. What is the Habeas Corpus ?

A. A dreadful infectious disease which raged in the reign of Charles II.

Q. What do we keep in mind at Easter ?

A. Eggs and oranges.

A parishioner being asked one morning by the Parson after the health of her husband who was suffering from rheumatism, replied, 'Mighty bad, Sir ; I've been rubbing him down all night with *imprecations*.'

Many more examples from this collection might be given ; but the exigencies of space, to say nothing of the reader's patience, compel me here to drop my anchor.

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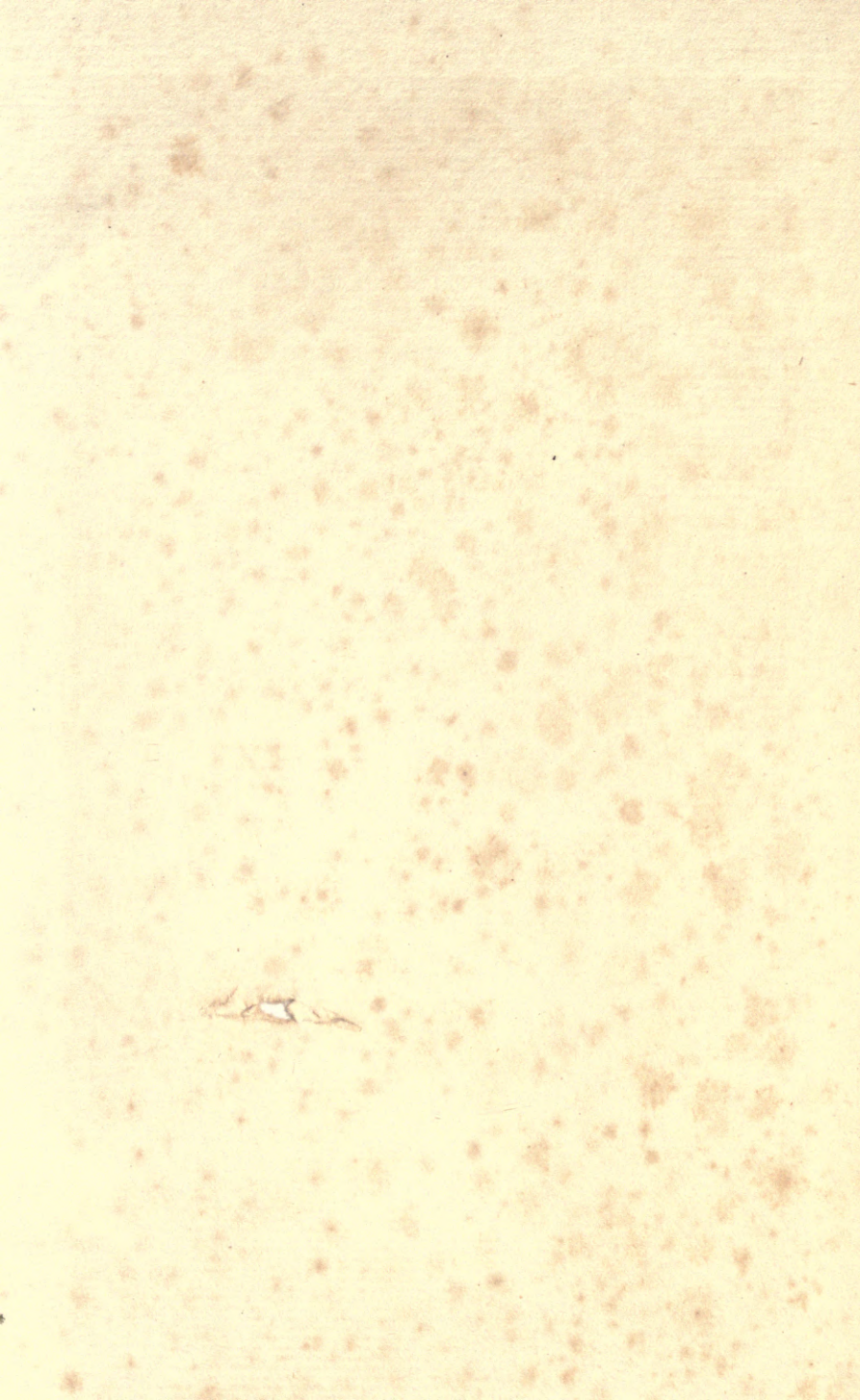
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